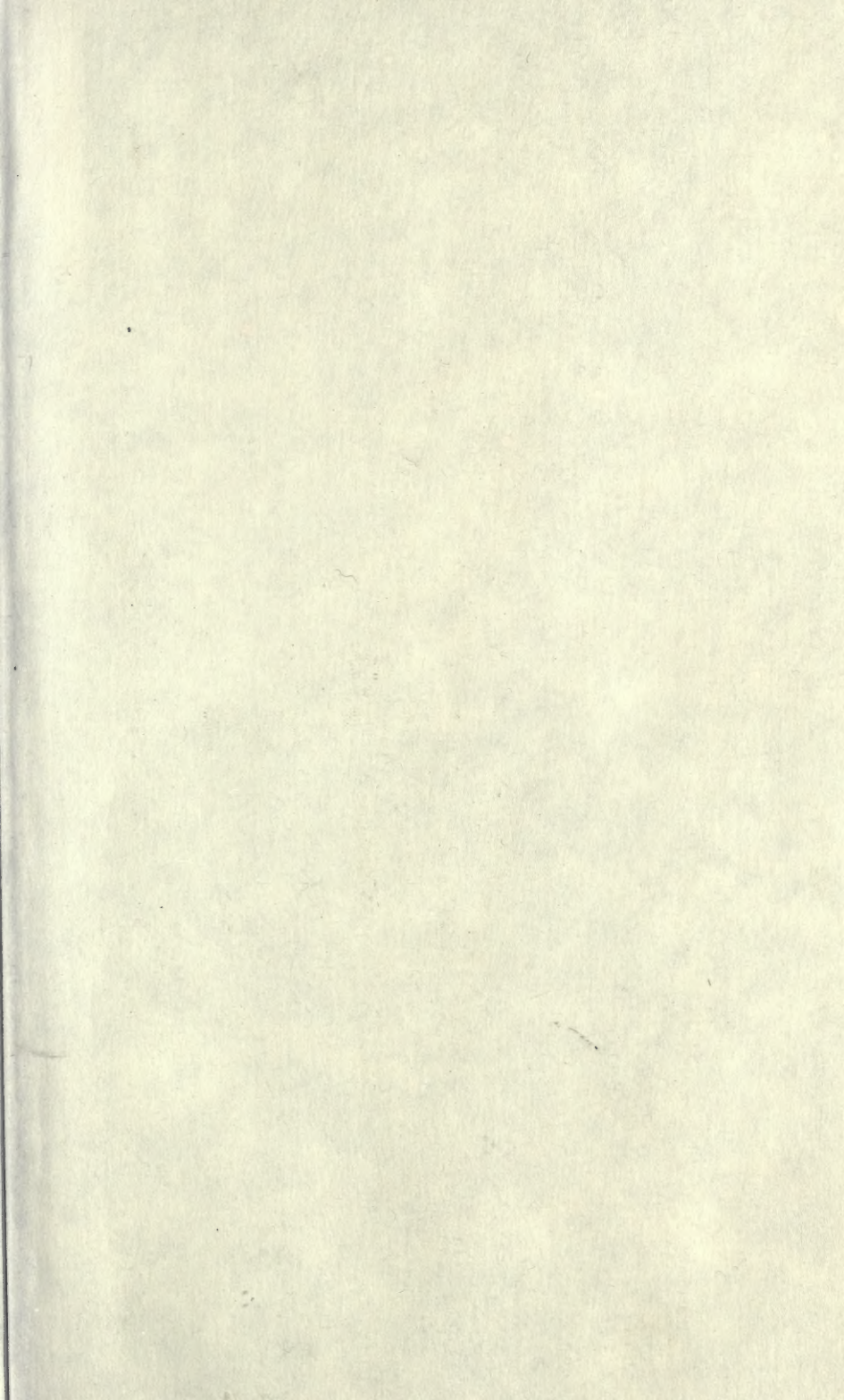
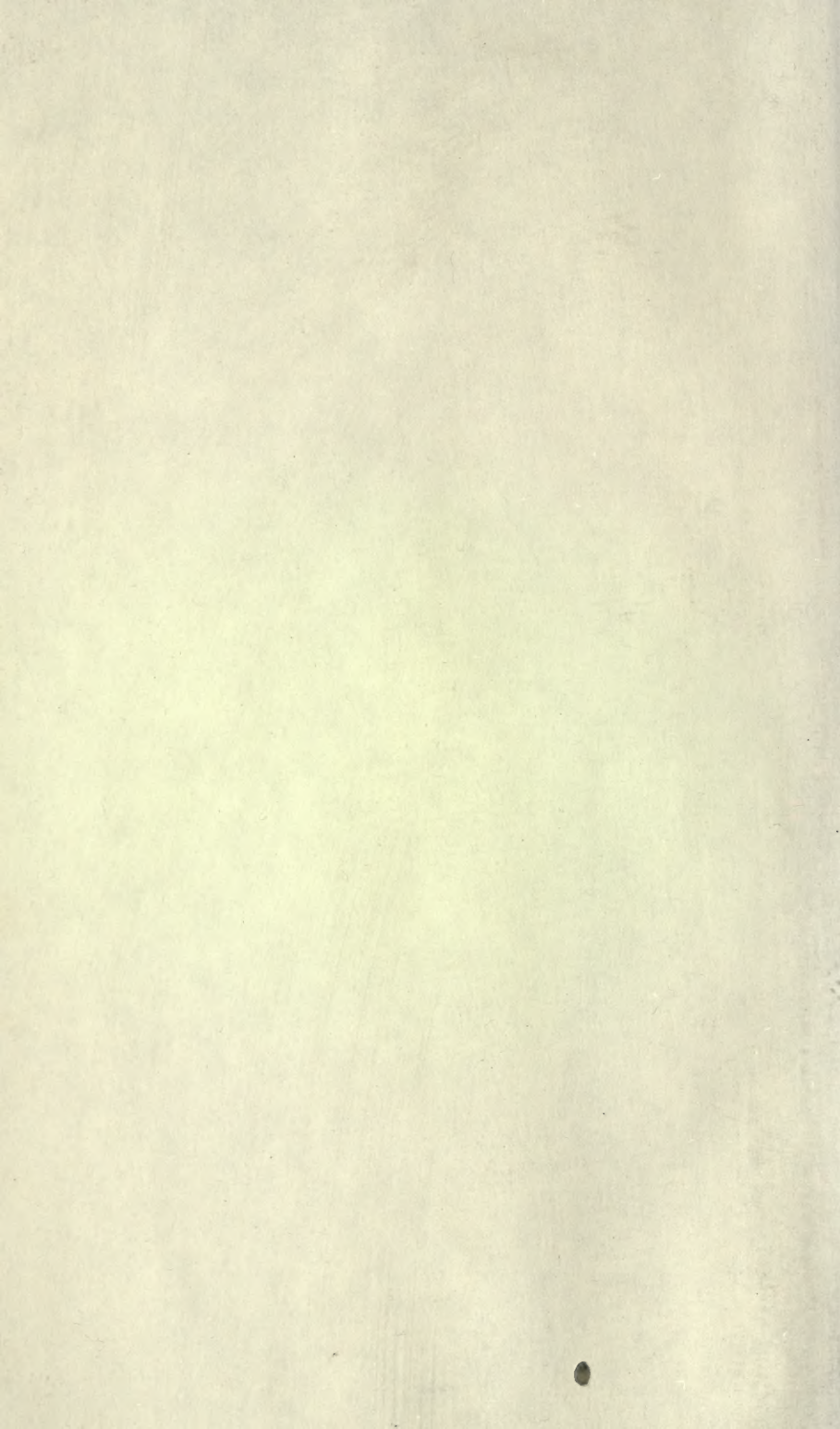




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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
THOMAS HEYWOOD.

WITH
A LIFE OF THE POET,
AND
REMARKS ON HIS WRITINGS
BY
J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ.

VOL. II.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY;
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THE GOLDEN AGE.

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THE
ROYAL KING, AND LOYAL SUBJECT.
A WOMAN KILLED
WITH KINDNESS.

TWO PLAYS
BY THOMAS HEYWOOD.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

1850.

INTRODUCTION.

The first of the two plays by Thomas Heywood, now issued to the Members of the Shakespeare Society, has not been reprinted since the publication of the old edition in 1637. Whether the poet then authorized the appearance of it in type is not stated; probably not, or he would have preceded it, as in most cases when he was a consenting party, by a dedication to some friend or patron, or by a brief address to the reader.

The preliminary matter consists only of a "Prologue to the Stage," which was, most likely, recited when the drama was originally acted: the "Epilogue to the Reader," which was not intended for an audience, shows that the drama had been written many years before it came from the press: indeed, the form and style of composition bears evidence of considerable antiquity; and Heywood himself remarks upon his frequent introduction of rhymes—a practice that prevailed, as most persons acquainted with the productions of our early stage are aware, in the comparative infancy of our theatres, when a successful effort was made, by a mixture of blank-verse and

rhyme, and by the employment of "strong lines," to compensate for the partial absence of that constant jingle to which the ears of popular spectators had been accustomed. Heywood tells us—

"We know (and not long since) there was a time
Strong lines were not look'd after, but if rhyme,
Oh! then 'twas excellent."

So that we have the testimony of the author to establish, that his "Royal King, and Loyal Subject" was written "not long since" the period when rhyme was in general use on the stage. It has been ascertained that the great, original genius, Marlowe, was the earliest dramatist who, in his "Tamberlaine the Great," (printed in 1590, and written, perhaps, two or three years earlier) had endeavoured to wean the town from what he calls

"The jiggling veins of rhyming mother-wits."

Were we to venture a conjecture as to the date when "The Royal King, and Loyal Subject" was produced, we should say, that it was shortly before the year 1600; and Heywood adds, in his Epilogue, that it was when

—"doublets with stuff'd bellies and big sleeves,
And those trunk hose which now the age doth scorn,
Were all in fashion."

It would be out of place here to enter into any discussion on the construction of the plot, or on the delineation of the characters; but we may observe that the first is remarkably simple, and the last somewhat feeble and deficient in variety, faults in some

degree indicative of youth and inexperience. The purpose of the author was to exhibit the triumphant loyalty of a subject towards a "King of England," (we are not told his name, nor when he reigned) who was himself of the most magnanimous nature, and who made use of unconscious instruments, chosen from among his subservient and envious courtiers, in order that the generosity and fidelity of one nobleman might shine forth, after the severest trials, with the brightest lustre and the utmost purity. It is necessary to bear this fact in mind; or some of the incidents, as in "Patient Grissell," (which was founded by Dekker and his two coadjutors on a similar principle) will appear violent and unnatural.

The second drama in our present volume was extremely popular in its own day, and in ours it has been included in various impressions of "Dodsley's Old Plays," as well as in some other collections of the same kind. It is remarkable that the only known ancient copies purport to be "the third edition," and are dated in 1617: it must therefore have been printed twice before that date; and we can ourselves bear witness to having many years ago seen a copy of "A Woman Killed with Kindness," dated 1607, upon the shelves of an eminent book-auctioneer. It strangely disappeared from sight before the sale came on; and we know that several persons, besides ourselves, were thus disappointed of a competition for the purchase of the interesting, and perhaps unique curiosity. There was a mark in it by which we should know it again; and whoever may have it now

in their hands (if it still exist) can congratulate themselves only on a very unsatisfactory possession. No discredit may attach to them: they may have come very properly by it; but the probability seems to be, that it still remains in the close custody of the party who was instrumental in obtaining it, or we should have heard of it again in the course of more than a quarter of a century.

The date when "A Woman Killed with Kindness" was originally brought out, is ascertained with unusual precision from "Henslowe's Diary," as printed by our Society in 1845, pp. 249, 250, where the following entries occur: those who wish to see the ignorant spelling of the old manager, or of his scribe, can refer to our impression from the original manuscript; but we quote the words here without those disfigurements:—

"Paid, at the appointment of the company, the 6th of March, 1602, unto Thomas Heywood, in full payment for his play, called A Woman Killed with Kindness, the sum of..... £3."

"Paid, at the appointment of Thomas Blackwood, the 7th of March, 1602, unto the tailor which made the black satin suit for the Woman Killed with Kindness, the sum of..... 10s."

The play, therefore, was finished when Henslowe paid £3 for it; and we may conclude, perhaps, that the "black satin suit" was worn by the hero after the fall of his wife, and when she was dying, in consequence of the undeserved tenderness with which she had been treated by her forgiving husband. Nothing can be more tragically touching than the whole of this part of this fine moral play, and we are not

ashamed to own, after having read it many times previously, that we could not go through the mechanical process of correcting the proofs, without a degree of emotion that almost disqualified us for the duty.

The earliest printed notice yet discovered of "A Woman Killed with Kindness," is found in "The Blacke Booke," by T. M., 1604, where it is coupled with "The Merry Devil of Edmuntoun." The words of the author are—"And being set out of the Shoppe, (with her man afore her, to quench the jealouzie of her Husband) shee, by thy instructions, shall turne the honest simple fellow off at the next turning, and give him leave to see the merry Divell of Edmunton, or a Woman kild with kindnesse, when his Mistress is going her selfe to the same murther." Sign. E 3.

Our readers will bear in mind that, in what follows, we present the Plays, as nearly as possible, as they stand in the old impressions, with the sole exception of amended spelling. In the first Play, only the Acts are marked, without any subdivisions of Scenes; while in the second, neither Acts nor Scenes are distinguished. All that we could have done would have been to have given our conjectures on the subject, but we prefer to leave such matters untouched; because, after all, great mistakes may be committed, and readers easily misled. In our own day, and after all the pains that have been taken in the separation of the Acts and Scenes of some of Shakespeare's most celebrated dramas, persons are found who are dissatisfied (and in some instances reasonably) with

the proposed arrangement. We have furnished the text as it has come down to us, merely now and then adding to the stage directions, in order to render the business of the drama more intelligible; but in this respect we have been as sparing as we could, and we have always pointed out in a note where any important liberty of the kind has been taken.

J. P. C.

THE
R O Y A L L
K I N G,

AND

The Loyall Subject.

As it hath beene Acted with great
Applause by the Queenes Maiesties
Servants.

Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare.—

Written by *Thomas Heywood.*

LONDON,

Printed by *Nich.* and *John Okes* for *James
Becket*, and are to be sold at his shop at the
inner Temple neare the gate. 1637.



The Prologue to the Stage.

To give content to this most curious age,
The gods themselves we've brought down to the stage
And figur'd them in planets; made even hell
Deliver up the Furies, by no spell
Saving the Muses' rapture: further, we
Have traffick'd by their help; no history
We have left unrifled; our pens have been dipt,
As well in opening each hid manuscript,
As tracts more vulgar, whether read or sung
In our domestic, or more foreign tongue.
Of fairy elves, nymphs of the sea and land,
The lawns and groves, no number can be scann'd
Which we've not given feet to; nay, tis known,
That when our Chronicles have barren grown
Of story, we have all invention stretch'd,
Div'd low as to the Center, and then reach'd
Unto the *primum mobile* above
(Nor 'sapt things intermediate). For your love,
These have been acted often; all have pass'd
Censure, of which some live, and some are cast.
For this in agitation, stay the end;
Though nothing please, yet nothing can offend.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The King of ENGLAND.	The Prince of ENGLAND.
The Lord Marshal.	Captain BONVILLE.
The Earl of CHESTER.	Corporal COCK.
The Lord LACY.	LANSPRISADO MATCH.
The Lord CLINTON.	The Clown.
The Lord AUDLEY.	A Welchman.
The Lord BONVILLE.	A Host of the Ordinary.
The Princess.	Four young Gallants at the
ISABELLA, the Marshal's eldest	Ordinary.
daughter.	A Servant.
KATHERINE, the Marshal's	A Bawd.
younger daughter. ¹	Two Courtesans.
The Lady MARY AUDLEY.	Attendants, &c.
Two Gentlemen in a Brothel-	
house.	

¹ In the list of characters prefixed to the old copy she is miscalled *Margaret*. The other persons are as they there stand.

THE ROYAL KING,

AND

THE LOYAL SUBJECT.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter the King of England, the Lords LACY, CLINTON, CHESTER, and the Marshal; AUDLEY, and BONVILLE.

King. Thus from the holy wars are we return'd,
To slumber in the summer of soft peace,
Since those proud enemies, that late blasphem'd,
And spit their furies in the face of Heaven,
Are now laid low in dust.

Chest. Dread sovereign,
The Heavens have show'd their bounty unto us,
In guarding your most dear and sacred life
From opposite hatred, and that imminent peril
To which you were engag'd.

Clin. When in one battle you were twice unhors'd,
Girt with the opposite ranks of Infidels,
That had not timely rescue come from Heaven,
Mortal assistance had been us'd in vain.

King. Fye! now you load me with a surplusage
Of countless debt to this thrice valiant lord,
My noble Marshal: twice that perilous day
Did he bestride me, and beneath his targe

Methought that instant did I lie as safe
As in my best and strongest citadel ;
The whilst his bright sword, like the bolt of Jove,
Pierc'd the steel crests of barbarous Infidels,
And flatted them with earth. Although my subject,
Yet in this one thing thou hast proved my lord,
For when my life was forfeit to the wars,
Thou by thy valour didst redeem it freely,
And gav'st it me, whilst thou engag'st thy life ;
For which, if ever by like chance of war,
Law's forfeiture, or our prerogative,
Thy life come in like danger, here we swear
By our earth's honours, and our hopes divine,
As thou for us, we'll ours engage for thine.

Mar. You give, my lord, to duty attributes
Too high for her submiss humility.
I am your vassal, and ten thousand lives
Of equal rank with mine, subjects and servants,
Be overrated if compar'd with yours.

King. When I forget thee, may my operant parts
Each one forget their office. We create thee
Next to ourself of power ; we but except
The name of king, all other dignities
We will communicate to thee, our friend.

Mar. May I no longer use these royalties,
Or have the power to enjoy them, than I wholly
Devote them to your service.

Prince. Noble Marshal,
If I survive England's inheritance,
Or ever live to sit on Jacob's stone,
Thy love shall, with my crown, be hereditary.

Mar. And, gracious Prince, since Heaven hath been
as liberal
To grace me with your favour, as my birth
Was to endow me richly, all your graces,

Shall, with my great and ample revenues,
Be ever to your virtues serviceable.

King. We know it; and have been observers long
Of thy choice virtues; neither could we yet
Fasten that love on thee, which came not home
With double use and ample recompence.

Clin. (aside to CHESTER.) These graces are beyond
dimension;
They have nor height nor depth, uncircumscrib'd,
And without bounds. He, like a broad-arm'd tree,
O'ershadows us, and, through his spacious boughs,
We that grow under cannot see the sun,
Nor taste the cheerful warmth of his bright beams.
These branches we must lop by fire or thunder,
Or by his shadowy arms be still kept under.

Chest. (aside to CLINTON.) I was born eagle-sighted,
and to gaze
In the sun's forehead; I will brook no cloud
To stand betwixt me and his glorious fire:
I'll have full light, or none; either soar high,
Or else sink low. My ominous fate is cast,
Or to to be first, or of all abjects last.

King. You shall, renowned Marshal, feast for us
The ambassadors that come from foreign lands,
To gratulate our famous victories.

Mar. I shall, my lord, and give them entertainment
To England's honour, and to suit the place
Of which I bear the name.

King. We doubt it not.—
We understand, lords, in these tedious wars
Some forward spirits have been at great expense
To furnish them like noble gentlemen,
And many spent most part of their revenues
In honour of their country; some undone
In pursuit of these wars: now, if such come

For their relief by suit petitionary,
Let them have gracious hearing and supply,
Or by our service, or our treasury.

Aud. I have one kinsman hath spent all his land,
And is return'd a beggar, and so tatter'd,
As that I can but blush to acknowledge him:
But in the wars he spent it, and for me,
Wars shall relieve him. He was a noble heir,
But what these lost, let other wars repair.

King. Lords all, once more we greet your safe return,
With general welcome: we invite you all
To feast with us, and joy what we have won,
Happiest in these, our Marshal and our son. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Clown, and a Welchman.

Clown. It seems thou hast not been in the wars, my friend; but art new come up to London.

Welch. Heaven pless thee from all his mercies and his graces. It was told us, in Wales, that you have great pig organ in Paul's, and pigger by a great deal than our organ at Wrexham; which made me make my travels and my journeys on the pare hoof up to London, to have resolutions and certifications in that pisiness, that, when I return into my countries and habitations, I may give notice to mine uncle, Rice ap Davy, ap Morgan, ap Evan, ap Jones, ap Geoffrey. I pray, where apout stands Paul's Church? can you tell hur?

Clown. Oh! very easily: stand with thy face that way, and follow thy nose, and thou wilt be there presently. But dost thou hear, Briton; take my word, our organ of Paul's is much bigger and better than yours of Wrexham, by as much as Paul's church is bigger and better than Saint Pancridge.

Welch. Awe, man! you prittle and prattle nothing

but leasings and untruths; now, will you but ease your posteriors a little, and I will quickly show you your organ of Paul's.

Clown. Very good; I like your demonstration well: but dost thou think your organ of Wrexham can compare with ours, for all that?

Welch. Lend me but your ears, and your apprehensions, and I will make you easily to acknowledge your errors.

Clown. But first show me your case in which you carry your two pair of organs. Sure those slops will not hold them: but in the mean time walk with me to the next red lattice, and I will give thee two cans, and wet thine organ-pipes well, I warrant thee.

Welch. I will take your courtesies, and if ever I shall meet you in Glamorgan, or Brecknockshire, I will make bold to requite some part of your kindnesses.

[*A loud winding of horns within.*]

Clown. The very noise of that horn hath frightened my courtesy. But all's one; fare well for this time, and at our next meeting, ten to one I will be as good as my word.

Welch. Say you so, man? why, then, Cad keep you from all his mercies and good fortunes, and make us all his servants. [Sound again.]

Enter the King, Marshal, &c.

King. Come, we will to the chase. Be near us,
Marshal:

I'll try to-day which of our two good steeds
Can speed it best; let the most swift take both.

Mar. So please your grace, but I shall surely lose;
Yours is the best for proof, though mine for show.

King. That will we try: the wager grows not
deep;

Equal's the lay, and what we win we'll keep.

Mount, mount! [*Exeunt King, Marshal, &c., manent*

CHESTER and CLINTON.

Chest. Greater and greater still! no plot, no trick
To have him quite remov'd from the King's grace?
To slander him?

Clin. The King will lend no ear
To any just complaint that's made of him:
What can our scandals do, then?

Chest. Challenge him
Of treason, then, and that may haply call
His loyalty into suspect and question;
Which in the King at least will breed a coldness,
If not a deadness of affection.

Clin. Of treason? Say he crave the combat, then,
For that's the least he can, which of us two
Shall combat him? I know his blows too well;
Not I.

Chest. I should be loth.

Clin. How do you relish this?
His virtue and his bounty won him grace;
On that we'll build to ruin all his favours,
And work him to disgrace.

Chest. Pray teach me how.

Clin. First, praise him to the King; give all his
virtues
Double their due; add unto every thing,
Ay, and hyperbolize in all his deeds:
Let his known virtues be the common theme
Of our discourse, to stale him; rate his worth
To equalize, if not to exceed, the King:
This cannot but beget distaste at least.

Chest. But farther?

Clin. Thus: then fall off from his praise,
And question his best deeds; as it may be

His noble bounty is but popular grace,
And his humility but inward pride;
His vulgar suffrage and applause abroad,
A way to climb, and seat himself aloft.
You understand me?

Chest. Fully. Come, to horse, [Horns.
And, as we ride, our farther plots digest,
To find what may disturb, what aid us best. [Exeunt.

Enter Marshal and Servant.

Mar. Spur to the King; his steed's unshod before:
The ways be stony, and he'll spoil his beast.
Here, take these shoes and hammer, brought of purpose
For mine own use.

Serv. My lord, have you pluck'd the shoes off from
your own horse, to set them on another's? A thousand
to one, but you will spoil your own gelding quite.

Mar. No matter; do as I command thee, sirrah.
Follow him straight; I know he loves that horse,
And would not ride him bare for any gold.

Serv. Your horse is as good as his, I am sure; and I
think you love him as well.

Mar. No matter: if he ask thee where thou hadst
them,
Tell him, thou brought'st them with thee for my use.
Away! I'll gallop after, and o'ertake thee.

Serv. Put your shoes on another horse's feet, and let
your own go barefoot? a jest, indeed.

Mar. The King affects both his good horse and
game:
I'll help to farther both.

Enter the King and Marshal. Wind horns.

King. You have fetch'd me up at length: that's to
your fortune,

Or my misfortune, for I lost a shoe.

Marshal, you ride well furnish'd to the field.

Mar. My lord, so horsemen should; and I am glad
My man was so well furnish'd, and the rather
Since we are far from help. My man is cunning,
Your Highness to his skill may trust your horse.

King. Thou couldst not have presented me a gift
I could have tasted better; for that beast
I much esteem. You were outstripp'd at length.

Mar. Till I was forc'd to alight, my horse with yours
Kept equal speed.

Enter the Lords.

King. Our lords.—Now, gentlemen,
How do you like the chase?

Aud. 'Twas excellent.

King. Had not my horse been by mischance un-
shod,
My Marshal, here, and I had led you still.

Chest. You were the better horsed.

King. And you the worst;
Witness the hugeness of your way behind.—
Is not my horse yet shod?

Serv. He is, my lord.

King. Then let us mount again.

Clin. Your horse, my lord, is not in state to ride:
He wants two shoes before.

King. Whose doth? the Marshal's?

Mar. Oft such mischances happen.

King. Were you furnish'd
For us, and for yourself kept no supply?

Mar. So I may have, my lord, to furnish you,
I care not how myself want.

King. Apprehension
Help me; for, every circumstance apply,

Thou hast done me an unwonted courtesy :

You spied my loss first.

Mar. I did, my lord.

King. And then alighted.

Mar. True.

King. Upon my life, 'tis so ;

To unshoe thine own good steed, and furnish mine,

Was't not? Upon thy life, resolve me true.

Mar. What I have done, my lord, I did to you.

King. You will exceed me still ; and yet my courtesy
Shall rank with thine : for this great duty shown,
I pay thee thus—both steeds are now thine own.

Clin. They wager love.

Mar. The best thing I can do

In me is duty ; the worst, grace in you.

King. Th' art ours.—Come, mount ! we will return
to Court,

To order the great tournament prepar'd

To do our son grace ; in which we entreat,

Marshal, your aid, because your skill is great.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Corporal and COCK, ragged.

Corp. We have visited all our familiars? Is it not
now time that we revisit our Captain?

Cock. With all my heart, good Corporal ; but it had
not been amiss, if we had gone to Birchin Lane first to
have suited us : and yet it is a credit for a man of the
sword to go threadbare, because by his apparel he may
be taken to be an old soldier.

Corp. Cock, thy father was a fresh-water soldier,
thou art not : thou hast been powdered ; witness thy flax
and touch-box.

Enter MATCH.

Cock. But who comes yonder?—My Match ! I am
glad I have met thee.

Match. I knew, Cock, at one time or other thou wouldst meet with thy match. What, shall we go to my Captain's lodging?

Enter Captain BONVILLE, extremely ragged.

Corp. Spare that pains: yonder he appears in his colours.

Capt. *Fortune de la guerre!* I that have flourished, no colours like me; nay, no trumpet, though in his highest key, have nothing now to flourish: I, that have faced the enemy, have not so much as any facing left me. Were my suit but as well pointed as I have seen some, and stood I but in the midst of my followers, I might say I had nothing about me but tag and rag. I am descended nobly; for I am descended so low, that all the clothes of my back are scarce worth a noble: I was born to thousands, and yet, a thousand to one, they will now scarce acknowledge me where I was born.

Corp. Health to our worthy Captain.

Capt. Thanks, my most worthy soldiers: and yet, if I should examine your worths, what at the most could all you make?

Corp. I would not have your worship to examine our outsides.

Capt. And for your insides I'll pass my word.

Cock. Cannot all your worship's credit afford you a new suit?

Capt. Credit me, no. My revenues were a thousand a-year, part of which I lavish'd amongst gallants, rioted in taverns, havock'd in ordinaries; and, when my estate began to ebb, as my last refuge, I laid all my hopes upon the last wars; but failing there, (as the world imagines) I am return'd as you see. The King hath promised supply and relief to all that have spent their estates in his expeditions; but many like myself

have been born to be poor, that scorn to be beggars: as many have been born to be rich, that can never leave it. The truth is, I am myself, as my proceedings will express me farther.

Corp. Will you cashier us, Captain, or shall we follow your future fortunes?

Capt. You shall not leave me. My purpose is to try the humours of all my friends, my allies, my ancient associates, and see how they will respect me in my supposed poverty: though I lose their acquaintance, I will lose none of my retinue. How say you, gentlemen? will you copart with me in this my dejectedness?

Corp. As I am corporal, so will I prove true squire to thy body.

Cock. And as I am true Cock, so will I crow at thy service, wait on thee with a comb for thy head, with fire to thy piece, with water to thy hands, and be cocksure in any employment whatsoever.

Match. And, as I am true Match, I shall scorn that any of them shall o'ermatch me in duty.

Capt. Attend me, then: if I rise, you shall ascend; if fall, I will lie flat with you. First, then, I will make some trial of my friends at the Court; and in good time here's the King.

Sound. *Enter the King, discoursing with* CHESTER *and* CLINTON; AUDLEY, BONVILLE, *and* Captain BONVILLE.

King. You have persuaded much, and I begin
To censure strangely of his emulous love.

Chest. Farther, my lord, what can his smoothness mean,
His courtesy, and his humility,
But as sly baits to catch the people's hearts,
And wean them from your love?

Clin. Doth he not strive

In all things to exceed your courtesy,
Of purpose to outshine your royal deeds,
And dazzle your brightness, that himself may shine?
Is he not only popular, my liege?
Is not the people's suffrage sole to him,
Whilst they neglect your fame? His train doth equal,
If not exceed yours: still his chamber throng'd
With store of suitors; where the Marshal lies,
There is the Court. All eyes are bent on him,
And on his glories: there's no theme abroad,
But how he sav'd you from the Pagan's sword;
How his sole hand sways, guides, and guards the realm.

Chest. Think but, my lord, on his last game at chess:
'Twas his, past odds; but when he saw you mov'd,
With what a sly neglect he lost the mate,
Only to make you bound to him.

Clin. For all the favours, graces, honours, loves
Bestow'd upon him from your bounteous hand,
His cunning was to think to quit you all,
And pay you with a horse-shoe.

Chest. In the tournament
Made by the Prince, your son, when he was peerless,
And without equal, this ambitious Marshal
Strives to exceed, and did: but when he saw
Your Highness mov'd to see the Prince disgrac'd,
He lost the prize; but how? that all the people
Might see it given, not forfeit, which did add
Rather than derogate. Briefly, my lord,
His courtesy is all ambition.

King. And well it may be; is he not our vassal?
Why should the Marshal, then, contend with us
To exceed in any virtue? We observe him:
His popularity; how affable
He's to the people; his hospitality,
Which adds unto his love; his forwardness

To entertain ambassadors, and feast them ;
Which though he do't upon his proper charge,
And for our honour, yet it may be thought
A smoothness and a cunning to grow great.

It must be so. A project we intend

To prove him faithless, or a perfect friend. [Exit.

Chest. It takes: these jealous thoughts we must
pursue,

And to his late doubts still add something new.

Capt. Your speech being ended, now comes in my cue.
My honourable lord.

Chest. What beggar's this?

Capt. Beggar, my lord! I never begged of you:
But were I a beggar, I might be a courtier's fellow.
Could I beg suits, my lord, as well as you,
I need not go thus clad; or were you free
From begging as I am, you might rank me.

Chest. Comparisons! Away. [Exit.

Capt. Folly and pride
In silks and lace their imperfections show;
But let pure virtue come in garments torn
To beg relief, she gets a courtly scorn.
My lord, you know me?

Clin. I have seen that face.

Capt. Why, 'tis the same it was; it is no changeling;
It bears the self-same front: 'tis not like yours,
Paled with the least disgrace, or puff'd with brags,
That smiles upon gay clothes, and frowns on rags.
Mine's stedfast as the sun, and free as Fate,
Whose equal eyes look upon want and state.

Clin. And doth not mine so, too? Pray, what's your
business?

Capt. Only that you would know me. The King's
favour hath made you a baron, and the King's wars
have made me a bare one: there's less difference in the

accent of the word than in the cost of our weeds. This is the same face you were once acquainted with, though not the same habit. I could know your face, though your diseas'd body were wrapp'd in sheepskins.

Clin. This fellow offends me.—

Capt. Go, churl; pass free:

Thou know'st my forfeit lands, though forget'st me.—
Nay; you would be going, too: you are as afraid of a torn suit, as a younger brother of a sergeant, a rich corn-master of a plentiful year, or a troublesome attorney to hear of suits put to compromise.

Sir, I must challenge you; you are my kinsman;
My grandsire was the first that rais'd the name
Of Bonville to this height; but, Lord! to see
That you are grown a lord, and know not me.

Bon. Cousin, I know you: you have been an unthrift,
And lavish't what you had; had I so done,
I might have ebb'd, like you, where I now flow.

Capt. I since came to purchase that,
Which all the wealth you have will never win you.

Bon. And what's that, I pray?

Capt. Wit. Is the word strange to you? Wit.

Bon. Whither wilt thou?

Capt. True;

Wit will to many, ere it come to you.

Bon. Feed you upon your purchase, I'll keep mine.

Capt. Have you the wit to do't?

Bon. I have the wit to buy,

And you to sell: which is the greater gain?

Cousin, I'll keep my wealth; keep you your brain.

Capt. The wealth of Midas choke thee ere th'art old,
And even the bread thou feed'st on change to gold.—
My lord, you hear how I pray for my kindred;
I have a little more charity for my friend: with you
I have some business.

Aud. I am in haste now.

Capt. I pray you stay.

Aud. Not now, indeed.

Capt. Pardon; for here's no way
Before you hear me.

Aud. Prithee, be brief.

Capt. Your daughter lives, I hope.

Aud. What's that to thee?

Capt. Somewhat 'twill prove; ay, and concerning me.
Before I laid my fortunes on these wars,
And was in hope to thrive, by your consent,
Nay, by your motion, our united hearts
Were made more firm by contract: well you know
We were betroth'd.

Aud. Sir, I remember't not.

Capt. I do, and thus proceed.
I was in hope to have rais'd my fortunes high,
And with them to have pull'd her by degrees
Unto that eminence at which I aim.
I ventur'd for it; but instead of wealth
I purchas'd naught but wounds. Honour I had,
And the repute of valour; but, my lord,
These simply of themselves are naked titles,
Respectless without pride and bombast wealth,
And to the purblind world show seeming-bad:
Behold in me their shapes; they thus go clad.

Aud. You said you would be brief.

Capt. All that I had
I spent upon my soldiers; we took no spoil.
The wars have grated on me, ev'n to this
That you now see. Now my last refuge is
To raise myself by her.

Aud. And spend her means
As thou hast thine own. Vile unthrift! no;
I know no contract.

Capt. I have one to show.

Aud. No matter. Think'st thou that I'll vent my bags

To suit in satin him that jets in rags? [*Exeunt Lords.*]

Capt. The world's all of one heart: this blaze I can,
All love the money, none esteems the man.

These be our friends at court, and fine ones, too,
Are they not, pray? Where be our followers?

Cock. Here, noble Captain.

Capt. You see how our friends
Grace us, what hopes we have to prefer you?

Corp. I see sufficient. Captain, I will discharge myself;

I mean to seek elsewhere for preferment.

Cap. All leave me, if you please; but him that stays,
If e'er I mount, I'll with my fortunes raise.

Match. Captain, I desire your pass: I mean to march
along with my corporal.

Capt. Wilt thou go too?

Cock. I leave you? Who, I? for a little diversity?
for a wet storm? No, sir; though your outsides fall
away, I'll cleave as close to you as your linings.

Capt. Gramercy yet.—Away without reply.

Corp. *Foutre* for thy base service!

[*Exeunt Corporal and MATCH.*]

Capt. Away!—'Sfoot, how am I am fallen out of my
humour! and yet this strangeness of my nearest friends
and alliance deserves a little contemplating. Is't possible,
that even lords, that have the best educating,
whose ears are frequent to the most fluent discourse,
that live in the very brain of the land, the Court, that
these should be gulled with shadows, and not be able
to distinguish a man when they see him! Thou knowest
me, yet these do not.

Cock. Why, may not a poor man have as good eyes

as another? Their ears, indeed, may be larger than mine, but I can see as far without spectacles as the best lord in the land.

Capt. These superficial lords, that think every thing to be as it appears, they never question a man's wit, his discretion, his language, his inward virtues; but as he seems he passes.

Cock. I warrant, if I should look like an ass, they would take me for one too.

Capt. The next I try is my betrothed: if she acknowledge this hand that hath received hers, this heart, this face, and knows the person from the garment, I shall say, Woman, there is more virtue in thee than Man.

Cock. There's no question of that; for they say, they will hold out better. But, sir, if we be no better habited, I make a question how we shall get in at the court-gate; for I'll assure you, your fashion is not in request at the Court.

Capt. My virtue is not to be imitated;
I'll hold my purpose, though I be kept back,
And venture lashing in the Porter's lodge.
Come, follow me; I will go see my mistress,
Though girt with all the ladies of the Court.
Though ragged Virtue oft may be kept out,
No grate so strongly kept above the centre,
But asses, with gold laden, free may enter. [*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter the Prince, the Princess, the Marshal, and the Lady
MARY AUDLEY.

Prince. Lord Marshal, we are much in debt to you,
For by your favour we obtain'd the prize
In the last tourney: we acknowledge it.

Mar. I could not love my sovereign, gracious prince,
Without extent of duty to the son.

Princess. 'Twas nobly plied on both sides : both had
honour ;

Yet, brother, to be modest in your praise,
You had the best.

Prince. You please to grace me, sister.—
Marshal, I hear you are a widower late :
How long is't since your bounteous countess died ?

Mar. My lord, you make me now, unsoldier-like,
Forget the name of Marshal, to become
A passionate husband : her remembrance draws
Tears from mine eyes. She died some three months
since ;

Good lady ! she's now gone.

Princess. A kind husband,
I'll warrant him. If e'er I chance to bride,
Heaven grant I find no worse !

Prince. Have you no children by her ?

Mar. Two sweet girls,
Now all my hopes and solace of this earth,
Where, next the zeal I owe unto my King,
I prize above the world.

Prince. Why, noble sir,
Are they not brought up to be train'd at Court,
To attend our sister ?

Mar. They are young and tender,
And, ere I teach them fashion, I would gladly
Train them in virtue, and to arm their youth
Against the smooth and amorous baits of Court.

Princess. As kind a father as a husband now !
If e'er I chance to wed, such Heaven grant me.

Prince. Why, Heaven may hear your prayer : here is
one,
I warrant, that dreams on a husband.

Princess. Yet ere long
She both may dream and speak as much as I.
No question but she thinks as much already;
And were her voice and her election free,
She would not stick to say, "This man for me!"

Prince. You make the lady blush.

Princess. Why, to change face,
They say, in modest maids is sign of grace:
Yet many, that like her hold down the head,
Will ne'er change colour when they are once in bed.

Prince. You'll put the lady out of countenance quite.

Princess. Not out of heart; for all of her complexion
Show in their face the fire of their affection;
And even the modest wives, this know we too,
Oft blush to speak what is no shame to do.

Mar. Lady, the Princess doth but try your spirit,
And prove your cheek: yet do not take it ill;
He'll one day come will act the husband's part.

Enter Captain BONVILLE and COCK.

Princess. Here enters one; I hope it be not he.

Capt. Attend me, sirrah, into the presence, and if
any of the guard repulse thee, regard him not.

Cock. I'll march where my Captain leads, were't into
the presence of the great Termagant.

Capt. My duty to the Prince: Madam, your favour;
Lord Marshal, yours.

Prince. What will the fellow do?

Capt. Lady, your lip.

Princess. My lord, how like you this?
She'd blush to speak, that doth not blush to kiss.

Cock. Well said, mistress.

Prince. A good bold fellow.

Capt. You are not asham'd to acknowledge me in this
good company. I have brought thee all that the wars

have left of me: were I better worth, 'twere all thine; thou canst have no more of the cat but his skin. I have brought thee home the same eyes that first saw thee, the same tongue that first courted thee, the same hand that first contracted thee, and the same heart that first affected thee: more I have not, less I cannot. Nay, quickly, sweet wench, and let me know what to trust to.

Lady Ma. Were you more worth, I could not love you more,

Or less, affect you less: you have brought me home All that I love, yourself, and you are welcome.

I gave no faith to money, but a man,
And that I cannot lose, possessing you.

'Tis not the robe or garment I affect;
For who would marry with a suit of clothes?
Diamonds, though set in lead, retain their worth,
And leaden knives may have a golden sheath;
My love is to the jewel, not the case,
And you my jewel are.

Capt. Why, God-amercy, wench! Come, sirrah.

[*Exit.*

Cock. Here's a short horse soon curried.

[*Exit.*

Princess. Is this your sweetheart? I had need wish you much joy, for I see but a little towards. Where did you take him up? by the highway? or did you not fall in love with him hanging on a gibbet?

Prince. What is he, for Heaven's sake? Can no man give him his true character?

Mar. I can, my lord. He's of a noble house,
A Bonville, and great heir; but being profuse,
And lavish in his nonage, spent the most
Of his known means, and hoping now at last
To raise his fortune by the wars now ceas'd,
His hopes have fail'd him: yet we know him valiant

And fortunate in service ; one whose mind
No fortune can deject, no favour raise
Above his virtues' pitch.

Prince. If he be such,
We'll move the King in his behalf, and help
To cherish his good parts.

Enter CHESTER.

Chest. My Lord the Prince,
The King calls for you ; for he dines to-day
In the great Hall, with great solemnity,
And his best state.—Lord Marshal, you this day
Must use your place, and wait ; so all the lords.

Prince. Come, we'll go see the King.

Mar. I shall attend your grace. [*Exeunt.*]

Princess. And in faith, lady, can you be in love with
this rag of honour ?

Lady Ma. Madam, you know I am my father's heir :
My possibilities may raise his hopes
To their first height. Should I despise my hand
In a torn glove, or taste a poisonous draught,
Because presented in a cup of gold ?
Virtue will last when wealth flies, and is gone :
Let me drink nectar, though in earth or stone.

Princess. But say
Your father now, as many fathers are,
Prove a true worldling, and rather than bestow thee
On one dejected, disinherit thee :
How then ?

Lady Ma. My father is my father, but my husband,
He is myself. My resolution is
To profess constancy, and keep mine honour ;
And rather than to queen it where I hate,
Beg where I love. I wish no better fate.

Princess. By my faith, good counsel: if I live long enough,

It may be I may have the grace to follow it.

Sound. Enter two banquets brought forth: at one the King and the Prince in their State, at the other the Lords. The Marshal with his staff and key, and other offices borne before him to wait on the King.

King. This anniversary do we yearly keep,
In memory of our late victories;
In joy of which we make a public feast,
And banquet all our peers thus openly.
Sit, lords: those only we appoint to wait,
Attend us for this day. And now, to crown
Our festival, we will begin this health.—
Who's that so near our elbow? Marshal, you?
Stand off; we wish you farther.

Mar. Me, my lord?

King. Ay; you, my lord.

Mar. Your Highness' will's a law:
I shall obey.

King. You are too near us yet. What! are we King,
Or have we countermanders?

Chest. (*aside.*) Note you that?

Clin. Now it begins.

Mar. I fear some sycophants
Have dealt ignobly with us to the King.
No matter; I am arm'd with innocence,
And that dares front all danger.

King. Lords, this health, [The King drinks;
See it go round; 'twas to our victory. they all stand.

Mar. With pardon, can your Highness that remember,
And so forget me?

King. Thou dost prompt me well.
You are our Marshal.

Mar. I have us'd that place.

King. Your staff? support it, and resolve me this :
Which of yon lords there seated at the board
Hast thou been most in opposition with,
Or whom dost thou least favour?

Mar. I love all ;
But should you ask me, who hath wrong'd me most,
Then should I point out Chester.

King. Chester, then,
Bear him that staff; giv't up into his hand :
Say, I commend me to him by the name
Of our High Marshal. Take your place below,
And let him wait on us. What! do you pause,
Or shall we twice command?

Mar. I'll do't, my lord.—
Chester, the King commends his love to you,
And by my mouth he styles you by the name
Of his High Marshal, which this staff of office
Makes good to you : my place I thus resign,
And giv't up freely as it first was mine.
You must attend the King: it is a place
Of honour, Chester, and of great command ;
Use it with no less modesty than he
That late enjoy'd it, and resigns it thee.

Chest. I need not your instruction. The King's
bounty
Bestows it freely, and I take my place.

Mar. And I mine here: th' allegiance that I owe him
Bids me accept it, were it yet more low.

King. Attend us, Chester ; wait upon our cup :
It is an honour due to you this day.

Chest. I shall, my lord.

Clin. Oh, my lord, you are welcome. We have not
had
Your company amongst us long.

Mar. You ever had my heart, though the King's
service

Commanded still my person. I am eas'd
Of a great burden, so the King rest pleas'd.

Aud. I have not seen a man hath born his disgrace
with more patience ; especially, to be forc'd with his
own hand to deliver up his honours to his enemy.

Bonv. It would have troubled me : I should not brook
it.

King. Command yon fellow give his golden key
To the Lord Clinton. Henceforth we debar him
Access unto our chamber. See it done.

Chest. The King commands you to give up your
key
Unto that lord that's near you : henceforth, sir,
You to his person are denied access,
But when the King commands.

Mar. Say to my liege,
The proudest foe he hath, were he an emperor,
Should not have forc'd the least of these from me ;
But I acknowledge these, and all I have,
To be sole his : my life, too, which as willingly
To please him I will send. I thank his Highness,
That sees so into my debility,
That he hath care to ease me of these loads
That have oppress'd me long.—So, sir, 'tis done.—
Come, lords, now let's be merry, and drink round.
After great tempests we a calm have found.

Aud. This lord is of an unwonted constancy. He
entertains his disgraces as merrily as a man dies that is
tickled to death.

King. Cannot all this stir his impatience up ?
I'll search his breast but I will find his gall.—
Command him give his staff of Council up :
We will bestow it elsewhere, where we please.

Chest. The King would have you to forbear the
Council,

And to give up your staff.

Mar. I shall turn man :

Kings cannot force to bear more than we can.

Chest. Sir, are you mov'd?

Mar. Those are that wrong'd may speak.—

My lord, I let you know my innocence,

And that my true and unstain'd loyalty

Deserves not this disgrace : none ever bore

Like eminence with me, that hath discharg'd it

With better zeal and conscience. For my service

Let my wounds witness : I have some to show,

That, had I not my body interpos'd,

Had been your scars : all my deserved honours

You have bestow'd upon my enemies,

Ay, such as have whole skins,

And never bled but for their ease and health.

You might with as much justice take my life,

As seize my honours. Howsoe'er, my lord,

Give me free leave to speak but as I find :

I ever have been true, you now unkind.

King. Will you contest?

What have you, sir, that is not held from us?

Or what can your own virtue purchase you

Without our grace? Are not your fortunes, favours,

And your revenues ours? Where should they end

But where they first began? Have we not power

To give our own, or must we ask your counsel,

To grace where you appoint? Need we a guardian,

Or aim you at the place?

Mar. Oh, my dread King!

It sorrows me that you misprize my love,

And with more freedom I could part with life

Than with your grace. My offices, alas,

They were my troubles ; but to want your favours,
That only thus afflicts my loyal thoughts,
And makes me bold to term your grace unkind.

King. Sir, we command you to abandon Court,
And take it as a favour that we now
Not question of your life. Without reply
Leave us.

Mar. I'll leave the Court as I would leave my
burden ;
But from your Highness in this kind to part,
Is as my body should forsake my heart. *[Exit.*

King. Shall we not be ourself, or shall we brook
Competitors in reign ? act what we do
By other men's appointment ? He being gone,
We are unrivall'd : we'll be sole, or none.

Prince. The Marshal's gone in discontent, my liege.

King. Pleas'd or not pleas'd, if we be England's
King,

And mightiest in the sphere in which we move,
We'll shine alone. This Phaeton cast down,
We'll state us now midst of our best affected.
Our new created Marshal, first lead on,
Whose loyalty we now must build upon.

[Exeunt omnes.

Enter Captain BONVILLE and Clown.

Capt. Sir, now attend me. I'll to the ordinary,
And see if any of my ancient friends
Will take note of me. Where's the good man ? within ?

Clown. There's none dwells here : you may speak
with the master of the house if you will.

Enter the Host.

Clown. Captain, captain ! I have descried an host !

Capt. An host ? where ? which way march they ?

Clown. Mine host of the house : see where he marches.

Capt. Here, take my cloak.—What, is't not dinner-time?

Are there no gallants come yet?

Host. Why, sir, do you mean to dine here to-day?

Capt. Here do I mean to cranch, to munch, to eat, To feed, and be fat, my fine Calipolis.

Host. You must pardon me, sir ; my house entertains none but gentlemen. If you will stand at gate, when dinner's done, I'll help you to some fragments.

Capt. Sirrah, if your house be free for gentlemen, It is fit for me. Thou seest I keep my man. I've crowns to spend with him that's bravest here : I'll keep my room in spite of silks and satins.

Host. I would I were well rid of this ragamuffin.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* How goes the day?

2 *Gent.* It cannot yet be old, because I see no more gallants come.

1 *Gent.* Mine host, what's here?

Host. A tatterdemalion, that stays to sit at the ordinary to-day.

2 *Gent.* Dost know him?

Host. I did when he was flush, and had the crowns ; but since he grew poor, he is worn quite out of my remembrance. He is a decay'd Captain, and his name is Bonville.

1 *Gent.* I would he would leave this place, and rank himself with his companions.

Enter two more.

2 *Gent.* Morrow, gentlemen.

3 *Gent.* The morning's past ; 'tis mid-day at the least.

4 *Gent.* What ! is the room so empty ?

Host. And please your worships,
Here's more by one that it can well receive.

3 *Gent.* What tatter's that that walks there?

4 *Gent.* If he will not leave the room, kick him down stairs.

Capt. There's ne'er a silken outside in this company
That dares present a foot to do that office.
I'll toss that heel a yard above his head
That offers but a spurn.

1 *Gent.* Can we not be private?

Capt. I am a man, like you perhaps, well bred,
Nor want I coin; for hark, my pockets chink:
I keep my man to attend me, more perhaps
Than some can do that go in costlier silk.
Are you so fearful of a ragged suit?
They were first paid for ere they were put on:
A man may question whether yours were so.
Who kicks first, ha? Come, have you mind to game?
I'll cast, or set at thus much. Will you card
A rest for this? No? Then, let's to dinner.—
Come, serve in meat.

1 *Gent.* Mine host, prithee put this fellow out of the room, and let him not drop his shoe-clouts here.

2 *Gent.* 'Sfoot! Dost thou mean we shall go lousy out of the house?

3 *Gent.* If he will not go out by fair means, send for a constable.

4 *Gent.* And sent him to Bridewell ordinary: whipping cheer is best for him.

Host. Nay, pray, sir, leave my house: you see the gentlemen will not endure your company.

Capt. Mine host, thou knew'st me in my flourishing prime.

I was the first brought custom to thine house:

Most of my means I spent here to enrich thee,
And to set thee up, I've cast down myself.

Host. I remember, sir, some such matter; but you see the times change. Nay, will you leave the gentlemen?

Capt. The lease of this house had'st thou not from me? Did I not give thee both the fine and rent?

Host. I must needs say you were bountiful when you had it; but in troth, sir, if you will not be gone, I shall be forc'd to turn you out by the head and shoulders.

Capt. And is not all this worth the trusting for an ordinary?

Host. Nay, if you prate, I shall use you somewhat extraordinary.

Gent. Down with the rogue!

Capt. Since you hate calms, and will move stormy weather,
Now host and guest shall all down stairs together.

Clown. Ah! well done, master: tickle them, noble Captain.

Capt. Come, Cock: I have took some of their stomachs away from them before dinner.

Enter the Marshal, with his two men and his two Daughters.

Mar. We are at peace now, and in threat'ned death
We do enjoy new life: my only comforts,
The image of my late deceased wife,
Now have I time to surfeit on your sight,
Which Court employments have debarr'd me long.
Oh, Fortune! thou did'st threaten misery,
And thou hast paid me comfort. Need we aught,
That we should seek the suffrage of the Court?
Are we not rich? are we not well revenued?
Are not the country pleasures far more sweet
Than the Court cares? Instead of bawling suitors,

Our ears receive the music of the hound :
For mounting pride and lofty ambition,
We in the air behold the Falcon's tower,
And in that moral mock those that aspire.
Oh, my good King ! instead of threat and wrong,
Thou'st brought me rest, which I have wish'd so long.

Isabella. Sir, we have long been orphans in the
country,

Whilst you still follow'd your affairs at Court :
We heard we had a father by our guardian,
But scarce till now could we enjoy your sight.

Katherine. Nor let it seem offensive to your love,
That we in your retirement should take pride :
The King in this pursues our greater happiness,
And quickens most where he would most destroy.

Mar. You are mine own sweet girls, and in your
virtues

I place my sole bliss : you are all my honours,
My favours, state, and offices at Court.
What are you not ? Let the King take my lands
And my possession, and but leave me you,
He leaves me rich : more would I not desire,
And less he cannot grant.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. One from the King
Attends your honour, and his urgency
Craves quick despatch.

Mar. Ladies, withdraw a little. [*Exeunt daughters.*]
I long to know what mischief's now afoot.
We'll front it, be it death ; ay, and march towards it.
A chair : admit the herald ; let him in,
We are arm'd 'gainst what can come : our breast is true,
And that's one maxim, what is forc'd is wrong,
We can both keep our heart and guide our tongue.

Enter the Servant, ushering in CHESTER.

Chest. Sir, the King greets you, and commands you effect

His will in this. You know the character.

[Gives a letter.]

Mar. My good Lord Marshal, you are welcome hither. These lines I kiss, because they came from him.

Chest. You'll like the letter better than the style. Ha! change your face? is your blood mov'd to the tide, Or ebbs it to your heart?

Mar. "Thou hast two daughters, *[He reads.]*
Fair by report: her whom thou lovest best
Send to the Court; it is thy King's behest.
Do this on thy allegiance."

Chest. Sir, your answer?

Mar. I pray, sir, deal with men in misery
Like one that may himself be miserable.
Insult not too much upon men distress'd;
Play not too much upon my wretchedness:
The noble minds still will not when they can.

Chest. I cannot stay for answer; pray be brief.

Mar. You are more welcome than your message, sir;
And yet that's welcome, coming from my King.
Pray, sir, forbear me: 'tis the King's command,
And you shall know mine answer instantly.—
Receive him nobly.

Chest. I shall wait your pleasure. *[Exit.]*

Mar. Malice, revenge, displeasure, envy, hate,
I had thought that you had only dwelt at Court,
And that the country had been clear and free;
But from King's wraths no place, I find, is safe.
My fairest daughter? Had the King commanded
One of my hands, I had sent it willingly;
But her! Yet kings must not be dallied with;

Somewhat I must resolve, to breed of force
Treason or to my blood or to my King.
False father or false subject I must prove;
Be true to him I serve, or her I love.
Somewhat I must.—My daughters! call them in.

Enter one, ushering the Ladies.

Leave them and us.

Ladies, I must be blunt: the King's displeas'd,
And hearing of two children whom I love,
My patience and my loyalty to try,
Commands that she whom I love best must die.

Isab. Die! 'las, that's nothing: must not all men so?
And doth not Heaven crown martyr'd innocence?
I was afraid my Lord the King had sent
T' have strumpeted the fairest of your blood.
An innocent death, my lord, is crown of rest;
Then let me die, as her whom you love best.

Kath. If but to die prove that you love me, then
Death were most welcome to confirm your love.
Alas! my sister, she hath not the heart
To look upon a rough tormentor's face;
I am bold and constant, and my courage great
As token of your love then point out me.

Mar. Alas, my girls! for greater ills prepare;
Death would end yours and somewhat ease my sorrows:
What I must speak, contains Heaven's greatest curse.
Search all the world, you can find naught so ill.

Isab. Speak it at once.

Mar. Her whom I best affect
The King intends to strumpet.

Kath. Bless me, Heaven!

Mar. Should he ——

Kath. By all my joys, I'll sooner die
Than suffer it.

Isab. And so, by Heaven, will I!

Mar. Now you are mine, indeed! Who would forego

One of these gems, so fine, and valued so?

But, passion, give me leave; the King commands,
I must obey. The fairest he sent for:

None of my daughters have been seen at Court,

Nor hath the ambitious Chester view'd them yet:

My eldest, then, shall go.—Come hither, girl.

I send thee, Heaven knows whether to thy death,

Or to thine honour. Though he envy me,

Yet, in himself, the King is honourable,

And will not stretch his malice to my child.

The worst I fear, and yet the best I hope.

I charge thee, then, even by a father's name,

If the King deign to take thee to his bed

By name of Queen, if thou perceiv'st thyself

To be with child, conceal it even from him.

Next, when thou find'st him affable and free,

Find out some talk about thy sister here:

As thus; thy father sent thee but in jest,

Thy sister's fairest, and I love her best.

Isab. It may incense the King,

Mar. What I intend

Is to myself: inquire no farther of it.

Isab. I shall perform your will, and thus resolv'd

To be a martyr ere a concubine.

But if the King afford me farther favour,

In my close bosom your last words I'll place.

Mar. Sister and sister part: be you not seen.

Bid her farewell. A martyr or a Queen!

[*Exit* KATHERINE.]

They cannot speak for tears. Alas, for woe!

That force should part sister and sister thus,

And that the child and father of one heart

Commands and powerful threats should thus divide!
But Chester stays.—Within, there!

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord.

Mar. Have you receiv'd Earl Chester honourably?

Serv. The noblest welcome that the house could yield
He hath had, my lord. Nothing was held too dear;
He much extols your bounty.

Mar. Usher him in: we are now ready for him.

Serv. I shall, my lord.

Enter CHESTER.

Chest. Sir, I have stay'd your leisure; now your
answer?

Mar. That I obey: the fairest of my girls
I send the King.

Chest. I easily can believe
That this the fairest is: her like in Court
Lives not; she is a present for a King.

Mar. Say to the King, I give her, but conditionally,
That if he like not this, fairest of the two,
Unstain'd he will his gift send back again.

Chest. I shall.—Come, lady.

Mar. My lord, I do not load you with commends
And duties which I could do to the King.
I know your love; your memory may fail you,
And you them all may scatter by the way.
Do thou a father's duty, thus in tears,
And send me how thou speed'st, to free these fears.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Enter Clown and the Lady MARY AUDLEY.

L. Mary. Came you from him?

Clown. Yes, if it please your maidenship. My master

sends you word he is the old man, and his suit is the old suit still, and his clothes the old clothes. He scorns to be a changeling, or a shifter: he fears nothing but this, that he shall fall into the lord your father's hands, for want of reparations.

L. Mary. We know thy meaning. Here, bear him this gold,

And bid him suit him like the man he was.

- Bid him to face the proudest he in Court:
He shall not want whilst we have.

Clown. That was out of my commission, lady. Gold tempts; I have commandment not to touch it. 'Tis another thing he aims at: it is a thing, but I know not what manner of thing; but something it is; and he vows not to shift a shirt till he be farther resolv'd. He only sends you commendations, and withal to know, if you would stand to your word.

L. Mary. He wrongs me to cast doubts.
Tell him, I am the same I ever was,
And ever will continue as I am.
But that he should disdain this courtesy,
Being in want, and coming, too, from me,
Doth somewhat trouble me.

Clown. We want, Madam! you are deceiv'd: we have store of rags; plenty of tatters; abundance of jags; huge rents, witness our breeches; ground enough to command, for we can walk where we will; none will bid us to dinner; houses rent free, and goodly ones to choose where we will—the Marshalsea, the Counter, Newgate, Bridewell; and would a man desire to dwell in stronger buildings? And can you say that we are in want? No, lady, my Captain wants nothing but your love; and that he entreats you to send by me, the bearer.

L. Mary. I do, with all the best affection
A virgin can bestow upon her friend.

Clown. I dare swear he is an honest man, but I dare not say he is a true man.

L. Mary. How! not a true man?

Clown. No; for he hath sworn to steal you away, and thus I prove it: if he steal you away, I am sure, you will not go naked; he cannot steal you, but he must steal the clothes you have on, and he that steals apparel, what is he but a thief? and he that is a thief cannot be a true man. *Ergo.*

L. Mary. That is no theft when men but steal their own;
And I am his: witness this diamond,
Which bear him, and thus say: that no disaster
Shall ever part me from his company.

Clown. I shall bear this with as good will as you would bear him: *Utcunque volumus.*

L. Mary. What are we but our words? When they
are past,
Faith should succeed, and that should ever last.
My father!

Enter the Lord AUDLEY.

Aud. Wott'st thou who's return'd?
The unthrift Bonville, ragged as a scarecrow:
The wars have gnaw'd his garments to the skin.
I met him, and he told me of a contract.

L. Mary. Sir, such a thing there was.

Aud. Upon condition, if he came rich.

L. Mary. I heard no such exception.

Aud. Thou dost not mean to marry with a beggar?

L. Mary. Unless he be a gentleman; and Bonville
Is by his birth no less.

Aud. Such only gentile are, that can maintain
Gentily.

L. Mary. Why, should your state fail you,

Can it from you your honours take away?
Whilst your allegiance holds, what need you more?
You ever shall be noble, although poor.

Aud. They are noble that have nobles; gentle they
That appear such.

L. Mary. Indeed, so worldlings say:
But virtuous men prove they are only dear
That all their riches can about them bear.

[*Exit* LADY MARY.]

Sound. *Enter the King, Lord CLINTON, Lord BON-*
VILLE, Prince, Princess.

King. Is not Earl Chester
Return'd yet with an answer from the Marshal?

Prince. Not yet, my lord.

King. For such contention we now scorn revenge:
We'll try the utmost of his patience now.
He would exceed our love, if it appear,
He will hold nothing for his King too dear.

Aud. Earl Chester is return'd.

Enter CHESTER *and* ISABELLA.

King. Hast brought her, Chester?

Chest. Her whom her father the most fair esteems,
He hath sent by me; only with this request,
That if his free gift do not like your Highness,
You'll send her back untouch'd to his embrace.

King. I fear we shall not; she appears too fair,
So straightly to part with. What is he would
Attempt such virgin modesty to stain
By hopes of honour, flatteries, or constraint?—
How do you like her? your opinions, lords?

Prince. A beauteous lady; one that hath no peer
In the whole Court.

King. Therefore I hold her precious.

Princess. A fairer face in Court who ever saw?
Her beauty would become the name of Queen.

Clin. One of more state or shape where shall we
find?

Aud. Her modesty doth do her beauty grace:
Both in her cheek have choos'd a sovereign seat.

King. You have past censure, lady: now you're mine,
And by your father's free gift you are so,
To make or mar, to keep or [to] bestow.

Isab. It glads me I am present to a King,
Whom I have always heard my father term
Royal in all things, virtuous, modest, chaste;
And to have one free attribute besides,
Which even the greatest emperor need not scorn—
Honest: to you, if you be such, my liege,
A virgin's love I prostrate, and a heart
That wishes you all goodness with the duty
Of a true subject and a noble father.
Then, mighty Prince, report your subject noble,
Since all those virtues you receive in me.

King. Thou hast o'ercome us all. That thou hast
term'd us,
We'll strive to be, and to make good those attributes
Thou hast bestow'd upon us. Rise our Queen:
Thy virtue hath took off the threat'ning edge
Of our intended hate. Though thou art ours
Both by free gift and duty, which we challenge
As from a subject, though our power could stretch
To thy dishonour, we proclaim thee freed;
And in this grace thy father we exceed.

Prince. The King in this shows honour. Princes,
still,
Should be the lords of their own appetites,
And cherish virtue.

King. Have I your applause?

Bon. Your Highness shows both royalty and judgment
In your fair choice.

King. Are your opinions so?

Aud. Far be it, mighty King, we should distaste
Where you so well affect.

Princess. For grace and feature
England affords not a more complete virgin.

Clin. Were she not the Marshal's daughter,
I'd term her worthy for my sovereign's bride.

Chest. Ay, that's the grief.

King. This kiss, then, be the seal
Thou art our Queen, and now art only mine.

Isab. May I become your vassal and your hand-
maid,

Titles but equal to my humble birth;
But since your grace a higher title deigns,
Envy must needs obey where power compels.

King. Give expeditious order for the rites
Of these our present nuptials, which shall be
Done with all state and due solemnity.
And, Marshal, in this business thou shalt find
Thyself defective, and not us unkind.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Health to your Highness!

King. Whence?

Serv. From my sad master,
Your Marshal once, now your dejected vassal.
And thus he bid me say: "If the King deign
To grace my daughter with the style of Queen,
To give you then this casket, which contains
A double dower: half of this mighty sum
He out of his revenues had afforded,
Had she been match but to a Baron's bed;
But since your Highness deigns her for your bride,

And his alliance scorns not to disdain,
He saith a double dower is due to you.

King. He strives to exceed us still. This emulation
Begets our hate, and questions him of life.
This dower we take, his daughter entertain,
But him we never shall receive to grace.
Bear not from us so much as love or thanks :
We only strive in all our actions
To be held peerless for our courtesy
And royal bounty, which appears the worse,
Since he, a subject, would precede his Prince.
And did we not his daughter dearly love,
We'd send her back with scorn and base neglect ;
But her we love, though him in heart despise.
Pay him that thanks for all his courtesies.

Serv. In this employment I will strive to do
Th' office of a subject, and of servant too.

King. Since to that emulous lord we have sent our
hate,
Come to our nuptials : let's pass on in state. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Captain BONVILLE and Clown.

Capt. The humours of Court, city, camp, and country,
I have trac'd, and in them can find no man, but money :
all subscribe to this motto, *Malo pecuniam viro.* Oh,
poverty ! thou art esteem'd a sin worse than whoredom,
gluttony, extortion, or usury ;
And earthy gold, thou art preferr'd 'fore Heaven.
Let but a poor man in a threadbare suit,
Or ragged as I am, appear at Court,
The fine-nos'd courtiers will not scent him—no,
They shun the way as if they met the pest ;
Or if he have a suit, it strikes them deaf ;
They cannot hear of that side.

Clown. Come to the city, the haberdasher will sooner

call us blockheads, than block us: come to the sempsters, unless we will give them money we cannot enter into their bands: though we have the law of our sides, yet we may walk through Birchin Lane and be non-suited: come barefoot to a shoemaker, though he be a constable, he will not put us into his stocks: though the girdler be my brother, yet he will not let his leather embrace me: come to the glover, his gloves are either so little that I cannot pluck them on, or so great that I cannot compass; and for the camp, there's honour cut out of the whole piece, but not a rag of money.

Capt. The country hath alliance with the rest. My purpose is, now I have so thoroughly made proof of the humours of men, I will next assay the dispositions of women, not of the choicest, but of those whom we call good wenches.

Clown. Pray, master, if you go to a house of good fellowship, give me something to spend upon my cockatrice: if I have nothing about me, I shall never get in.

Capt. There's for you, sirrah. Doth not the world wonder I should be so flush of money, and so bare in clothes? The reason of this I shall give account for hereafter. But to our purpose: here they say dwells my Lady Bawdy-face; here will we knock.

Enter Bawd.

Bawd. Who's there? what would you have? ha?

Capt. Sweet lady, we would enter: nay, by your leave.

Bawd. Enter? Where? Here be no breaches for you to enter, truly.

Capt. And yet we are soldiers, and have ventur'd upon as hot service as this place affords any.

Bawd. Away, you base companions! we have no

breaches for such tatter'd breeches: we have no patches to suit with your rags.

Capt. Nay, pray give way.

Bawd. Away, you rogues! Do you come to shake your rags here? Do you think we can vent our ware without money, you rascals? Get you from my door, you beggarly companions, or I'll wash you hence with hot scalding water.

Clown. Nay, I warrant, her wenches can afford her that at all times.

Bawd. Do I keep house to entertain tatterdemallions, with a pox? you will be gone?

Capt. We must forbear the gallows out of patience. Stand aside.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* I would fain go in, but I have spent all my money.

2 *Gent.* No matter; they shall not know so much till we get in, and then let me alone. I'll not out, till I be fir'd out.

1 *Gent.* Then let's set a good face of the matter.—By your leave, lady.

Bawd. You're welcome, gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* What fellows be yon?

Bawd. Two poor soldiers that came for an alms, and please you, that stay for some reversions: there's none such come into my house, I warrant you.

2 *Gent.* Save you, sweet lady.

Bawd. Where be those kitchen-stuffs? Here! shall we have no attendants? Shew these gentlemen into a close room, with a standing bed in't, and a truckle too.—You are welcome, gentlemen.

Capt. 'Tis general through the world: each state esteems

A man not what he is, but what he seems.
The purest flesh ragg'd can no entrance have,
But itch and all disease, if it come brave:
Wide open stand the gates of lust and sin,
And those at which the wide world enters in.
Madam, to be short, I must have a wench. Though I
am ragged outward, I am rich inward: here's a brace
of angels for you. Let me have a pretty wench; I'll
be as bountiful to her.

Bawd. Your worship's very heartily welcome. Where's
Sis? Where's Joyce? The best room in the house for
the gentleman! Call Mistress Priscilla, and bid her
keep the gentleman company.

Capt. I'll make bold to enter. [Exit.

Bawd. Your worship's most lovingly welcome. Let
the gentleman have attendance, and clean linen if he
need any. Whither would you, you rogue?

Clown. Marry, I would after my master.

Bawd. Thy master? Why, is yon ragamuffin able
to keep a man?

Clown. Ay, that he is, able to keep a man, and him-
self too.

Bawd. Then that man must be able to pay for him-
self too, or else he may cool his heels without, if his
appetite be hot.

Clown. Then shall I not go in?

Bawd. No, by my maidenhead, shall you not, nor any
such beggarly companion shall enter here, but he shall
come through me, too.

Clown. No? what remedy? Ha, ha! he that rings
at a door with such a bell, and cannot enter! (*Shakes
a purse.*) Well, if there be no remedy, I'll even stay
without.

Bawd. Oh me! is it you, sir? and are so strange, to
stand at the door? Pray, will you come near? Your

master is new gone in afore. Lord, Lord! that you would not enter without trusting! You were even as far out of my remembrance as one that I had never seen afore.

Clown. I cannot blame you to forget me, for I think this be the first time of our meeting.

Bawd. What would you have, sir?

Clown. Nothing, as they say, but a congratulation for our first acquaintance. I have it here, old bully bottom; I have it here.

Bawd. I have it here, too. Nay, pray, sir, come in: I am loth to kiss at door, for fear my neighbours should see.

Clown. Speak, shall you and I condog together? I'll pay you to a hair.

Bawd. Nay, I beseech you, sir, come in: a gentleman, and stand at door! I'll lead the way, and you shall come behind.

Clown. No, no; I will not salute you after the Italian fashion: I'll enter before.

Bawd. Most lovingly: pray draw the latch, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the two Gentlemen with the two wenches.

1 *Gent.* Nay, faith, sweet rogue, thou shalt trust me for once.

1 *Whore.* Trust you? come up! canst thou pay the hackney for the hire of a horse, and think'st thou to breathe me upon trust?

1 *Gent.* Thou bid'st me come up, and shall I not ride?

1 *Whore.* Yes, the gallows as soon.

2 *Whore.* A gentleman, and have no money! Marry, you make a most knightly offer.

2 *Gent.* How? to offer thee no money?

2 *Whore*. How can they offer that have none?

2 *Gent*. I'll either give thee ware or money; that's as good.

2 *Whore*. Ay, but sir, I'll deal with no such chapmen.

Enter Bawd and Clown.

Bawd. What's the matter here? Ha! can you not agree about the bargain?

1 *Whore*. Here's gallants would have us breathed, and, forsooth, they have no money.

2 *Whore*. They think, belike, diet, lodging, ruffs, clothes, and holland smocks, can all be had without money; and a disease, if we should catch it, Heaven bless us, can be cur'd without money.

Bawd. That's fine, i'faith. If my beds be shaken out of their joints, or my cords broken, must not the joiner and the rope-maker both have money? If my rugs be rubb'd out with your toes, can they be repair'd without money? If my linen be foul'd, can I pay my laundress without money? Besides, we must have something to maintain our broken windows, I hope: the glazier will not mend them without money?

1 *Gent*. Come, come, let's run a score for once.

Bawd. You shall not score of my tally. Out of my doors!

Enter Captain BONVILLE.

Capt. Why, shall we not be bosom'd? Have we paid, And must we not have wenches?

Bawd. You shall have the choicest of my house, gentlemen.

1 *Gent*. Who, those rascals?

Bawd. They be rascals that have no money; those be gentlemen that have crowns: these are they that pay the joiner, the rope-maker, the upholster, the

laundrer, the glazier. Will you get out of my doors, or shall we scold you hence?

Clown. That you shall never by thrusting them out of doors.

1 *Gent.* Who but a man would be so base as to be hir'd, much more to hire one of those bruitists, that make no difference betwixt a gentleman and a beggar? Nay, I have seen enough to be soon entreated. [*Exit.*

2 *Gent.* You shall not need to fear me: I am gone. He's past before, nor will I stay behind: I have seen enough to loath all your sisterhood. [*Exit.*

Bawd. Marry, farewell frost.—Now, sir, will you make your choice, and your man after?

Capt. I'll have both; these are mine.

Clown. Go, you, then, with your pair of whores; I'll go with this old sculler that first ply'd me.

Bawd. I see thou lovest to go by water. Come, shall we dally together? Sit upon my knee, my sweet boy; what money hast thou in thy purse? Wilt thou bestow this upon me, my sweet chick?

Clown. I'll see what I shall have first for my money, by your favour.

1 *Whore.* And shall I have this?

2 *Whore.* And I this?

Capt. Both these are mine: we are agreed, then? But I am asham'd, being such a tatter'd rogue, To lie with two such fine gentlewomen; Besides, to tell you truly, I am lousy.

1 *Whore.* No matter; thou shalt have a clean shirt, and but pay for the washing; and thy clothes shall in the mean time be cast into an oven.

Capt. But I have a worse fault; my skin's not perfect. What should I say I am?

2 *Whore.* Itchy? Oh! thou shalt have brimstone and butter.

Capt. Worse than all these, my body is diseased :
I shall infect yours.

1 *Whore.* If we come by any mischance, thou hast money to pay for the cure. Come, shall's withdraw into the next chamber?

Capt. You are not women, you are devils both,
And that your dam ! my body, save in wars,
Is yet unscarr'd, nor shall it be with you.
Say the last lecher that embrac'd you here,
And folded in his arms your rottenness,
Had been all these, would you not all that filth
Vomit on me ? or who would buy diseases,
And make his body for a spittle fit,
That may walk sound ? I came to school you, whore,
Not to corrupt you ; for what need I that
When you are all corruption ? be he lame,
Have he no nose, be all his body stung
With the French fly, with the serpego dried ;
Be he a lazar or a leper, bring
Coin in his fist, he shall embrace your lust
Before the purest flesh that sues of trust.

Bawd. What Diogenes have we here ? I warrant, the Cynic himself said not so much when he was seen to come out of a bawdy-house.

Capt. He sham'd not to come out, but held it sin
Not to be pardon'd to be seen go in.

1 *Whore.* But I'll be modest.

Capt. Nay, nay, keep your gold,
To cure those hot diseases you have got ;
And being once clear, betake you to one man,
And study to be honest, that's my counsel.
You have brought many, like yon gentlemen
That jet in silks, to go thus ragg'd like us,
Which, did they own our thoughts, these rags would
change

To shine as we shall, though you think it strange.—
Come, come, this house is infected: shall we go?

Clown. Why, sir, shall I have no sport for my money, but even a snatch and away?

Capt. Leave me, and leave me ever: and observe
This rule from me; where there is lodg'd a whore,
Think the plague's cross is set upon that door. [*Exit.*

Clown. Then, Lord have mercy upon us! Where
have we been?

[*The Clown goes leering away, and shaking his head.*

Bawd. Hist, hist! here's a railing companion indeed!

1 *Whore.* I know not what you call a railing companion, but such another discourse would make me go near to turn honest.

Bawd. Nay, if you be in that mind, I'll send for your love. The plague in my house! the pox is as soon: I am sure there was never man yet that had
Lord have mercy upon us in his mind, that would ever enter here.—Nay, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

Sound. Enter the King, Prince, Princess, all the Lords,
the Queen, &c.

King. Before you all I here acknowledge, lords,
I never held me happy but in this
My virtuous choice: in having your applause,
Methinks I had the sweet consent of Heaven.

Prince. This noble lady, now my royal mother,
Hath by her love to you, regard to us,
And courteous affability to all,
Attain'd the general suffrage of the realm.

Princess. Her modest carriage shall be rules to me,
Her words instructions, her behaviour precepts,
Which I shall ever study to observe.

Queen. (*aside.*) I feel my body growing by the King,
And I am quick, although he know it not.

Now comes my father's last injunction
To my remembrance, which I must fulfil :
Although a queen, I am his daughter still.

King. Lords, and the rest, forbear us till we call.
A chair first, and another for our Queen ;
Some private conference we intend with her.—
Now leave us. [*Exeunt Prince, Princess, Lords, &c.*]

King. My fairest Isabella, the choice jewel
That I wear next my heart, I cannot hide
My love to thee: 'tis like the sun, envelop'd
In watery clouds, whose glory will break through,
And, spite opposure, scorns to be conceal'd.
Saving one thing, ask what my kingdom yields,
And it is freely thine.

Queen. What's that, my lord ?

King. I cannot speak it without some distaste
To thee, my Queen: yet, if thy heart be ours,
Name it not to me.

Queen. I am only yours.

King. Beg not thy father's free repeal to Court,
And to those offices we have bestow'd.
Save this, my kingdom, and what it contains,
Is thy will's subject.

Queen. You are my King, and husband:
The first includes allegiance, the next duty ;
Both these have power above a Father's name.
Though, as a daughter, I could wish it done,
Yet, since it stands against your royal pleasure,
I have no suit that way.

King. Thou now hast thrust thy hand into my
bosom,
And we are one. Thy beauty, oh, thy beauty !
Never was King blest with so fair a wife !
I do not blame thy father to prefer
Thee 'fore thy sister, both in love and face,

Since Europe yields not one of equal grace.

Why smiles my love?

Queen. As knowing one so fair,
With whom my pale cheek never durst compare.
Had you but seen my sister, you would say,
To her the blushing coral should give way,
For her cheek stains it: lilies to her brow
Must yield their ivory whiteness, and allow
Themselves o'ercome. If e'er you saw the sky,
When it was clear'st, it never could come nigh
Her azure veins in colour; she's much clearer,
Ay, and her love much to my father dearer.

King. We by our noble Marshal made request
For the most fair, and her whom he best lov'd:
Durst he delude us?

Queen. What I speak is true;
So will yourself say when she comes in place.

King. Our love to thee shall not o'ercome that hate
We owe thy father, though thou be'st our Queen.

Queen. He keeps her as his treasure, locks her safe
Within his arms: he only minded me
As one he lov'd not, but thought merely lost.

King. Thou'rt lost, indeed; for thou hast lost my
heart,
Nor shalt thou keep it longer. All my love
Is swallowed in the spleen I bear thy father,
And in this deep disgrace put on his King,
Which we'll revenge.

*Enter Prince, Princess, CHESTER, CLINTON, BONVILLE,
and AUDLEY.*

King. It shall be thus.—
Chester, bear hence this lady to her father,
As one unworthy us; with her that dower
The double dower he by his servant sent.—

Thy tears nor knee shall once prevail with us.
As thou art loyal, without further language
Depart our presence. We'll not hear thee speak.

Chest. What shall I farther say?

King. Command him, on his life, to send to Court
His other daughter, and at our first summons,
Lest we proclaim him traitor. This see done,
On thy allegiance.

Chest. Now the goal is ours. [*Aside, and exit.*]

King. None dare to censure or examine this,
That we shall hold our friend, or of our blood.
Subjects that dare against their Kings contend,
Hurl themselves down, whilst others high ascend.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Enter the Marshal and his daughter KATHERINE.

Mar. I see the King is truly honourable.
All my disgraces and disparagements
He hath made good to me in this, to queen my child!
And, which more glads me, with such ardency
He seems to affect her and to hold her dear,
That nothing's valued, if compared with her.
Now, Heaven, whilst thou this second happiness
And bliss wilt lend me, I shall still grow great
In my content, opinion, and my fate,
In spite of whisperers and Court flatterers.

Kath. Had you best lov'd my sister, and less me,
I had been Queen before her; but she ventur'd
For her preferment, therefore 'tis her due.
Out of our fears and loves her honours grew.

Mar. Whilst I may keep thy beauty in mine eye,
And with her new rais'd fortunes fill mine ear,
I second none in bliss. She's my Court comfort,

Thou my home happiness: in these two blest,
Heaven hath enrich'd me with a crown of rest.

Kath. Nor do I covet greater royalties
Than to enjoy your presence and your love:
The best of these I prize above all fortunes,
Nor would I change them for my sister's state.

Mar. Her beauty and her virtues mix'd have won
The King my sovereign to be term'd my son.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Earl Chester, with the Queen, your princely
daughter,
Are without train alighted at the gate,
And by this enter'd.

Mar. Thou hast troubled me,
And with a thousand thoughts at once perplex'd
My affrighted heart. Admit them: soft, not yet.
What might this mean? my daughter in the charge
Of him that is my greatest opposite,
And without train such as becomes a Queen!
More tempest towards, Kate; from which, sweet child,
If I may keep thee, may it on my head
Pour all his wrath, even till it strike me dead.

Kath. Rather, my lord, your royal life to free,
All his stern fury let him shower on me.

Serv. My lord, shall I admit them?

Mar. Prithee, stay.—

Fate threatens us: I would devise a means
To shun it if we might.—Thou shalt withdraw,

[*To his Daughter.*

And not be seen: something we must devise
To guard ourselves, and stand our opposites.
Go keep your chamber.—Now let Chester in.

[*Exit KATHERINE.*

Serv. I shall, my lord.

Mar. My loyalty for me: that keep me still;
A tower of safety, and a shield 'gainst fate.

Enter the Servant, ushering CHESTER and the Queen.

Chest. The King thy daughter hath in scorn sent
back.

Mar. Pause there; and, as y'are noble, answer me,
Ere you proceed, but to one question.

Chest. Propound it.

Mar. Whence might this distaste arise?
From any loose demeanour, wanton carriage,
Spouse-breach, or disobedience in my daughter?
If so, I'll not receive her; she's not mine.

Queen. That let mine enemy speak, for in this kind
I would be tax'd by such.

Chest. Upon my soul,
There is no guilt in her.

Mar. Be't but his humour,
Th'art welcome, both my daughter and my Queen!
In this my palace thou shalt reign alone:
I'll keep thy state, and make these arms thy throne.
Whilst thou art chaste, thy style with thee shall
stay,

And reign, though none but I and mine obey.—
What can you farther speak?

Chest. Her double dower
The King returns thee.

Mar. We accept it; see,
It shall maintain her port, even with her name:
Being my King's wife, so will I love his grace,
She shall not want, will double this maintain her.

Chest. Being thus discharg'd of her, I from the
King
Command thee send thy fairer girl to Court;
She that's at home, with her to act his pleasure.

Mar. Sir, you were sent to challenge, not to kill.
These are not threats, but blows: they wound! they wound!

Chest. If treason's imputation thou wilt shun,
And not incur the forfeit of thy life,
Let the King's will take place.

Mar. You have my offices,
Would you had now my grief! but that alone
I must endure: would thou hadst both, or none!
Sentence of death, when it is mildly spoke,
Half promises life; but when your doom you mix
With such rough threats, what is't but twice to kill?
You tyrannize, Earl Chester.

Chest. Will you send her?

Mar. That you shall know anon.—Tell me, my
Queen,
How grew this quarrel 'tween the King and thee?

Queen. By you was never lady more belov'd,
Or wife more constant than I was to him.
Have you forgot your charge? when I perceiv'd
Myself so grown, I could no longer hide
My greatness, I began to speak the beauties
Of my fair sister, and how much she excell'd,
And that you sent me thither as a jest;
That she was fairest, and you lov'd her best.

Mar. Enough! th'art sure with child, and near thy
time?

Queen. Nothing more sure than that.

Mar. From hence shall grow
A salve for all our late indignities.—
Pray do my humble duty to the King,
And thus excuse me: that my daughter's sick,
Crazed, and weak, and that her native beauty
Is much decay'd; and should she travel now,
Before recover'd, 'twould engage her life

To too much danger: when she hath ability
And strength to journey, I will send her safe
Unto my King: this, as I am a subject,
And loyal to his Highness.

Chest. Your excuse
Hath ground, from love and reason. This your answer
I shall return to the King.

Mar. With all my thanks
That, since my daughter doth distaste his bed,
He hath sent her back, and home to me, her father.
His pleasure I withstand not, but return
My zeal; and these do not forget, I pray.

Chest. I shall your words have perfect, and repeat
 them
Unto the King.

Mar. I should disgrace her beauty
To send it maim'd and waning; but when she
Attains her perfectness, then shall appear
The brightest star fix'd in your courtly sphere.

Chest. The King shall know as much. [Exit.

Mar. It is my purpose,
All my attempts to this one head to draw,
Once more in courtesies to o'ercome the King.—
Come, beauteous Queen, and thy fair sister cheer,
Whom this sad news will both amaze and fear.
[Exeunt.

*Enter Captain BONVILLE in all his bravery, and his man
 in a new livery.*

Capt. Sirrah, are all my lands out of mortgage, and
my deeds redeem'd?

Clown. I cannot tell that, sir; but we have had whole
chestfuls of writings brought home to our house.

Capt. Why, then, 'tis done: I am possess'd again
Of all my father's ancient revenues.

Clown. But how came you by all this money to buy these new suits? methinks we are not the men we were.

Capt. Questionless that; for now those, that before despis'd us and our company, at meeting give us the *bon-jour*.

Oh, Heaven! thou ever art virtue's sole patron,
And wilt not let it sink. All my known fortunes
I had engag'd at home, or spent abroad;
But in the wars, when I was held quite bankrupt
Of all good hap, it was my chance to quarter
In such a house, when we had sack'd a town,
That yielded me inestimable store
Of gold and jewels: those I kept till now,
Unknown to any, pleading poverty,
Only to try the humour of my friends;
Which I have prov'd, and now know how to find
Fix'd upon wealth, to want unnatural—

Enter MATCH and TOUCH-BOX.

Clown. See, sir; yonder are my old fellows, Match and Touch-box. I do not think but they come to offer their service to you.

Touch. Save thee, noble Captain. Hearing of thy good fortunes and advancement, I am come to offer myself to be partaker of the same, and to follow thee in the same colours that thou hast suited the rest of thy servants.

Clown. God-a-mercy, horse! you shall not stand to my livery.

Match. You see, our old clothes stick by us still, good Captain: see us new moulded.

Capt. You are flies: away! They that my winter fled,

Shall not my summer taste. They only merit
A happy harbour, that through stormy seas

Hazard their barks, not they that sail with ease.
You taste none of my fortunes.

Clown. Corporal, you see this livery: if you had stayed by it, we had been both cut out of a piece. Match, if you had not left us, you had been one of this guard. Go away; betake you to the end of the town; let me find you between Woods close-stile and Islington, with "Will it please your worship to bestow the price of two cans upon a poor soldier, that hath serv'd in the face of the Soldan?" and so forth. *Apaga!* away! I scorn to be fellow to any that will leave their masters in adversity: if he entertain you, he shall turn away me, that's certain.

Match. Then, good your worship, bestow something upon a poor soldier, I protest——

Clown. Lo! I have taught him his lesson already. I knew where I should have you?

Capt. There's first to make you beggars; for to that All such must come that leave their masters poor. Begone, and never let me see you more.

Touch. God be with you, good Captain.—Come, Match, let us betake us to our rendezvous at some out end of the city. [*Exeunt.*

Capt. He makes a beggar first, that first relieves him. Not usurers make more beggars where they live, Than charitable men that use to give.

Clown. Here comes a lord.

Enter Lord CLINTON.

Clin. I am glad to see you, sir.

Capt. You know me now! Your worship's wondrous wise;

You could not know me in my last disguise.

Clin. Lord God! you were so chang'd.

Capt. So am I now

From what I was of late. You can allow
This habit well, but put my other on,
No congey then; your lordship must be gone.
You are my summer friend.

Enter Lord BONVILLE.

Bon. Cousin, well met.

Capt. You should have said well found,
For I was lost but late; dead, under ground
Our kindred was: when I redeem'd my land,
They both reviv'd, and both before you stand.

Bon. Well, well, I know you now.

Capt. And why not then?
I am the same, without all difference: when
You saw me last, I was as rich, as good,
Have no additions since of name or blood;
Only because I wore a threadbare suit,
I was not worthy of a poor salute.
A few good clothes put on with small ado,
Purchase your knowledge, and your kindred too.
You are my silken uncle.

Enter Lord AUDLEY and his Daughter, Lady MARY.

Oh, my lord! you are not in haste now?

Aud. I have time to stay
To ask you how you do, being glad to hear
Of your good fortune, your repurchas'd lands,
And state much amplified.

Capt. All this is true:
Ay, but, my lord, let me examine you.
Remember you a contract that once pass'd
Betwixt me and your daughter? here she stands.

Aud. Sir, since you did unmortgage all your means,
It came into my thoughts: trust me, before
I could not call't to mind.

Capt. Oh, men's weak strength,
That aim at worlds, when they but their mere length
Must at their end enjoy!—Thou, then, art mine,
Of all that I have prov'd in poverty,
The only test of virtue!—What are these?
Though they be lords, but worldlings, men all earth:
Thou art above them—virtuous, that's divine;
Only thy heart is noble, therefore mine.

L. Mary. And to be yours, is to be what I wish.
You were to me as welcome in your rags
As in these silks. I never did examine
The outside of a man, but I begin
To censure first of that which grows within.

Capt. Only for that I love thee! These are lords
That have bought titles. Men may merchandize
Wares, ay, and traffic all commodities
From sea to sea, ay, and from shore to shore,
But in my thoughts, of all things that are sold,
'Tis pity honour should be bought for gold.
It cuts off all desert.

Enter the Host.

Clown. Master, who's here? mine host of the ordinary!

Capt. Your business, sir? what! by petition?

Host. Fallen to a little decay by trusting, and knowing your worship ever a bountiful young gentleman, I make bold to make my wants first known to you.

Capt. Pray what's your suit?

Host. Only for a cast suit, or some small remuneration.

Capt. And thou shalt have the suit I last put off.—
Fetch it me, Cock.

Cock. I shall, sir. [Exit.

Capt. Fallen to decay? I'll fit you in your kind.

Re-enter COCK.

Cock. I have a suit to you, sir; and this it is.

Capt. In this suit came I to thine ordinary,
In this thou wouldst have thrust me out of doors,
Therefore with this, that then proclaim'd me poor,
I'll salve thy wants, nor will I give thee more.
Base worldlings! that despise all such as need,
Who to the needy beggar are still dumb,
Not knowing unto what themselves may come.

Host. I have a cold suit on't, if I be forc'd to wear it
in winter.—I bid your worship farewell. [*Exit.*]

Clown. So should all that keep ordinaries bid their
guests farewell, though their entertainment be never so
ill. Well, sir, I take you but for an ordinary fellow,
and so I leave you.—Master, who will not say that you
are a brave fellow, and a most noble Captain, that with
a word or two can discomfit a host.

Capt. I know you, therefore know to rate your worths
Both to their height and depth, their true dimensions
I understand; for I have tried them all.—
But thou art of another element,
A mirror of thy sex, that canst distinguish
Virtue from wealth; thee as my own I elect,
And these according to themselves despise.
A courtier henceforth I myself profess,
And thee my wife: thou hast deserv'd no less.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter the King, the Prince and the Princess, and
CHESTER.*

King. No news yet from our Marshal? We three
months
Have stay'd his leisure, but receive not yet
That daughter we sent for.

Prince. She, peradventure,
Hath not her strength recover'd, or her beauty,
Lost by her sickness, to the full regain'd.

Chest. Upon my life, my lord, when she is perfect,
And hath receiv'd her full ability,
She shall attend your pleasure.

Princess. But your Queen,
That virtuous lady, when I think on her,
I can but grieve at her dejectedness.

King. Heaven knows I love her above all the world;
And but her father thus contends with us,
When we in all our actions strive to exceed,
We could not brook her absence half so long.
But we will try his patience to the full.

*Enter Lords BONVILLE, CLINTON, and AUDLEY, Cap-
tain BONVILLE, Lady MARY, and the Clown.*

Capt. My prostrate duty to the King, my master,
I here present.

Prince. This is the gentleman,
Commended for his valour in your wars,
Whose ruin'd fortunes I made suit to raise:
I would entreat your Highness to respect him.

King. All his proceedings we partake at large,
Know both his fall and height: we shall regard him
Even with his worth: be near us, of our chamber.
Sir, we shall use your wisdom, and prefer it
According to your worth. Be this your hope,
We know you.

Capt. Only in that I am happy.

Enter the Servant.

Serv. Health to your Majesty.

King. Whence?

Serv. From my master;

The poorest subject that your land contains,
Rich only in his truth and loyalty.

King. Speak, hath he sent his daughter?

Serv. Yes, my liege,

He hath sent his daughters: please you rest satisfied,
And patiently peruse what he hath sent.

King. We are full of expectations: pray admit
Those presents that he means to greet us with.

Serv. You shall, my lord.

Sound. *Enter, with two Gentlemen-ushers before them,
the Queen, crown'd, her sister KATHERINE to attend her
as her waiting-maid, with a train.*

Serv. Your Queen and wife, crown'd with a wreath
of gold

Of his own charge; with that, this double dower
Doubled again, and guarded with this train
Of gentlewomen, according to her state,
My lord presents you. This, his younger daughter,
He hath bestow'd a handmaid to your Queen,
A place that may become her, were she child
Unto your greatest peer: had he had more,
More had he sent; these, worthless as they be,
He humbly craves you would receive by me.

King. His bounty hath no limit. But my Queen!
Her bright aspect so much persuades with me,
It charms me more than his humility.—
Arise in grace, and, sweet, forget your wrong.

Queen. My joys unspeakable can find no tongue
To express my true heart's meaning.

King. Beauteous maid,
You are our sister, and that royal title
From all disgrace your freedom shall proclaim.

Kath. I find your grace the same my noble father
Hath still reported you—royal in all;
By whom the virtuous rise, th' ignoble fall.

Prince. I have not seen a lady more complete;
Her modesty and beauty, both are matchless.

King. Am I a King, and must be exceeded still?
Or shall a subject say that we can owe?
His bounty we will equal, and exceed:
We have power to better what in him's but well.—
Your free opinions, lords—is not this lady
The fairer of the twain? How durst our subject,
Then, dally with us in that high design?

Chest. With pardon of the Queen, she's parallel'd
By her fair sister.

Clin. Were my censure free,
I durst say better'd.

Prince. Were it put to me,
I should avow she not the Queen alone
Excels in grace, but all that I have seen——

King. Dost love her?

Prince. As my honour, or my life.

King. Her whom thou so much praisest, take to
wife.

Prince. You bless my youth.

Kath. And strive to eternize me.

Queen. Nor in this joy have I the meanest part.
Now doth your grace your inward love express
To me and mine.

King. I never meant thee less.
Thy sister and thy daughter freely embrace,
That next thee hath our kingdom's second place.—
How say you, lords, have we requited well
Our subject's bounty? are we in his debt?

Aud. Your Highness is in courtesy invincible.

Bon. And bountiful beyond comparison.

Chest. (*aside to Clinton.*) This must not hold: pre-
vention out of hand;
For if the Marshal rise, we stand not long.

Clin. Our wits must then to work.

Chest. They must, of force :

This is not that to which our fortunes trust.

King. Let, then, our subject know his King hath
power

To vanquish him in all degrees of honour,

And he must now confess himself excell'd.

With what can heaven or earth his want supply

To equal this our latest courtesy ?

We have the day ; we rise, and he must fall,

As one subdued.

Serv. His Highness knows not all :

One special gift he hath reserv'd in store,

May haply make your Grace contend no more.

King. No, sir ! think you your master will yet
yield,

And leave to us the honour of the day ?

I wish him here but this last sight to see,

To make him us acknowledge.

Serv. On my knee

One boon I have to beg.

King. Speak ; let me know

Thy utmost suit.

Serv. My noble master stays

Not far from Court, and durst he be so ambitious,

As but to appear before you, and present you

With a rich gift, exceeding all have past,

The only perfect token of his zeal,

He would himself perpetually hold vanquish'd

In all degrees of love and courtesy.

King. For our Queen's love, and our fair daughter's
sake,

We do not much care if we grant him that.

Admit him, and his presence urge with speed.

Well may he imitate, but not exceed.

Chest. (*aside to Clinton.*) I fear our fall: if once the
Marshal rise,

Down, down must we.

Clin. Therefore, devise some plot
His favour to prevent.

Chest. Leave it to me.

King. Lords, we are proud of this our unity,
Double alliance, of our son's fair choice,
Since 'tis applauded by your general voice:
The rather since so matchless is our grace,
That, force perforce, our subject must give place.

*Enter the Marshal, with a rich Cradle borne after him by
two Servants.*

Mar. Not to contend, but to express a duty
Of zeal and homage, I present your grace
With a rich jewel, which can only value
These royal honours to my daughters done.

King. Value our bounty? Shouldst thou sell thyself
Even to thy skin, thou couldst not rate it truly.

Mar. My liege, I cannot; but in lieu and part,
Though not in satisfaction, I make bold
To tender you this present.

King. What's the project?—
Here's cost and art, and amply both express'd;
I have not view'd the like.

Prince. 'Tis wondrous rare!
I have not seen a model richlier fram'd.

Princess. Or, for the quantity, better contriv'd.
This lord in all his actions is still noble,
Exceeding all requital.

King. 'Tis a brave outside.

Mar. This that you see, my lord, is nothing yet;
More than its worth it hath commended been.
This is the case; the jewel lies within:
Pleaseth your grace t' unveil it.

King. Yes, I will:

But ere I open it, my lord, I doubt
The wealth within not equals that without.
What have we here?

Mar. A jewel I should rate,
Were it mine own, above your crown and sceptre.

King. A child!

Mar. A Prince, one of your royal blood.
Behold him, King, my grandchild and thy son;
Truly descended from thy Queen and thee,
The image of thyself.

King. How can this be?

Queen. My royal liege and husband, view him well.
If your own favour you can call to mind,
Behold it in this infant, limn'd to the life:
He's yours and mine; no kindred can be nearer.

King. To this rich jewel I hold nothing equal.
I know thee virtuous, and thy father loyal;
But should I doubt both, yet this royal infant
Hath such affection in my heart impress'd,
That it assures him mine.—My noble subject,
Thou hast at length o'ercome me, and I now
Shall ever, ever, hold me vanquished!
Hadst thou sought earth or sea, and from them both
Extracted that which was most precious held,
Thou nothing couldst have found to equal this,
This, the mix'd image of my Queen and me!
Here, then, shall all my emulation end,
O'ercome by thee, our subject and our friend.

Mar. Your vassal and your servant, that have strove
Only to love you and your royal favours;
Not to requite, for that I never can,
But to acknowledge, and in what I may
To express my gratitude.

King. Thine is the conquest;

But shall I give't o'er thus? 'tis in my head
How I this lost day's honour shall regain.
A gift as great, as rich, I have in store,
With which to gratify our subject's love,
And of a value unrequitable.
Thou hast given me a grandchild and a son,
A royal infant, and to me most dear,
Yet, to surpass thee in this emulous strife,
I give thee here a daughter and a wife.
Now must thou needs confess the conquest won
By me, thy King, thy father, and thy son.

Mar. Your father, son, and subject, quite surpass'd,
Yields himself vanquish'd and o'ercome at length.

Princess. You have not my consent yet.

Mar. Madam, no;
The King doth this, his bounty to express:
Your love is to yourself, and therefore free;
Bestow it where you please.

Princess. Why, then, on thee.
He that the father doth so much respect,
Should not, methinks, the daughter's love despise.
'Tis good for maids take husbands when they may;
Heaven knows how long we may be forc'd to stay.

King. Now, lords, these nuptials we will solemnize
In all high state; in which we will include
Yours, noble Bonville, and with masks and revels
Sport out the tedious nights. Each hand his bride,
Doubly by us from either part ally'd. [*Exeunt King, &c.*]

Manet COCK, the Clown.

Cock. Why, this is as it should be. Now do I smell
courtier already: I feel the soldier steal out of me by
degrees; for soldier and courtier can hardly dwell both
together in one bosom. I have a kind of fawning
humour creeping upon me as soon as I but look'd into

the Court gate; and now could I take a bribe, if any would be so foolish to give't me. Now farewell, gun-powder, I must change thee into damask-powder; for if I offer but to smell like a soldier, the courtiers will stop their noses when they pass by me. My casque I must change to a cap and a feather, my bandiliero to a scarf to hang my sword in, and, indeed, fashion myself wholly to the humours of the time. My piece I must alter to a poinado, and my pike to a pickadevant: only this is my comfort, that our provant will be better here in the Court than in the camp: there we did use to lie hard, and seldom; here I must practise to lie extremely, and often. But, whilst I am trifling here, I shall lose the sight of the solemnity: the Prince is married, and the Marshal's married, and my master's married; there will be simple doings at night. Well, I must hence; for I believe the King, the Queen, and the rest of the lords, will use this place for their revels. *Dixi. [Exit.]*

ACTUS QUINTUS.

Enter Lords CLINTON and CHESTER.

Clin. And why so sad, my lord?

Chest. I am all dulness;

There's no life in me; I have lost my spirit,
And fluence of my brain. Observe you not
In what a height yon fellow now resides,
That was so late dejected; trebly grafted
Into the royal blood? What can succeed,
But that we all our honours must resign,
And he of them be repossess'd again?

Clin. The marriages, indeed, are celebrated.

Chest. And they have all our pointed stratagems
Turn'd back upon ourselves.

Clin. What! no prevention?

Chest. His bases are so fix'd, he cannot shrink,
Being so many ways engraft and planted
In the King's blood; but our supporters stand
As shak't with earthquakes, or else built on sand.

Enter Lords AUDLEY and BONVILLE.

Aud. My lords, attend the King, and clear this chamber:

For this night's revels 'tis the place prepar'd.

Bon. Your duties, lords: the King's upon his entrance.

Enter the King, the Queen, the Prince, his wife, the Marshal, and the Princess, Lords, &c.

King. Ay, so 't must be; each man hand his own,
For I am where I love: we are even coupled.
Some music, then!

Princess. Here's one falls off from me.

King. How now, my lord, dejected in your looks,
Or do our sports distaste you?

Mar. Pardon me,
I cannot dance, my liege.

King. You can look on.—
My lord, you take his place, we'll have a measure,
And I will lead it.—Bid the music strike.

[A measure: in the midst the Marshal goes discontented away.]

So; well done, ladies: but we miss the husband
To our fair daughter; what's become of him?

Chest. Gone discontented hence.

King. What might this mean?
Doth he distaste his bride, or envy us,
That are degreed above him?—Where's our Queen?

Queen. My liege?

King. You shall unto him instantly,
Attended with a beauteous train of ladies,

And to his chamber bear his princely bride.
Bonville, take you her royal dower along ;
You shall receive it of our Treasurer.

Capt. I shall, my lord.

King. Usher the Queen and ladies ; be their guide :
That done, each one to bed with his fair bride.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Marshal.

Mar. I am so high, that when I look but down,
To see how far the earth is under me,
It quakes my body, and quite chills my blood ;
And in my fear, although I stand secure,
I am like him that falls. I but a subject,
Am married to the daughter of the King !
Though some may think me happy in this match,
To me 'tis fearful. Who would have a wife
Above him in command, to embrace with awe,
Whom to displease is to distaste the King ?
It is to have a mistress, not a wife,
A Queen, and not a subject's bed-fellow.
State I could wish abroad to crown my head,
But never yet lov'd empire in my bed.

Enter Servant.

Serv. The Queen, your daughter, with your princely
bride,
And other ladies, make way towards your chamber.

Mar. 'Tis open to receive them ; pray them in.

Enter Captain BONVILLE, the Queen, the Princess, &c.

Queen. My lord, the King commends his love to you
In your fair bride, whom, royally conducted,
He hath sent to be the partner of your bed.

Mar. Whom we receive in the arms of gratitude ;
Duty to him, and nuptial love to her.

Princess. 'Tis well they brought me: trust me, my dear lord,

I should have scarce had face to have come myself;
But yet their boldness, mix'd with mine together,
Makes me to venture I yet scarce know whither.

Mar. 'Tis to our nuptial bed.

Princess. Ay, so they say;
But unto me it is a path unknown.
Yet that which cheers me, I shall do no more
Than those, and such as I, have done before.
Sure 'tis a thing that must, though without skill.
Even when you please; I am ready for your will.

Capt. With her the King hath sent this princely dower,
In which his love and bounty he commends.

Mar. You are noble, sir, and honour waits on you,
To crown your future fortunes: for that casket,
Her beauty and her birth are dower sufficient
For me, a subject.

I cannot think so much good to my King
As I am owing for her single self:
Then, with all duty pray return that sum.
Her dower is in herself, and that I'll keep,
Which in these loyal arms this night shall sleep.
That is the King's, with that this jewel too.
I think her cheap, bought at that easy rate:
My second duty in that gift commend;
Were I worth more, more I have will to send.

Capt. An emperor cannot show more royalty
Than this brave peer: he's all magnificent.—
I shall, with the best eloquence I have,
Make known your thoughts.

Mar. To all at once, good night.
Save this, my beauteous bride, no wealth I prize
That hath my heart took captive in her eyes.

Lights for the Queen and ladies! night grows old.
I count my virtue treasure, not my gold.

[*Exeunt divers ways.*]

Enter CLINTON to CHESTER in his study.

Clin. What! not at rest, my lord?

Chest. Why, who can sleep

That hath a labouring brain, and sees from far
So many storms and tempests threaten him?
It is not in my element to do't.

Clin. Find you no project yet how to remove him?

Chest. None, none; and therefore can I find no rest.

Clin. It grows towards day.

Chest. That day is night to me,

Whilst yon sun shines. I had this even some conference
In private with the King, in which I urg'd
The Marshal's discontent; withal inferr'd,
That by his look the Princess he despis'd.
The King chang'd face; and could we second this
By any new conjecture, there were hope
To draw him in displeasure.

Clin. Watch advantage,

And, as you find the humour of the King,
Work it unto the Marshal's deep disgrace.
But soft, the Prince.

Enter the Prince and KATHERINE.

Kath. So early up! how did you like your rest?

Prince. I found my most rest in my most unrest:

A little sleep serves a new married man,
The first night of his bridals. I have made you
A woman of a maid.

Kath. You were up both late and early.

Prince. Why, you were abroad

Before the sun was up; and the most wise

Do say 'tis healthful still betimes to rise.—
Good day.

Chest. In one, ten thousand.

Prince. Lords, you have not seen
The King to-day? It was his custom ever
Still to be stirring early with the sun.
But here's his Majesty.

*Enter Captain BONVILLE and the King; Lords
AUDLEY and BONVILLE.*

King. Not all your smooth and cunning oratory
Can colour so his pride, but we esteem him
A flattering traitor; one that scorns our love,
And in disdain sent back our daughter's dower.—
Your judgment, lords?

Chest. Hath he refus'd the Princess?

King. No; but her dower sent back, and insolently.

Her whom we gave, he with a gift would buy—
A jewel: shall we merchandize our daughter,
As one not able to bestow her nobly,
But that our poverty must force us sell her?

Capt. Your Highness much mispriseth his intent,
For he had no such thought.

King. We know his pride,
Which his ambition can no longer shadow.

Chest. Your Highness might do well to call in question
His insolence, and to arraign him for't.

King. Be you his judges, Bonville, Audley, you.—
Command him straight, on his allegiance,
To make appearance, and to answer us
Before our lords of his contempt and scorn.

Bon. Shall we command him hither?

King. From his bed;
And if convicted, he shall surely pay for't.

Aud. We shall, my lord.

Chest. Arraign him on the sudden, ere provided :
Let him not dream upon evasive shifts,
But take him unprepared.

Clin. Shall we command
A bar, and call a jury of his peers,
Whilst Chester, that enjoys the place of Marshal,
Objects such allegations 'gainst his life
As he hath drawn out of his rude demeanour ?

King. It shall be so ; a bar, and instantly.
We will our self in person hear him speak,
And see what just excuse he can produce
For his contempt.

Prince. My gracious lord and father,
What he hath done to you proceeds of honour,
Not of disdain, or scorn ; he's truly noble :
And if a regal bounty be a sin
In any subject, he is only guilty
Of that true virtue.

Capt. Saw your Majesty
With what a humble zeal, and prostrate love,
He did re-tender your fair daughter's dower ?
You would not his intent thus misreceive.

Chest. 'Tis humble pride, and mere hypocrisy
To blind the King : 'tis but ambitious zeal,
And a dissembling cunning to aspire.

Kath. My father call'd in question for his life ?
Oh ! let not me a sad spectator be
Of such a dismal object.

Prince. Nor will I ;
But leave them to their hated cruelty.

King. This is no place for ladies ; we allow
Her absence : of the rest, let none depart
Till we have search'd the cunning of his heart.

A Bar set out ; the King and CHESTER, with CLINTON and the Prince, and Captain BONVILLE, take their seats : Lords AUDLEY and BONVILLE bring him to the Bar, as out of his bed ; then take their seats.

Mar. A bar, a judgment seat, and jury set !
Yet cannot all this daunt our innocence.

Chest. You have disloyally sought to exceed
The King your sovereign ; and his royal deeds
To blemish : which your fellow peers thus conster—
That, strengthen'd by th' alliance of the King,
And better armed by the people's love,
You may prove dangerous.
In policy of state, to quench the sparks
Before they grow to flame, and top your height,
Before your spacious branches spread too far,
What to this general motion can you say,
Before we tax you with particulars ?

Mar. With reverence to the State 'fore which I
stand,
That you, my Lord of Chester, appear shallow,
To think my actions can disgrace the King's.
As if the lustre of a petty star
Should with the moon compare. Alas ! my deeds,
Conferr'd with his, are like a candle's light
To outshine the mid-day's glory. Can the King,
The glorious mirror of all gratitude,
Condemn that virtue in another's bosom
Which in his own shines so transparently ?
Oh, pardon me ! mere virtue is my end,
Whose pitch the King doth many times transcend.

Clin. To tax you more succinctly, you have first
Abus'd the King, in sending to the Court
Your daughter less fair, and the least belov'd.

Aud. And that includes contempt most barbarous,

Which you in that, unsubject-like, express'd.
Your former emulations we omit,
As things that may find tolerable excuse,
And are, indeed, not matters capital.
But to the best and greatest: when the King,
Out of his bounty and magnificence,
Vouchsaf'd to style thee with the name of son,
Being but a subject, with contorted brows
And looks of scorn you took his courtesy,
And in contempt sent back the Princess' dower.

Chest. Most true; a grounded proposition
To question you of life.

Mar. My life, my lords?

It pleases me, that the King in person deigns
To grace my cause with his majestic ear:
You plead for me in this, and speak my excuse.
I have but two in all:

He sent for one, and he receiv'd them both;
With them a sweet and lovely Prince to boot.
Whoever lost, I am sure the King hath won
At once a wife, a daughter, and a son.

Bon. 'Tis true, my Lord: we all can witness it.

Mar. He that my discontent objects to me,
With the fair Princess, speaks uncertainly.
The man judicious such for fools allows,
As have their inward hearts drawn in their brows.
Is there in all that bench a man so honest,
That can in this be discontent with me?
I charge you all; those favours I receive
From his high Majesty, I swallow not
With greedy appetite, perhaps, like you:
When I am grac'd, it comes with awe and fear,
Lest I offend that prince that holds me dear.
That for my brow.

Chest. But for your scornful sending

Of the fair Princess' dower back to the King,
How can you answer that?

Mar. Why, Chester, thus.

I am a man, though subject: if the meanest
Lord o'er his wife, why should that privilege
Be only barr'd me? Should I wive an empress,
And take her dowerless, should we love, or hate,
In that my bounty equals her estate?
Witness that Judge above you, I esteem
The Princess dearly, and yet married her
But as my wife, for which I am infinitely
Bound to the King. Why should I grow engag'd
Above my power, since this, my lord, you know,
The less we run in debt, the less we owe?
Give me my thoughts, and score you on, I pray:
I wish no more than I have means to pay.

Chest. Shall we, my lord, his actions censure freely?

King. And sentence them.

Aud. A Persian history

I read of late, how the great Sophy, once
Flying a noble falcon at the heron,
In comes by chance an eagle sousing by,
Which when the hawk espies, leaves her first game,
And boldly ventures on the king of birds.
Long tugg'd they in the air, till at the length
The falcon, better breath'd, seiz'd on the eagle,
And struck it dead. The barons prais'd the bird,
And for her courage she was peerless held.
The Emperor, after some deliberate thoughts,
Made him no less: he caus'd a crown of gold
To be new fram'd, and fitted to her head,
In honour of her courage. Then the bird,
With great applause, was to the market-place
In triumph borne, where, when her utmost worth
Had been proclaim'd, the common executioner

First by the King's command took off her crown,
And after with a sword struck off her head,
As one no better than a noble traitor
Unto the king of birds.

Chest. This use we make
From this your ancient Persian history—
That you, a noble and a courteous peer,
Prais'd for your hospital virtues and high bounty,
Shall be first crown'd with laurel, to your worth;
But since you durst against your sovereign
Oppose yourself, you, by your pride misled,
Shall as a noble traitor lose your head.

King. That sentence we confirm; and it shall stand
Irrevocable by our straight command.

Mar. I am glad, my liege, I have a life yet left,
In which to show my bounty: even in that
I will be liberal, and spend it for you.
Take it; 'tis the last jewel that I have;
In lieu of which, oh! grant me but a grave.

King. A laurel wreath, a scaffold, and a block!
Ourself will see the execution done:
Only thy life is ours; thy goods are free.

Mar. My lord, you are the life of courtesy,
And you are kind unto me above measure,
To give away what might enrich yourself.
Since they are mine, I will bestow them thus:
The best of those that were so late but yours,
My jewels, I, by will, restore you back;
You shall receive them separate from the rest.—
To you, the King's son, and by marriage mine,
On you I will bestow my armoury,
Stables of horse, and weapons for the wars:
I know you love a soldier.—To the Princess
And my two daughters I give equal portions
From my revenue; but if my fair wife

Prove and produce a male child, him I make
My universal heir; but if a female,
Her dower is with the rest proportionable.
The next I give, it is my soul to Heaven,
Where my Creator reigns. My words thus end,
Body to earth, my soul to Heaven ascend.

*Enter the Queen, KATHERINE, the Princess, and Lady
MARY.*

Princess. Stay!

Queen. Hold!

Kath. Executioner, forbear!

Queen. Hear me, a daughter, for a father plead.

Princess. Oh, father! hear me for my husband's
life:

Doubly allied, I am his niece and wife.

Kath. Oh, father! hear me, for a father crave.

Queen. Than sentence him, oh! let me perish rather:
I plead for him that's both my son and father.

Kath. Oh! make your mercy to this prisoner free.

Queen. Father to us.

Princess. And husband unto me.

King. Hence with these womanish clamours!

Prince. Unto these

Let me, my liege, presume to add another:

Behold him kneel that is your son and brother.

Kath. Your sister and your daughter, great King,
hear.

Princess. Your mother and your daughter.

Queen. Or, like dear,
Your Queen and sister.

Princess. Speak! what hath he done?

Prince. Who ever saw a father on a son
Give sentence? or, my royal lord, which rather
Adds to your guilt, a son condemn the father?

Chest. My liege, command them hence: they but disturb

The traitor in his death.

King. A traitor's he
That dares so term him: Chester, we mean thee.—
Our best of subjects, with our height of grace
We wed thee to us in this strict embrace.
Thy virtues, bounties, envied courtesies;
Thy courage, and thy constancy in death;
Thy love and loyalty, to the end continued,
More than their clamorous importunities,
Prevail with us: then, as our best and greatest,
Not to exceed, but equal thee in love,
To end between us this heroic strife,
Accept what we most precious hold, thy life.

Mar. Which as your gift I'll keep, till Heaven and
Nature
Confine it hence, and always it expose
Unto your love and service. I never lov'd it,
But since 'twas yours, and by your gift now mine.

King. I observe in thee
The substance of all perfect loyalty—
In you, save flattery, envy, hate, and pride,
Nothing, or aught to goodness that's allied:
Resign those places that belong to him;
Better than so born noble, be unborn.
Till you your hearts can fashion to your faces,
We here suspend you from your styles and places.

Prince. A royal doom.

King. Once more from us receive
Thy beauteous bride, as we will hand our Queen:
The Prince already is possess'd of his.—
Nay, Bonville, as your bridals were together,
So follow in your rank, and by the style
Of a Lord Baron: you are now no less,

If you dare take our word.—Our funerals thus
We'll turn to feasting, and our blood to wines
Of most choice taste, press'd from the purest grape.
Our noble Marshal, kinsman, and our friend,
In our two virtues after times shall sing,
A Loyal Subject, and a Royal King.

The Epilogue to the Reader.

That this play's old, 'tis true ; but now, if any
Should for that cause despise it, we have many
Reasons, both just and pregnant, to maintain
Antiquity, and those, too, not all vain.
We know (and not long since) there was a time,
Strong lines were not look'd after ; but if rhyme,
Oh ! then 'twas excellent : who but believes,
But doublets, with stuff'd bellies, and big sleeves,
And those trunk-hose which now the age doth scorn,
Were all in fashion, and with frequency worn ?
And what's now out of date, who is't can tell,
But it may come in fashion, and suit well ?
With rigour, therefore, judge not, but with reason,
Since what you read was fitted to that season.

FINIS.

NOTES

TO

THE ROYAL KING, AND THE ROYAL SUBJECT.

Page 5, line 16, Opposite hatred.] "Opposite hatred" means the hatred of opposites, or *enemies*, a sense the word often bears in our old poets: it occurs again in the next line but two—"Girt with the opposite ranks of Infidels." It cannot be necessary to cite instances, many of which may be found in Shakespeare, and a striking one on p. 56 of the present play.

Page 6, line 20, Operant parts.] This passage is quoted by Steevens, is a note on Hamlet, act iii., sc. 2, to show that the meaning of "operant" is *active*.

Page 7, line 6, With double use.] With double *interest*, or *nsance*.

Page 10, line 2, *Manent* Chester and Clinton.] The old stage-direction is merely *Exeunt*; but it is necessary to mention that Chester and Clinton only remain on the stage.

Page 10, line 28, Ay, and hyperbolize in all his deeds.] The most usual mode of spelling "Ay," in our old dramatists, is by the letter I, used as an interjection; but Heywood's printer in this play has adopted a new mode—*Ey*.

Page 11, line 7, our farther plots digest.] In our old writers, "digest" is a word that is often used for *digest*. It occurs, among others, in Webster and Middleton, but it is not necessary to quote the passages.

Page 11, line 18, Follow him straight.] Misprinted, in the old copy, "*Hollow* him straight."

Page 13, line 26, To Birch Lane first, to have suited us.] Birch Lane was principally famous, at this time, for shops where clothes were sold: see Cunningham's "Handbook of London," p. 55, 2nd edit., where many authorities on the point are collected.

Page 14, line 4, Enter Captain Bonville.] The stage-direction in the old copy is merely "Enter Captain;" but Captain Bonville is intended.

Page 15, line 26, Audley, Bonville, and Captain Bonville.] In the old copy, nothing is said in the stage-direction respecting Captain Bonville, who is kinsman to Lord Bonville.

Page 18, line 8, Nay; you would be going too.] Addressed to his relative, Lord Bonville.

Page 18, line 23, Whither wilt thou?] A proverbial expression, occurring in various old writers. Steevens quotes the passage in the text in his note upon "As You Like It," act iv., sc. 1. See also Dyce's *Middleton*, iii., 611.

Page 18, line 28, I have the wit to buy.] In the old copy this has the prefix of "Cap," but it evidently belongs to Lord Bonville.

Page 20, line 25, Exeunt Corporal and Match.] This necessary stage-direction is wanting in the old copy. The same remark applies to the next *Exeunt* of the Captain and Cock.

Page 22, line 9, your bounteous countess died.] So the old copy; but perhaps we ought to read *beauteous* countess.

Page 31, line 7, Feed and be fat, my fine Calipolis.] Steevens, in his note on "Henry IV.," Pt. II., act ii., sc. iv., quotes various old authors who, like Shakespeare, have employed this line, or something resembling it: it is parodied, or taken, from "The Battle of Alcazar," 1594, which has been imputed to G. Peele. The only difference between Shakespeare and Heywood in the use of the passage, is that the former has "fair," where the latter has *fine*. In neither does it stand exactly as Peele gives it—"Feed, then, and faint not, my fair Calepolis." Elsewhere, with reference to another person, we have, in the same play, "Feed and be fat, that we may meet the foe."

Page 34, line 28, Ladies, withdraw a little.] It is clear that the two daughters go out; and it will be seen that just afterwards they return: their *exit* is not marked in the old copy, but it is necessary. The same may be said of the next stage-direction, which, with some others, is new in our reprint.

Page 40, line 3, How! not a true man?] To say that a person was not "a true man," was the same as to call him a thief; and the Clown explains it by saying that Captain Bonville had sworn to steal the Lady Mary away. Innumerable instances show the opposition between the words "true man" and "thief."—See Collier's *Shakespeare*, ii., 72; iv., 251, 255; v., 246.

Page 43, line 18, Give expeditious order for the rites.] The necessary

prefix of *King* is omitted in the old copy before this speech, which is given as part of that of Isabella.

Page 44, line 28, *Let* but a poor man.] The word *Let* seems to have dropped out of this line: it is clearly wanting for the sense of the passage.

Page 45, line 15, but of those whom we call, &c.] The word "whom" is, by error of the press, here repeated.

Page 46, line 31, With a standing bed in't, and a truckle too.] Steevens quoted this passage in illustration of "his standing bed and his truckle bed," in "*Merry Wives of Windsor*," act iv., scene 5.

Page 47, line 34, and are so strange.] The old copy has *strong* for "strange," which is clearly the right word.

Page 48, line 9, old bully bottom.] An expression adopted, possibly, from "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," act iii., sc. 1, and differently applied.

Page 49, line 5. Enter Bawd and Clown.] In the old stage-direction, the "Captain" is also mentioned, but he does not come in until afterwards, as marked, where the old copy repeats his entrance.

Page 50, line 12, Marry, farewell, frost.] This expression was proverbial, and is alluded to in "*The Merchant of Venice*," where the Prince of Morocco exclaims—

"Cold, indeed, and labour lost:

Then farewell, heat, and welcome, frost."

Act ii., Scene vii.

Page 50, line 15, Go you, then, &c.] The terms "oars" and "sculls" were as well understood in Heywood's time as in our own, and the Clown here plays upon them.

Page 51, line 19, With the French fly, with the serpigo dried.] The disease here alluded to was often imputed to the French: respecting the "dry serpigo," see Steevens's note to "*Troilus and Cressida*," act ii., sc. 3.

Page 51, line 27, But I'll be modest.] In the old copy, this declaration is made part of the speech of the Captain, but it clearly belongs to the woman, who, at the same time, offers to return the money.

Page 52, line 7, Think the plague's cross, &c.] The placing of a cross upon the doors of houses, the inhabitants of which were infected with the plague, is alluded to by various old writers: it was often accompanied with the words, "Lord, have mercy upon us."

Page 52, line 19, Nay, will you go?] This scene is extremely gross, but it shows the manners of the time; and is not so much so as many portions of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, and those of other dramatists,

which do not convey a moral so admirable and forcible. Heywood's laudable object was to disgust, not to excite.

Page 52, line 26, *Prince*. This noble lady, &c.] This speech is erroneously assigned to the Princess in the old copy. She speaks next.

Page 52, line 33, Queen (*aside*). I feel my body, &c.] Clearly spoken to herself; but the *asides* are very rarely marked in our early dramas. I recollect but one instance in the whole folio of Shakespeare, 1623.

Page 56, line 5, The lust of these, &c.] Perhaps we ought to read "The *last* of these," viz., her father's love: the misprint was easy.

Page 58, line 28, Nothing more sure than that.] In the old copy, the words "than that" are made to begin the next speech of the Marshal.

Page 60, line 17, Fix'd upon wealth, to want unnatural.] The sense is perhaps incomplete, in consequence of the sudden entrance of Match and Touch-box.

Page 60, line 28, God-a-mercy, horse!] A proverbial exclamation. See "Tarlton's Jests," printed by the Shakespeare Society in 1844, p. 23.

Page 64, line 1, Re-enter Cock.] The *exit* and re-entrance of Cock are necessarily marked, but are only understood in the old copy.

Page 67, line 34, This must not hold, &c.] From the number of rhyming lines in this play, we may perhaps suspect an error here, and that Heywood intended a couplet:—

"This must not hold: prevention out of hand:

For if the Marshal rise, not long we stand."

Possibly, however, the poet purposely meant to avoid the jingle: the same remark will apply to what immediately follows between Clinton and Chester:—

"Our wits must then to work—of force, they must;

This is not that to which our fortunes trust."

In printing the play, in 1637, the author may have introduced the change, in order to give it a more modern appearance, and to expunge rhymes which, at the time the drama was originally acted, were acceptable.

Page 69, line 10, That, force perforce, our subject must give place.] An expression hardly requiring a note, since it frequently occurs in Shakespeare. See, particularly, "Henry IV.," Part II., act iv., sc. 1, and act iv., scene 4.

Page 70, line 4, What have we here?] The prefix "King" is unnecessarily placed before this interrogatory in the old copy: it is part of the previous speech.

Page 71, line 29, *Manet* Clown.] The old stage-direction is "Enter Clown," and nothing is said of the departure of the King, &c., from the

scene. The Clown had not quitted the stage after his entrance on p. 65, and he remains behind the royal cortège.

Page 72, line 10, our provant.] *i.e.*, our provision—what was provided for soldiers in the way of food, and sometimes clothing and arms: thus in old authors we read of “provant breeches” and “provant swords.”

Page 75, line 1, *Princess*. 'Tis well they brought me, &c.] In the old copy, this speech is given to the Prince, who is not upon the stage.

Page 77, line 8, Enter Captain Bonville and the King, &c.] In this order the *dramatis personæ* are named in the old copy, in the introduction to the scene: it seemed unnecessary to alter it by giving the King precedence of Captain Bonville, who, as usual, is only called “Captain.”

Page 82, line 8, Prais'd for your hospital virtues, &c.] “Hospital” for *hospitable*.

Page 83, line 18, Confine it hence.] This use of the word “confine” is peculiar.

Page 86, line 1, The Epilogue to the Reader.] The Prologue was “to the Stage,” but this Epilogue was, of course, not recited, but intended as an excuse for the revival of an old play, by the publication of it. Among other points, it refers to the period when rhyme was mainly in request with audiences, and they are abundantly sprinkled throughout the different scenes.

A
W O M A N

Kilde

With Kindnesse.

Written by *Tho. Heywood.*

LONDON

Printed by William Iaggard, dwelling in Barbican,
and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard
by Iohn Hodgets. 1607.

The Prologue.

I come but as a harbinger, being sent
To tell you what these preparations mean.
Look for no glorious state: our Muse is bent
Upon a barren subject, a bare scene.
We could afford this twig a timber tree,
Whose strength might boldly on your favours build;
Our russet, tissue; drone, a honey-bee;
Our barren plot, a large and spacious field;
Our coarse fare, banquets; our thin water, wine;
Our brook, a sea; our bat's eyes, eagle's sight;
Our poet's dull and earthy Muse, divine;
Our ravens, doves; our crow's black feathers, white;
But gentle thoughts, when they may give the foil,
Save them that yield, and spare where they may spoil.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

Mr. FRANKFORD.

Sir FRANCIS ACTON.

Sir CHARLES MOUNTFORD.

WENDOLL.

MALBY.

CRANWELL.

Old MOUNTFORD.

SHAFTON.

NICHOLAS.

JENKIN.

ROGER BRICKBAT.

JACK SLIME.

Butler.

Sheriff and Officers.

Keeper.

TIDY, SANDY, and RODER.

SPIGGOT.

Mrs. ANNE FRANKFORD.

SUSAN MOUNTFORD.

SISLY.

Huntsmen, Falconers, Coachman, Carters, Musicians, &c.

¹ Not prefixed to the old copy.

A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS.

Enter Mr. JOHN FRANKFORD, Mistress ANNE, Sir FRANCIS ACTON, Sir CHARLES MOUNTFORD, Master MALBY, Master WENDOLL, and Mr. CRANWELL.

Sir F. Some music, there ! None lead the bride a dance ?

Sir C. Yes, would she dance the shaking of the sheets ;

But that's the dance her husband means to lead her.

Wen. That's not the dance that every man must dance,

According to the ballad.

Sir F. Music, ho !—

By your leave, sister ; by your husband's leave,
I should have said.—The hand that but this day
Was given you in the church I'll borrow.—Sound !
This marriage music hoists me from the ground.

Frank. Ay, you may caper, you are light and free :
Marriage hath yok'd my heels ; pray pardon me.

Sir F. I'll have you dance too, brother.

Sir C. Master Frankford,
You are a happy man, sir ; and much joy
Succeed your marriage mirth : you have a wife
So qualified, and with such ornaments
Both of the mind and body. First, her birth
Is noble, and her education such

As might become the daughter of a prince :
Her own tongue speaks all tongues, and her own hand
Can teach all strings to speak in their best grace,
From the shrill'st treble to the hoarsest base.
To end her many praises in one word,
She's Beauty and Perfection's eldest daughter,
Only found by yours, though many a heart hath sought
her.

Frank. But that I know your virtues and chaste
thoughts,

I should be jealous of your praise, Sir Charles.

Cran. He speaks no more than you approve.

Mal. Nor flatters he that gives to her her due.

Mrs. Anne. I would your praise could find a fitter
theme

Than my imperfect beauties to speak on :
Such as they be, if they my husband please,
They suffice me now I am married.
This sweet content is like a flatt'ring glass,
To make my face seem fairer to mine eye ;
But the least wrinkle from his stormy brow
Will blast the roses in my cheeks that grow.

Sir F. A perfect wife already, meek and patient.
How strangely the word husband fits your mouth,
Not married three hours since ! Sister, 'tis good ;
You that begin betimes thus must needs prove
Pliant and duteous in your husband's love.—
Gramercies, brother ! wrought her to't already ?
Sweet husband, and a curtesy, the first day ?
Mark this, mark this, you that are bachelors,
And never took the grace of honest man ;
Mark this, against you marry, this one phrase :
In a good time that man both wins and woos
That takes his wife down in her wedding shoes.

Frank. Your sister takes not after you, Sir Francis ;

All his wild blood your father spent on you.
 He got her in his age, when he grew civil :
 All his mad tricks were to his land entail'd,
 And you are heir to all : your sister, she,
 Hath to her dower her mother's modesty.

Sir C. Lord, sir, in what a happy state live you !
 This morning, which to many seems a burden, too
 Heavy to bear, is unto you a pleasure.
 This lady is no clog, as many are :
 She doth become you like a well-made suit,
 In which the tailor hath us'd all his art ;
 Not like a thick coat of unseason'd frieze,
 Forc'd on your back in summer. She's no chain,
 To tie your neck, and curb ye to the yoke ;
 But she's a chain of gold to adorn your neck.
 You both adorn each other, and your hands,
 Methinks, are matches : there's equality
 In this fair combination ; you are both
 Scholars, both young, both being descended nobly.
 There's music in this sympathy ; it carries
 Consort, and expectation of much joy,
 Which God bestow on you from this first day,
 Until your dissolution ; that's for aye.

Sir F. We keep you here too long, good brother
 Frankford.

Into the hall. Away ! Go cheer your guests.
 What ! bride and bridegroom both withdrawn at once ?
 If you be miss'd, the guests will doubt their welcome,
 And charge you with unkindness.

Frank. To prevent it,
 I'll leave you here, to see the dance within.

Mrs. A. And so will I. [*Exeunt.*

Sir F. To part you it were sin.—
 Now, gallants, while the town musicians
 Finger their frets within, and the mad lads,

And country lasses, every mother's child,
With nosegays and bride-laces in their hats,
Dance all their country measures, rounds, and jigs,
What shall we do? Hark! they're all on the hoigh;
They toil like mill-horses, and turn as round,
Marry, not on the toe. Ay, and they caper,
But not without cutting: you shall see, to-morrow,
The hall-floor peck'd and dinted like a mill-stone,
Made with their high shoes. Though their skill be small,
Yet they tread heavy where their hobnails fall.

Sir C. Well, leave them to their sports.—Sir Francis
Acton,

I'll make a match with you: meet to-morrow
At Chevy Chase, I'll fly my hawk with yours.

Sir F. For what? For what?

Sir C. Why, for a hundred pound.

Sir F. Pawn me some gold of that.

Sir C. Here are ten angels;

I'll make them good a hundred pound to-morrow
Upon my hawk's wing.

Sir F. 'Tis a match; 'tis done.

Another hundred pound upon your dogs:

Dare ye, Sir Charles?

Sir C. I dare: were I sure to lose,
I durst do more than that: here is my hand;
The first course for a hundred pound.

Sir F. A match.

Wen. Ten angels on Sir Francis Acton's hawk;
As much upon his dogs.

Cran. I am for Sir Charles Mountford: I have seen
His hawk and dog both tried. What! clap ye hands,
Or is't no bargain?

Wen. Yes, and stake them down.
Were they five hundred, they were all my own.

Sir F. Be stirring early with the lark to-morrow;

I'll rise into my saddle ere the sun
Rise from his bed.

Sir C. If there you miss me, say
I am no gentleman. I'll hold my day.

Sir F. It holds on all sides.—Come, to-night let's
dance;

Early to-morrow let's prepare to ride:

We had need be three hours up before the bride.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter NICHOLAS *and* JENKIN, JACK SLIME, ROGER
BRICKBAT, *with country wenches, and two or three*
musicians.

Jen. Come, Nick, take you Joan Miniver, to trace
withal; Jack Slime, traverse you with Sisly Milk-
pail; I will take Jane Trubkin, and Roger Brickbat
shall have Isabel Motley. And now that they are busy
in the parlour, come, strike up; we'll have a crash here
in the yard.

Nick. My humour is not compendious: dancing I
possess not, though I can foot it; yet, since I am fallen
into the hands of Sisly Milk-pail, I consent.

J. Slime. Truly, Nick, though we were never brought
up like serving courtiers, yet we have been brought up
with serving creatures; ay, and God's creatures, too;
for we have been brought up to serve sheep, oxen,
horses, hogs, and such like; and, though we be but
country fellows, it may be in the way of dancing we
can do the horse trick as well as the serving-men.

R. Brick. Ay, and the cross-point too.

Jen. O, Slime! O, Brickbat! do not you know that
comparisons are odious? Now we are odious ourselves,
too, therefore there are no comparisons to be made be-
twixt us.

Nick. I am sudden, and not superfluous;

I am quarrelsome, and not seditious ;

I am peaceable, and not contentious ;

I am brief, and not compendious.

J. Slime. Foot it quickly. If the music overcome not my melancholy, I shall quarrel ; and if they suddenly do not strike up, I shall presently strike thee down.

Jen. No quarrelling, for God's sake ! truly, if you do, I shall set a knave between ye.

J. Slime. I come to dance, not to quarrel. Come, what shall it be ? Rogero ?

Jen. Rogero ! no ; we will dance the beginning of the world.

Sisly. I love no dance so well as John come kiss me now.

Nick. I that have ere now deserv'd a cushion, call for the Cushion-dance.

R. Brick. For my part, I like nothing so well as Tom Tyler.

Jen. No ; we'll have the hunting of the Fox.

J. Slime. The hay ; the hay ! there's nothing like the hay.

Nick. I have said, do say, and will say again——

Jen. Every man agree to have it as Nick says.

All. Content.

Nick. It hath been, it now is, and it shall be——

Sisly. What, Master Nicholas ? What ?

Nick. Put on your smock o' Monday.

Jen. So the dance will come cleanly off. Come, for God's sake, agree of something : if you like not that, put it to the musicians ; or let me speak for all, and we'll have Sellenger's round.

All. That, that, that !

Nick. No, I am resolv'd thus it shall be :
First take hands, then take ye to your heels.

Jen. Why, would you have us run away ?

Nick. No; but I would have you shake your heels.—
Music, strike up!

[*They dance; NICK dancing, speaks stately and
scurvily; the rest dance after the country fashion.*

Jen. Hey! lively, my lasses! here's a turn for thee!

[*Exeunt.*

*Wind horns. Enter Sir CHARLES MOUNTFORD, Sir
FRANCIS ACTON, MALBY, CRANWELL, WENDOLL,
Falconer, and Huntsmen.*

Sir C. So; well cast off. Aloft, aloft! Well flown!
Oh! now she takes her at the souse, and strikes her
Down to th' earth, like a swift thunder-clap.

Wen. She hath struck ten angels out of my way.

Sir F. A hundred pound for me.

Sir C. What, falconer!

Falc. At hand, sir.

Sir C. Now she hath seiz'd the fowl, and 'gins to
plume her,

Rebeck her not: rather stand still and check her.

So, seize her gets, her jesses, and her bells.

Away!

Sir F. My hawk kill'd too.

Sir C. Ay, but 'twas at the quarre,
Not at the mount, like mine.

Sir F. Judgment, my masters.

Cran. Yours missed her at the ferre.

Wen. Ay, but our merlin first hath plum'd the fowl,
And twice renew'd her from the river too:
Her bells, Sir Francis, had not both one weight,
Nor was one semitone above the other.
Methinks these Milain bells do sound too full,
And spoil the mounting of your hawk.

Sir C. 'Tis lost.

Sir F. I grant it not. Mine likewise seiz'd a fowl

Within her talons; and you saw her paws
 Full of the feathers: both her petty singles
 And her long singles grip'd her more than other;
 The terrials of her legs were stain'd with blood:
 Not of the fowl only she did discomfit,
 Some of her feathers; but she brake away.
 Come, come; your hawk is but a riffer.

Sir C. How!

Sir F. Ay, and your dogs are trindle-tails and curs.

Sir C. You stir my blood.

You keep not one good hound in all your kennel,
 Nor one good hawk upon your perch.

Sir F. How, knight!

Sir C. So, knight. You will not swagger, sir?

Sir F. Why, say I did?

Sir C. Why, sir,

I say you would gain as much by swaggering
 As you have got by wagers on your dogs:
 You will come short in all things.

Sir F. Not in this: now I'll strike home.

Sir C. Thou shalt to thy long home, or I will want
 my will.

Sir F. All they that love Sir Francis follow me.

Sir C. All that affect Sir Charles draw on my part.

Cran. On this side heaves my hand.

Wen. Here goes my heart.

[*They divide themselves.* *Sir CHARLES MOUNT-
 FORD, CRANWELL, Falconer, and Huntsman,
 fight against Sir FRANCIS ACTON, WENDOLL,
 his Falconer and Huntsman; and Sir CHARLES
 hath the better, and beats them away, killing one
 of Sir FRANCIS's Huntsmen.*

Sir C. My God! What have I done? What have
 I done?

My rage hath plung'd into a sea of blood,

In which my soul lies drown'd. Poor innocents,
 For whom we are to answer! Well, 'tis done,
 And I remain the victor. A great conquest, ✓
 When I would give this right hand, nay, this head,
 To breathe in them new life whom I have slain!—
 Forgive me, God! 'Twas in the heat of blood;
 And anger quite removes me from myself.
 It was not I, but rage, did this vile murder;
 Yet I, and not my rage, must answer it.
 Sir Francis Acton he is fled the field;
 With him all those that did partake his quarrel;
 And I am left alone with sorrow dumb,
 And in my height of conquest overcome.

Enter SUSAN. MOUNTFORD

Susan. Oh, God! My brother wounded, 'mong the
 dead?

Unhappy jest, that in such earnest ends!
 The rumour of this fear stretch'd to my ears,
 And I am come to know if you be wounded.

Sir C. Oh, sister! sister! wounded at the heart.

Susan. My God forbid!

Sir C. In doing that thing which He forbad,
 I am wounded, sister.

Susan. I hope not at the heart.

Sir C. Yes; at the heart.

Susan. Oh, God! A surgeon, there!

Sir C. Call me a surgeon, sister, for my soul.
 The sin of murder it hath pierc'd my heart,
 And made a wide wound there; but for these
 scratches,

They are nothing, nothing.

Susan. Charles, what have you done?

Sir Francis hath great friends, and will pursue you
 Unto the utmost danger of the law.

Sir C. My conscience hath become mine enemy,
And will pursue me more than Acton can.

Susan. Oh! fly, sweet brother.

Sir C. Shall I fly from thee?

Why, Sue, art weary of my company?

Susan. Fly from your foe.

Sir C. You, sister, are my friend;
And flying you, I shall pursue my end.

Susan. Your company is as my eyeball dear;
Being far from you, no comfort can be near.

Yet fly to save your life: what would I care,

To spend my future age in black despair,

So you were safe? And yet to live one week

Without my brother Charles, through every cheek

My streaming tears would downwards run so rank,

Till they could set on either side a bank,

And in the midst a channel; so my face *Is* ~~like~~ *such* that metaphor

For two salt water brooks shall still find place.

Sir C. Thou shalt not weep so much; for I will
stay,

In spite of danger's teeth. I'll live with thee,

Or I'll not live at all. I will not sell

My country and my father's patrimony,

Nor thy sweet sight, for a vain hope of life.

Enter Sheriff, with Officers.

Sher. Sir Charles, I am made the unwilling instrument

Of your attach and apprehension:

I'm sorry that the blood of innocent men

Should be of you exacted. It was told me

That you were guarded with a troop of friends,

And therefore came thus arm'd.

Sir C. Oh, Master Sheriff!

I came into the field with many friends,

But see, they all have left me : only one
Clings to my sad misfortune, my dear sister.
I know you for an honest gentleman ;
I yield my weapons, and submit to you.
Convey me where you please.

Sher. To prison, then,
To answer for the lives of these dead men.

Susan. Oh, God ! Oh, God !

Sir C. Sweet sister, every strain
Of sorrow from your heart augments my pain ;
Your grief abounds, and hits against my breast.

Sher. Sir, will you go ?

Sir C. Even where it likes you best. [Exeunt.

Enter Mr. FRANKFORD in a study.

Frank. How happy am I amongst other men,
That in my mean estate embrace content !
I am a gentleman, and by my birth
Companion with a king ; a king's no more.
I am possess'd of many fair revenues,
Sufficient to maintain a gentleman.
Touching my mind, I am studied in all arts ;
The riches of my thoughts, and of my time,
Have been a good proficient ; but the chief
Of all the sweet felicities on earth,
I have a fair, a chaste, and loving wife ;
Perfection all, all truth, all ornament.
If man on earth may truly happy be,
Of these at once possess'd, sure, I am he.

Enter NICHOLAS.

Nich. Sir, there's a gentleman attends without to
speak with you.

Frank. On horseback ?

Nich. Yes, on horseback.

Frank. Entreat him to alight, and I'll attend him.
Know'st thou him, Nick?

Nich. Know him? Yes; his name is Wendoll.
It seems he comes in haste: his horse is booted
Up to the flank in mire, himself all spotted
And stain'd with plashing. Sure, he rid in fear,
Or for a wager: horse and man both sweat;
I ne'er saw two in such a smoking heat.

Frank. Entreat him in: about it instantly.

[*Exit* NICHOLAS.]

This Wendoll I have noted, and his carriage
Hath pleas'd me much: by observation
I have noted many good deserts in him.
He's affable, and seen in many things,
Discourses well, a good companion;
And though of small means, yet a gentleman
Of a good house, somewhat press'd by want.
I have preferr'd him to a second place
In my opinion, and my best regard.

Enter WENDOLL, *Mrs.* FRANKFORD, *and* NICHOLAS.

Mrs. Anne. Oh, Mr. Frankford! Mr. Wendoll, here,
Brings you the strangest news that e'er you heard.

Frank. What news, sweet wife?—What news, good
Mr. Wendoll?

Wen. You knew the match made 'twixt Sir Francis
Acton

And Sir Charles Mountford?

Frank. True; with their hounds and hawks.

Wen. The matches were both played.

Frank. Ha! and which won?

Wen. Sir Francis, your wife's brother, had the
worst,
And lost the wager.

Frank. Why, the worse his chance:

Perhaps the fortune of some other day
Will change his luck.

Mrs. A. Oh! but you hear not all.
Sir Francis lost, and yet was loth to yield:
At length the two knights grew to difference,
From words to blows, and so to banding sides;
Where valorous Sir Charles slew, in his spleen,
Two of your brother's men; his falconer,
And his good huntsman, whom he lov'd so well.
More men were wounded, no more slain outright.

Frank. Now, trust me, I am sorry for the knight;
But is my brother safe?

Wen. All whole and sound,
His body not being blemish'd with one wound:
But poor Sir Charles is to the prison led,
To answer at th' assize for them that's dead.

Frank. I thank your pains, sir: had the news been
better,
Your will was to have brought it, Mr. Wendoll.
Sir Charles will find hard friends: his case is heinous,
And will be most severely censur'd on:
I'm sorry for him. Sir, a word with you.
I know you, sir, to be a gentleman
In all things; your possibilities but mean:
Please you to use my table and my purse;
They are yours.

Wen. O Lord, sir! I shall never deserve it.

Frank. O, sir, disparage not your worth too much:
You are full of quality and fair desert.
Choose of my men which shall attend you, sir,
And he is yours. I will allow you, sir,
Your man, your gelding, and your table,
All at my own charge; be my companion.

Wen. Mr. Frankford, I have oft been bound to you
By many favours; this exceeds them all,

That I shall never merit your least favour ;
But when your last remembrance I forget,
Heaven at my soul exact that weighty debt.

Frank. There needs no protestation ; for I know you
Virtuous, and therefore grateful.—Prithee, Nan,
Use him with all thy loving'st courtesy.

Mrs. A. As far as modesty may well extend,
It is my duty to receive your friend.

Frank. To dinner ! Come, sir, from this present day,
Welcome to me for ever : come, away.

[*Exeunt* FRANKFORD, *Mrs.* FRANKFORD,
and WENDOLL.

Nich. I do not like this fellow by no means :
I never see him but my heart still yearns.
Zounds ! I could fight with him, yet know not why :
The devil and he are all one in my eye.

Enter JENKIN.

Jen. Oh, Nick ! what gentleman is that, that comes to
lie at our house ? My master allows him one to wait
on him, and I believe it will fall to thy lot.

Nich. I love my master, by these hilts I do ;
But rather than I'll ever come to serve him,
I'll turn away my master.

Enter SISLY.

Sis. Nicholas ! where are you, Nicholas ? You must
come in, Nich'las, [and help the young gentleman off
with his boots.

Nich. If I pluck off his boots, I'll eat the spurs,
And they shall stick fast in my throat like burrs.

Sis. Then, Jenkin, come you.

Jen. Nay, 'tis no boot for me to deny it. My master
hath given me a coat here, but he takes pains himself
to brush it once or twice a day with a holly-wand.

Sis. Come, come, make haste, that you may wash your hands again, and help to serve in dinner.

Jen. You may see, my masters, though it be afternoon with you, 'tis yet but early days with us, for we have not din'd yet. Stay a little; I'll but go in and help to bear up the first course, and come to you again presently.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter MALBY and CRANWELL.

Mal. This is the sessions-day; pray can you tell me How young Sir Charles hath sped? Is he acquit, Or must he try the laws' strict penalty?

Cran. He's clear'd of all, spite of his enemies, Whose earnest labour was to take his life: But in this suit of pardon he hath spent All the revenues that his father left him; And he is now turn'd a plain country man, Reform'd in all things. See, sir, here he comes.

Enter Sir CHARLES and his Keeper.

Keep. Discharge your fees, and you are then at freedom.

Sir C. Here, Mr. Keeper, take the poor remainder Of all the wealth I have: my heavy foes Have made my purse light; but, alas! to me 'Tis wealth enough that you have set me free.

Mal. God give you joy of your delivery. I am glad to see you abroad, Sir Charles.

Sir C. The poorest knight in England, Mr. Malby: My life hath cost me all my patrimony My father left his son. Well, God forgive them That are the authors of my penury!

Enter SHAFTON.

Shaft. Sir Charles! A hand, a hand! At liberty? Now, by the faith I owe, I am glad to see it.

What want you? Wherein may I pleasure you?

Sir C. Oh, me! Oh, most unhappy gentleman!
I am not worthy to have friends stirr'd up,
Whose hands may help me in this plunge of want.
I would I were in heaven, to inherit there
Th' immortal birthright which my Saviour keeps,
And by no unthrift can be bought and sold;
For here on earth what pleasures should we trust?

Shaft. To rid you from these contemplations,
Three hundred pounds you shall receive of me;
Nay, five for fail. Come, sir, the sight of gold
Is the most sweet receipt for melancholy,
And will revive your spirits. You shall hold law
With your proud adversaries. Tush! let Frank Acton
Wage his knighthood-like expense with me,
And a' will sink, he will.—Nay, good Sir Charles,
Applaud your fortune, and your fair escape
From all these perils.

Sir C. Oh, sir! they have undone me.
Two thousand and five hundred pound a year
My father, at his death, possess'd me of;
All which the envious Acton made me spend:
And, notwithstanding all this large expense,
I had much ado to gain my liberty;
And I have only now a house of pleasure
With some five hundred pounds reserv'd,
Both to maintain me and my loving sister.

Shaft. (aside). That must I have, it lies convenient
for me:

If I can fasten but one finger on him,
With my full hand I'll gripe him to the heart.
'Tis not for love I proffer'd him this coin,
But for my gain and pleasure.—Come, Sir Charles,
I know you have need of money; take my offer.

Sir C. Sir, I accept it, and remain indebted

Even to the best of my unable power.

Come, gentlemen, and see it tender'd down. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter WENDOLL, melancholy.

Wen. I am a villain, if I apprehend
But such a thought: then, to attempt the deed,
Slave, thou art damn'd without redemption.
I'll drive away this passion with a song.
A song! ha, ha! a song! as if, fond man,
Thy eyes could swim in laughter, when thy soul
Lies drench'd and drowned in red tears of blood.
I'll pray, and see if God within my heart
Plant better thoughts. Why, prayers are meditations;
And when I meditate, (oh, God forgive me!)
It is on her divine perfections.
I will forget her; I will arm myself
Not t' entertain a thought of love to her,
And when I come by chance into her presence,
I'll hale these balls until my eye-strings crack,
From being pull'd and drawn to look that way.

*Enter, over the stage, FRANKFORD, his Wife, and
NICHOLAS.*

Oh, God! Oh, God! with what a violence
I'm hurried to mine own destruction.
There goest thou, the most perfect'st man
That ever England bred a gentleman;
And shall I wrong his bed?—Thou God of thunder!
Stay in thy thoughts of vengeance and of wrath,
Thy great, almighty, and all-judging hand,
From speedy execution on a villain:
A villain, and a traitor to his friend.

Enter JENKIN.

Jen. Did your worship call?

Wen. He doth maintain me ; he allows me largely
Money to spend.

Jen. By my faith, so do not you me : I cannot get a
cross of you.

Wend. My gelding, and my man.

Jen. That's Sorrel and I.

Wend. This kindness grows of no alliance 'twixt us.

Jen. Nor is my service of any great acquaint-
ance.

Wen. I never bound him to me by desert :
Of a mere stranger, a poor gentleman,
A man by whom in no kind he could gain,
And he hath plac'd me in his highest thoughts,
Made me companion with the best and chiefest
In Yorkshire. He cannot eat without me,
Nor laugh without me : I am to his body
As necessary as his digestion,
And equally do make him whole or sick.
And shall I wrong this man ? Base man ! Ingrate !
Hast thou the power, straight with thy gory hands,
To rip thy image from his bleeding heart ;
To scratch thy name from out the holy book
Of his remembrance ; and to wound his name
That holds thy name so dear ? Or rend his heart
To whom thy heart was knit and join'd together ?
And yet I must : then Wendoll, be content.
Thus villains, when they would, cannot repent.

Jen. What a strange humour is my new master in !
Pray God he be not mad : if he should be so, I should
never have any mind to serve him in Bedlam. It may
be he's mad for missing of me.

Wen. What, Jenkin ! where's your mistress ?

Jen. Is your worship married ?

Wen. Why dost thou ask ?

Jen. Because you are my master ; and if I have a

mistress, I would be glad, like a good servant, to do my duty to her.

Wen. I mean Mistress Frankford.

Jen. Marry, sir, her husband is riding out of town, and she went very lovingly to bring him on his way to horse. Do you see, sir? here she comes, and here I go.

Wen. Vanish. [Exit JENKIN.]

Enter Mrs. ANNE.

Mrs. Anne. Y'are well met, sir; now, in troth, my husband,

Before he took horse, had a great desire
To speak with you: we sought about the house,
Hallo'd into the fields, sent every way,
But could not meet you. Therefore, he enjoin'd me
To do unto you his most kind commends:
Nay, more; he wills you, as you prize his love,
Or hold in estimation his kind friendship,
To make bold in his absence, and command
Even as himself were present in the house;
For you must keep his table, use his servants,
And be a present Frankford in his absence.

Wen. I thank him for his love.—

(*Aside.*) Give me a name, you, whose infectious
tongues

Are tipp'd with gall and poison: as you would
Think on a man that had your father slain,
Murder'd your children, made your wives base strumpets,
So call me, call me so: print in my face
The most stigmatic title of a villain,
For hatching treason to so true a friend.

Mrs. A. Sir, you are much beholding to my husband;
You are a man most dear in his regard.

Wen. I am bound unto your husband, and you too.

(*Aside.*) I will not speak to wrong a gentleman

Of that good estimation, my kind friend:
I will not; Zounds! I will not. I may choose,
And I will choose. Shall I be so misled,
Or shall I purchase to my father's crest
The motto of a villain? If I say
I will not do it, what thing can enforce me?
What can compel me? What sad destiny
Hath such command upon my yielding thoughts?
I will not—ha! Some fury pricks me on.
The swift Fates drag me at their chariot wheel,
And hurry me to mischief. Speak I must:
Injure myself, wrong her, deceive his trust!

Mrs. A. Are you not well, sir, that you seem thus troubled?

There is sedition in your countenance.

Wen. And in my heart, fair angel, chaste and wise.
I love you: start not, speak not, answer not;
I love you: nay, let me speak the rest;
Bid me to swear, and I will call to record
The host of Heaven.

Mrs. A. The host of Heaven forbid
Wendoll should hatch such a disloyal thought.

Wen. Such is my fate: to this suit was I born,
To wear rich pleasure's crown, or fortune's scorn.

Mrs. A. My husband loves you.

Wen. I know it.

Mrs. A. He esteems you,
Even as his brain, his eye-ball, or his heart.

Wen. I have tried it.

Mrs. A. His purse is your exchequer, and his table
Doth freely serve you.

Wen. So I have found it.

Mrs. A. Oh! with what face of brass, what brow of
steel,

Can you, unblushing, speak this to the face

Of the espous'd wife of so dear a friend?
 It is my husband that maintains your state;
 Will you dishonour him? I am his wife,
 That in your power hath left his whole affairs.
 It is to me you speak.

Wen. Oh! speak no more;
 For more than this I know, and have recorded
 Within the red-leav'd table of my heart.
 Fair, and of all belov'd, I was not fearful
 Bluntly to give my life into your hand,
 And at one hazard all my earthly means.
 Go, tell your husband; he will turn me off,
 And I am then undone. I care not, I,
 'Twas for your sake. Perchance, in rage he'll kill me:
 I care not; 'twas for you. Say I incur
 The general name of villain through the world,
 Of traitor to my friend; I care not, I.
 Beggary, shame, death, scandal, and reproach,
 For you I'll hazard all: why, what care I?
 For you I'll love, and in your love I'll die.

Mrs. A. You move me, sir, to passion and to pity.
 The love I bear my husband is as precious
 As my soul's health.

Wen. I love your husband too,
 And for his love I will engage my life.
 Mistake me not; the augmentation
 Of my sincere affection borne to you
 Doth no whit lessen my regard of him.
 I will be secret, lady, close as night;
 And not the light of one small glorious star
 Shall shine here, in my forehead, to bewray
 That act of night.

Mrs. A. What shall I say?
 My soul is wandering, and hath lost her way.
 Oh Master Wendoll! Oh!

Wen. Sigh not, sweet saint;
For every sigh you breathe draws from my heart
A drop of blood.

Mrs. A. I ne'er offended yet:
My fault, I fear, will in my brow be writ.
Women that fall, not quite bereft of grace,
Have their offences noted in their face:
I blush, and am asham'd. Oh, Master Wendoll,
Pray God I be not born to curse your tongue,
That hath enchanted me! This maze I am in
I fear will prove the labyrinth of sin.

Enter NICHOLAS, behind.

Wen. The path of pleasure, and the gate to bliss,
Which on your lips I knock at with a kiss.

Nich. I'll kill the rogue.

Wen. Your husband is from home, your bed's no blab.
Nay, look not down and blush.

[Exeunt WENDOLL and Mrs. ANNE.]

Nich. Zounds! I'll stab.

Ay, Nick, was it thy chance to come just in the nick?
I love my master, and I hate that slave:
I love my mistress; but these tricks I like not.
My master shall not pocket up this wrong;
I'll eat my fingers first. What say'st thou, metal?
Does not that rascal Wendoll go on legs
That thou must cut off? Hath he not hamstrings
That thou must hough? Nay, metal, thou shalt stand
To all I say. I'll henceforth turn a spy,
And watch them in their close conveyances.
I never look'd for better of that rascal,
Since he came miching first into our house:
It is that Satan hath corrupted her;
For she was fair and chaste. I'll have an eye
In all their gestures. Thus I think of them,

(If they proceed as they have done before)

Wendoll's a knave, my mistress is a &c.— [Exit.

Enter Sir CHARLES MOUNTFORD and SUSAN.

Sir C. Sister, you see we are driven to hard shift,
To keep this poor house we have left unsold:
I am now enforc'd to follow husbandry,
And you to milk; and do we not live well?
Well, I thank God.

Susan. Oh! brother! here's a change
Since old Sir Charles died in our father's house.

Sir C. All things on earth thus change, some up,
some down.
Content's a kingdom, and I wear that crown.

Enter SHAFTON, with a Sergeant.

Shaft. Good morrow, morrow, Sir Charles: what!
with your sister,
Plying your husbandry?—Sergeant, stand off.—
You have a pretty house here, and a garden,
And goodly ground about it. Since it lies
So near a lordship that I lately bought,
I would fain buy it of you. I will give you——

Sir C. Oh! pardon me: this house successively
Hath long'd to me and my progenitors
Three hundred year. My great-great-grandfather,
He in whom first our gentle style began,
Dwelt here; and in this ground, increas'd this mole-hill
Unto that mountain which my father left me.
Where he the first of all our house began,
I now the last will end, and keep this house:
This virgin title, never yet deflowered
By any unthrift of the Mountfords' line.
In brief, I will not sell it for more gold
Than you could hide or pave the ground withal.

Shaft. Ha, ha! a proud mind and a beggar's purse!
Where's my three hundred pounds, beside the use?
I have brought it to an execution

By course of law: what! is my money ready?

Sir C. An execution, sir, and never tell me
You put my bond in suit? You deal extremely.

Shaft. Sell me the land, and I'll acquit you
straight.

Sir C. Alas, alas! 'tis all trouble hath left me,
To cherish me and my poor sister's life.
If this were sold, our means should then be quite
Raz'd from the bead-roll of gentility.
You see what hard shift we have made to keep it
Allied still to our own name. This palm you see,
Labour hath glow'd within: her silver brow,
That never tasted a rough winter's blast
Without a mask or fan, doth with a grace
Defy cold winter, and his storms outface.

Susan. Sir, we feed sparing, and we labour hard;
We lie uneasy, to reserve to us
And our succession this small spot of ground.

Sir C. I have so bent my thoughts to husbandry,
That I protest I scarcely can remember
What a new fashion is; how silk or satin
Feels in my hand. Why, pride is grown to us
A mere, mere stranger. I have quite forgot
The names of all that ever waited on me.
I cannot name ye any of my hounds,
Once from whose echoing mouths I heard all the music
That e'er my heart desired. What should I say?
To keep this place, I have chang'd myself away.

Shaft. Arrest him at my suit.—Actions and actions
Shall keep thee in perpetual bondage fast:
Nay, more, I'll sue thee by a late appeal,
And call thy former life in question.

The keeper is my friend: thou shalt have irons,
And usage such as I'll deny to dogs.—Away with him!

Sir C. Ye are too timorous. But trouble is my
master,

And I will serve him truly.—My kind sister,
Thy tears are of no force to mollify
The flinty man. Go to my father's brother,
My kinsmen, and allies; entreat them for me,
To ransom me from this injurious man,
That seeks my ruin.

Shaft. Come, irons, irons! away:

I'll see thee lodg'd far from the sight of day. [*Exeunt.*]

Susan. My heart's so harden'd with the frost of
grief,

Death cannot pierce it through.—Tyrant too fell!
So lead the fiends condemned souls to hell.

Enter Sir FRANCIS ACTON and MALBY.

Sir F. Again to prison! Malby, hast thou seen
A poor slave better tortur'd? Shall we hear
The music of his voice cry from the grate,
Meat, for the Lord's sake? No, no; yet I am not
Thoroughly reveng'd. They say he hath a pretty wench
Unto his sister; shall I, in mercy-sake
To him and to his kindred, bribe the fool
To shame herself by lewd, dishonest lust?
I'll proffer largely; but the deed being done,
I'll smile to see her base confusion.

Mal. Methinks, Sir Francis, you are full reveng'd
For greater wrongs than he can proffer you.
See where the poor sad gentlewoman stands.

Sir F. Ha, ha! now will I flout her poverty,
Deride her fortunes, scoff her base estate;
My very soul the name of Mountford hates.
But stay, my heart! Oh, what a look did fly
To strike my soul through with thy piercing eye!

I am enchanted ; all my spirits are fled,
And with one glance my envious spleen struck dead.

Susan. Acton ! That seeks our blood. [*Runs away.*]

Sir F. Oh, chaste and fair !

Mal. Sir Francis ! why, Sir Francis ! Zounds ! in a
trance ?

Sir Francis ! what cheer, man ? Come, come, how is't ?

Sir F. Was she not fair ? Or else this judging eye
Cannot distinguish beauty.

Mal. She was fair.

Sir F. She was an angel in a mortal's shape,
And ne'er descended from old Mountford's line.
But soft, soft, let me call my wits together.
A poor, poor wench to my great adversary
Sister, whose very souls denounce stern war
One against other. How now, Frank, turn'd fool
Or madman, whether ? But no ! master of
My perfect senses and directest wits.
Then why should I be in this violent humour
Of passion and of love ? And with a person
So different every way, and so opposed
In all contractions, and still-warring actions ?
Fie, fie ! how I dispute against my soul.
Come, come, I'll gain her ! or in her fair quest
Purchase my soul free and immortal rest. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter three or four serving-men, one with a voider and a
wooden knife, to take away ; another the salt and bread ;
another the tablecloth and napkins ; another the carpet :*
JENKIN with two lights after them.

Jen. So ; march in order, and retire in battle array.
My master and the guests have supp'd already, all's
taken away : here, now spread for the serving-men in
the hall.—Butler, it belongs to your office.

But. I know it, Jenkin.

What do you call the gentleman that supp'd there to-night ?

Jen. Who, my master?

But. No, no; Master Wendoll, he's a daily guest: I mean the gentleman that came but this afternoon.

Jen. His name's Mr. Cranwell. God's light! hark, within there, my master calls to lay more billets upon the fire. Come, come: Lord! how we that are in office here are troubled. One spread the carpet in the parlour, and stand ready to snuff the lights: the rest be ready to prepare their stomachs. More lights in the hall, there! Come, Nicholas. [*Exeunt all but NICHOLAS.*]

Nich. I cannot eat; but had I Wendoll's heart,
I would eat that: the rogue grows impudent.
Oh! I have seen such vile, notorious tricks,
Ready to make my eyes dart from my head.
I'll tell my master; by this air, I will:
Fall what may fall, I'll tell him. Here he comes.

Enter Master FRANKFORD, as it were brushing the crumbs from his clothes with a napkin, as newly risen from supper.

Frank. Nicholas, what make you here? Why are
not you
At supper in the hall, among your fellows?

Nich. Master, I stay'd your rising from the board,
To speak with you.

Frank. Be brief then, gentle Nicholas;
My wife and guests attend me in the parlour.
Why dost thou pause? Now, Nicholas, you want money,
And, unthrift-like, would eat into your wages
Ere you had earn'd it: here, sir's, half-a-crown;
Play the good husband, and away to supper.

Nich. By this hand; an honourable gentleman! I
will not see him wrong'd.—Sir, I have serv'd you long;
you entertained me seven years before your beard.
You knew me, sir, before you knew my mistress.

Frank. What of this, good Nicholas?

Nich. I never was a make-bate, or a knave;
I have no fault but one—I'm given to quarrel,
But not with women. I will tell you, master,
That which will make your heart leap from your breast,
Your hair to startle from your head, your ears to tingle.

Frank. What preparation's this to dismal news?

Nich. 'Sblood! sir, I love you better than your wife.
I'll make it good.

Frank. You are a knave, and I have much ado
With wonted patience to contain my rage,
And not to break thy pate. Thou art a knave:
I'll turn you, with your base comparisons,
Out of my doors.

Nich. Do, do.
There is not room for Wendoll and me too,
Both in one house. Oh, master, master,
That Wendoll is a villain!

Frank. Aye, saucy!

Nich. Strike, strike, do strike: yet hear me! I am
no fool;
I know a villain, when I see him act
Deeds of a villain. Master, master, that base slave
Enjoys my mistress, and dishonours you.

Frank. Thou hast kill'd me with a weapon, whose
sharp point
Hath prick'd quite through and through my shivering
heart.

Drops of cold sweat sit dangling on my hairs,
Like morning's dew upon the golden flowers;
And I am plung'd into strange agonies.
What did'st thou say? If any word that touch'd
His credit, or her reputation,
It is as hard to enter my belief,
As Dives into heaven.

Nich. I can gain nothing: they are two
That never wrong'd me. I knew before
'Twas but a thankless office, and perhaps
As much as is my service, or my life is worth.
All this I know, but this, and more,
More by a thousand dangers, could not hire me
To smother such a heinous wrong from you.
I saw, and I have said.

Frank. 'Tis probable, though blunt; yet he is honest.
Though I durst pawn my life, and on their faith
Hazard the dear salvation of my soul,
Yet in my trust I may be too secure.
May this be true? Oh! may it? Can it be?
Is it by any wonder possible?
Man, woman, what thing mortal can we trust,
When friends and bosom wives prove so unjust?
What instance hast thou of this strange report?

Nich. Eyes, master, eyes.

Frank. Thy eyes may be deceiv'd, I tell thee;
For should an angel from the heavens drop down,
And preach this to me that thyself hast told,
He should have much ado to win belief;
In both their loves I am so confident.

Nich. Shall I discourse the same by circumstance?

Frank. No more! To supper, and command your
fellows

To attend us and the strangers. Not a word,
I charge thee, on thy life: be secret, then,
For I know nothing.

Nich. I am dumb. Now that I have eas'd my sto-
mach,

I will go fill my stomach.

[*Exit.*

Frank. Away! begone!

She is well born, descended nobly;
Virtuous her education; her repute

Is in the general voice of all the country
 Honest and fair; her carriage, her demeanour,
 In all the actions that concern the love
 To me, her husband, modest, chaste, and godly.
 Is all this seeming gold plain copper?
 But he, that Judas that hath borne my purse,
 Hath sold me for a sin. Oh God! oh God!
 Shall I put up these wrongs? No. Shall I trust
 The bare report of this suspicious groom,
 Before the double guilt, the well-hatch ore
 Of their two hearts? No, I will lose these thoughts:
 Distraction I will banish from my brow,
 And from my looks exile sad discontent;
 Their wonted favours in my tongue shall flow:
 Till I know all, I'll nothing seem to know.
 Lights and a table there!—Wife, Mr. Wendoll, and
 gentle Master Cranwell.

Enter Mistress FRANKFORD, Master WENDOLL, Master CRANWELL, NICHOLAS, and JENKIN with cards, carpets, stools, and other necessities.

Frank. Oh! master Cranwell, you are a stranger here,
 And often baulk my house; faith y'are a churl.—
 Now we have supp'd, a table, and to cards.

Jen. A pair of cards, Nicholas, and a carpet to cover
 the table. Where's Sisly, with her counters and her
 box? Candles and candlesticks, there! Fie! we have
 such a household of serving creatures. Unless it be
 Nick and I, there's not one amongst them all that can
 say bo to a goose.—Well said, Nick.

[They spread a carpet; set down lights and cards.]

Mrs. A. Come, Mr. Frankford, who shall take my
 part?

Frank. That will I, sweet wife.

Wen. No, by my faith, when you are together, I sit

out: it must be Mistress Frankford and I, or else it is no match.

Frank. I do not like that match.

Nick. You have no reason, marry, knowing all.

Frank. 'Tis no great matter, neither.—Come, Master Cranwell, shall you and I take them up?

Cran. At your pleasure, sir.

Frank. I must look to you, Master Wendoll, for you'll be playing false; nay, so will my wife, too.

Nick. I will be sworn she will.

Mrs. A. Let them that are taken false, forfeit the set.

Frank. Content: it shall go hard but I'll take you.

Cran. Gentlemen, what shall our game be?

Wen. Master Frankford, you play best at noddy.

Frank. You shall not find it so; indeed, you shall not.

Mrs. A. I can play at nothing so well as double ruff.

Frank. If Master Wendoll and my wife be together, there's no playing against them at double hand.

Nick. I can tell you, sir, the game that Master Wendoll is best at.

Wen. What game is that, Nick?

Nick. Marry, sir, knave out of doors.

Wen. She and I will take you at lodam.

Mrs. A. Husband, shall we play at saint?

Frank. My saint's turned devil.—No, we'll none of saint:

You are best at new-cut, wife, you'll play at that.

Wen. If you play at new-cut, I'm soonest hitter of any here, for a wager.

Frank. 'Tis me they play on.—Well, you may draw out; For all your cunning, 'twill be to your shame, I'll teach you, at your new-cut, a new game. Come, come.

Cran. If you cannot agree upon the game, to post and pair.

Wen. We shall be soonest pairs; and my good host,
When he comes late home, he must kiss the post.

Frank. Whoever wins, it shall be to thy cost.

Cran. Faith, let it be vide-ruff, and let's make honours.

Frank. If you make honours, one thing let me crave,
Honour the king and queen; except the knave.

Wen. Well, as you please for that.—Lift, who shall
deal.

Mrs. A. The least in sight. What are you, Master
Wendoll!

Wen. I am a knave.

Nich. I'll swear it.

Mrs. A. I am queen.

Frank. A quean, thou should'st say.—Well, the cards
are mine:

They are the grossest pair that e'er I felt.

Mrs. A. Shuffle, I'll cut: would I had never dealt.

Frank. I have lost my dealing.

Wen. Sir, the fault's in me;

This queen I have more than mine own, you see.

Give me the stock.

Frank. My mind's not on my game.

Many a deal I've lost; the more's your shame.

You have serv'd me a bad trick, Master Wendoll.

Wen. Sir, you must take your lot. To end this
strife,

I know I have dealt better with your wife.

Frank. Thou hast dealt falsely, then.

Mrs. A. What's trumps?

Wen. Hearts. Partner, I rub.

Frank. Thou robb'st me of my soul, of her chaste
love;

In thy false dealing thou hast robb'd my heart.

Booty you play, I like a loser stand,

Having no heart or here, or in my hand.

I will give o'er the set, I am not well.

Come, who will hold my cards?

Mrs. A. Not well, sweet Mr. Frankford?

Alas! what ails you? 'Tis some sudden qualm.

Wen. How long have you been so, Master Frankford?

Frank. Sir, I was lusty, and I had my health,

But I grew ill when you began to deal.—

Take hence this table.—Gentle Master Cranwell,

Y'are welcome: see your chamber at your pleasure.

I am sorry that this megrim takes me so,

I cannot sit and bear your company.

Jenkin, some lights, and show him to his chamber.

Mrs. A. A nightgown for my husband; quickly,
there!

It is some rheum or cold.

Wen. Now, in good faith, this illness you have got

By sitting late without your gown.

Frank. I know it, Mr. Wendoll.

Go, go to bed, lest you complain like me.—

Wife, pr'ythee, wife, into my bed-chamber;

The night is raw and cold, and rheumatic.

Leave me my gown and light, I'll walk away my fit.

Wen. Sweet sir, good night.

Frank. Myself, good night. [Exit WENDOLL.]

Mrs. A. Shall I attend you, husband?

Frank. No, gentle wife, thou'lt catch cold in thy head.

Prythee be gone, sweet; I'll make haste to bed.

Mrs. A. No sleep will fasten on mine eyes, you know,
Until you come. [Exit.]

Frank. Sweet Nan, I pr'ythee go.—

I have bethought me: get me by degrees

The keys of all my doors, which I will mould

In wax, and take their fair impression,

To have by them new keys: this being compass'd,

At a set hour a letter shall be brought me,

And when they think they may securely play,
They nearest are to danger.—Nick, I must rely
Upon thy trust and faithful secrecy.

Nick. Build on my faith.

Frank. To bed, then, not to rest.
Care lodges in my brain, grief in my breast.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir CHARLES'S Sister, Old MOUNTFORD, SANDY,
RODER, and TIDY.*

Old Mount. You say my nephew is in great distress :
Who brought it to him, but his own lewd life ?
I cannot spare a cross. I must confess
He was my brother's son : why, niece, what then ?
This is no world in which to pity men.

Susan. I was not born a beggar, though his extremes
Enforce this language from me. I protest
No fortune of mine own could lead my tongue
To this base key. I do beseech you, uncle,
For the name's sake, for Christianity,
Nay, for God's sake, to pity his distress.
He is denied the freedom of the prison,
And in the hole is laid with men condemn'd :
Plenty he hath of nothing but of irons,
And it remains in you to free him thence.

Old Mount. Money I cannot spare ; men should take
heed.

He lost my kindred when he fell to need. [*Exit.*

Susan. Gold is but earth ; thou earth enough shalt
have,

When thou hast once took measure of thy grave.
You know me, Master Sandy, and my suit.

Sandy. I knew you, lady, when the old man liv'd ;
I knew you ere your brother sold his land.
Then you were Mistress Sue, trick'd up in jewels ;

Then you sang well, play'd sweetly on the lute;
But now I neither know you nor your suit. *[Exit.*

Susan. You, Master Roder, was my brother's tenant;
Rent-free he plac'd you in that wealthy farm,
Of which you are possess'd.

Roder. True, he did;
And have I not there dwelt still for his sake?
I have some business now; but without doubt,
They that have hurl'd him in, will help him out.

[Exit.

Susan. Cold comfort still. What say you, cousin
Tidy?

Tydy. I say this comes of roysting, swaggering.
Call me not cousin; each man for himself.
Some men are born to mirth, and some to sorrow:
I am no cousin unto them that borrow. *[Exit.*

Susan. Oh, charity! Why art thou fled to heaven,
And left all things upon this earth uneven?
Their scoffing answers I will ne'er return,
But to myself his grief in silence mourn.

Enter Sir FRANCIS and MALBY.

Sir F. She is poor, I'll therefore tempt her with this
gold.

Go, Malby, in my name deliver it,
And I will stay thy answer.

Mal. Fair mistress, as I understand your grief
Doth grow from want, so I have here in store
A means to furnish you, a bag of gold,
Which to your hands I freely tender you.

Susan. I thank you, Heavens! I thank you, gentle
sir:

God make me able to requite this favour.

Mal. This gold Sir Francis Acton sends by me,
And prays you —

Susan. Acton? Oh God! That name I'm born to curse:

Hence, bawd! hence, broker! see, I spurn his gold.
My honour never shall for gain be sold.

Sir F. Stay, lady, stay.

Susan. From you I'll posting hie,
Even as the doves from feather'd eagles fly. [Exit.

Sir F. She hates my name, my face, how should I woo?

I am disgrac'd in every thing I do.

The more she hates me, and disdains my love,

The more I am rapt in admiration

Of her divine and chaste perfections.

Woo her with gifts I cannot, for all gifts

Sent in my name she spurns: with looks I cannot,

For she abhors my sight; nor yet with letters,

For none she will receive. How then? how then?

• Well, I will fasten such a kindness on her,

As shall o'ercome her hate and conquer it.

Sir Charles, her brother, lies in execution

For a great sum of money, and besides,

The appeal is sued still for my huntsmen's death,

Which only I have power to reverse:

In her I'll bury all my hate of him.—

Go seek the Keeper, Malby, bring him to me.

To save his body, I his debts will pay;

To save his life, I his appeal will stay. [Exeunt.

*Enter Sir CHARLES MOUNTFORD in prison, with irons,
his feet bare, his garments all ragged and torn.*

Sir C. Of all on the earth's face most miserable
Breathe in this hellish dungeon thy laments.

Thus like a slave ragg'd, like a felon gyv'd,

That hurls thee headlong to this base estate.

Oh, unkind uncle! Oh, my friends ingrate!

Unthankful kinsmen, Mountford's all too base,
To let thy name be fetter'd in disgrace.
A thousand deaths here in this grave I die :
Fear, hunger, sorrow, cold, all threat my death,
And join together to deprive my breath ;
But that which most torments me, my dear sister
Hath left to visit me, and from my friends
Hath brought no hopeful answer ; therefore, I
Divine they will not help my misery.
If it be so, shame, scandal, and contempt
Attend their covetous thoughts ; need make their
 graves :
Usurers they live, and may they die like slaves.

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Knight, be of comfort, for I bring thee freedom
From all thy troubles.

Sir C. Then, I am doom'd to die :
Death is the end of all calamity.

Keep. Live : your appeal is stay'd, the execution
Of all your debts discharg'd ; your creditors
Even to the utmost penny satisfied.
In sign whereof your shackles I knock off.
You are not left so much indebted to us
As for your fees ; all is discharg'd ; all paid.
Go freely to your house, or where you please ;
After long miseries, embrace your ease.

Sir C. Thou grumblest out the sweetest music to me
That ever organ play'd.—Is this a dream ?
Or do my waking senses apprehend
The pleasing taste of all these applausive news ?
Slave that I was, to wrong such honest friends,
My loving kinsman, and my near allies.
Tongue, I will bite thee for the scandal breath-
Against such faithful kinsmen : they are all

Compos'd of pity and compassion,
Of melting charity and of moving ruth.
That which I spoke before was in my rage ;
They are my friends, the mirrors of this age ;
Bounteous and free. The noble Mountford's race
Ne'er bred a covetous thought, or humour base.

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. I cannot longer stay from visiting
My woful brother : while I could, I kept
My hapless tidings from his hopeful ear.

Sir C. Sister, how much am I indebted to thee
And to thy travail !

Susan. What ! at liberty ?

Sir C. Thou seest I am ; thanks to thy industry.
Oh ! unto which of all my courteous friends
Am I thus bound ? My uncle Mountford, he
Even from an infant lov'd me ; was it he ?
So did my cousin Tidy ; was it he ?
So Master Roder, Master Sandy, too.
Which of all these did this high kindness do ?

Susan. Charles, can you mock me in your poverty,
Knowing your friends deride your misery ?
Now, I protest I stand so much amaz'd,
To see your bonds free, and your irons knock'd off,
That I am rapt into a maze of wonder ;
The rather for I know not by what means
This happiness hath chanc'd.

Sir C. Why, by my uncle,
My cousins and my friends : who else, I pray,
Would take upon them all my debts to pay ?

Susan. Oh, brother ! they are men all of flint,
Pictures of marble, and as void of pity
As chased bears. I begg'd, I sued, I kneel'd,
Laid open all your griefs and miseries,

Which they derided. More than that, deny'd us
A part in their alliance; but, in pride,
Said that our kindred with our plenty died.

Sir C. Drudges! too much; what did they? Oh,
known evil!

Rich fly the poor, as good men shun the devil:
Whence should my freedom come? Of whom alive,
Saving of those, have I deserved so well?
Guess, sister, call to mind, remember me:
These have I rais'd, they follow the world's guise,
Whom rich in honour, they in woe despise.

Susan. My wits have lost themselves; let's ask the
Keeper.

Sir C. Jailor!

Keep. At hand, sir.

Sir C. Of courtesy resolve me one demand.
What was he took the burthen of my debts
From off my back, staid my appeal to death,
Discharg'd my fees, and brought me liberty?

Keep. A courteous knight, and call'd Sir Francis
Acton.

Susan. Acton!

Sir C. Ha! Acton! Oh, me, more distress'd in this
Than all my troubles. Hale me back,
Double my irons, and my sparing meals
Put into halves, and lodge me in a dungeon
More deep, more dark, more cold, more comfortless.
By Acton freed! Not all thy manacles
Could fetter so my heels, as this one word
Hath thrall'd my heart; and it must now lie bound
In more strict prison than thy stony jail.
I am not free, I go but under tail.

Keep. My charge is done, sir, now I have my fees:
As we get little, we will nothing leese. [*Exit.*]

Sir C. By Acton freed! My dangerous opposite!

Why, to what end? or what occasion? Ha!
 Let me forget the name of enemy,
 And with indifference balance this high favour: ha!

Susan. His love to me: upon my soul, 'tis so.
 That is the root from whence these strange things grow.
(*Aside.*)

Sir C. Had this proceeded from my father, he
 That by the law of Nature is most bound
 In offices of love, it had deserv'd
 My best employment to requite that grace.
 Had it proceeded from my friends, or him,
 From them this action had deserv'd my life.
 And from a stranger more, because from such
 There is less execution of good deeds.
 But he, nor father, nor ally, nor friend,
 More than a stranger, both remote in blood,
 And in his heart oppos'd my enemy,
 That this high bounty should proceed from him,
 Oh! there I lose myself. What should I say,
 What think, what do, his bounty to repay?

Susan. You wonder, I am sure, whence this strange
 kindness
 Proceeds in Acton: I will tell you, brother.
 He doats on me, and oft hath sent me gifts,
 Letters, and tokens: I refus'd them all.

Sir C. I have enough, though poor: my heart is
 set,
 In one rich gift to pay back all my debt. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter FRANKFORD and NICHOLAS, with keys and a letter
 in his hand.*

Frank. This is the night that I must play the touch
 To try two seeming angels. Where's my keys?

Nich. They are made according to your mould in
 wax:

I bade the smith be secret, gave him money,
And here they are. The letter, sir.

Frank. True, take it, there it is;
And when thou seest me in my pleasant'st vein,
Ready to sit to supper, bring it me.

Nick. I'll do't; make no more question, but I'll do it.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Mrs. FRANKFORD, CRANWELL, WENDOLL, and
JENKIN.*

Mrs. A. Sirrah, 'tis six o'clock already struck;
Go bid them spread the cloth, and serve in supper.

Jen. It shall be done, forsooth. Mistress, where's
Spiggot, the butler, to give us our salt and trenchers?

Wen. We that have been a hunting all the day,
Come with prepared stomachs.—Master Frankford,
We wish'd you at our sport.

Frank. My heart was with you, and my mind was
on you.—

Fie! Master Cranwell, you are still thus sad.—

A stool, a stool! Where's Jenkin, and where's Nick?

'Tis supper time at least an hour ago.

What's the best news abroad?

Wen. I know none good.

Frank. But I know too much bad.

*Enter Butler and JENKIN, with a tablecloth, bread,
trenchers, and salt; then exeunt.*

Cran. Methinks, sir, you might have that interest
In your wife's brother, to be more remiss
In his hard dealing against poor Sir Charles,
Who, as I hear, lies in York Castle, needy,
And in great want.

Frank. Did not more weighty business of mine
own

Hold me away, I would have labour'd peace
Betwixt them, with all care, indeed I would, sir.

Mrs. A. I'll write unto my brother earnestly
In that behalf.

Wen. A charitable deed;
And will beget the good opinion
Of all your friends that love you, Mrs. Frankford.

Frank. That's you, for one: I know you love Sir
Charles,
And my wife too well.

Wen. He deserves the love.
Of all true gentlemen; be yourselves judge.

Frank. But supper, ho!—Now, as thou lov'st me,
Wendoll,
Which I am sure thou dost, be merry, pleasant,
And frolic it to night.—Sweet Mr. Cranwell,
Do you the like.—Wife, I protest my heart
Was ne'er more bent on sweet alacrity.
Where be those lazy knaves to serve in supper?

Enter NICHOLAS.

Nich. Here's a letter, sir.

Frank. Whence comes it, and who brought it?

Nich. A stripling that below attends your answer,
And, as he tells me, it is sent from York.

Frank. Have him into the cellar, let him taste
A cup of our March beer: go, make him drink.

Nich. I'll make him drunk, if he be a Trojan.

Frank. My boots and spurs! where's Jenkin? God
forgive me,
How I neglect my business.—Wife, look here;
I have a matter to be tried to-morrow
By eight o'clock, and my attorney writes me,
I must be there betimes with evidence,
Or it will go against me. Where's my boots?

Enter JENKIN, with boots and spurs.

Mrs. A. I hope your business craves no such despatch,
That you must ride to-night.

Wen. I hope it doth.

Frank. God's me! No such despatch?
Jenkin, my boots! where's Nick? Saddle my roan,
And the grey dapple for himself.—Content ye,
It much concerns me.—Gentle Master Cranwell,
And Master Wendoll, in my absence use
The very ripest pleasures of my house.

Wen. Lord! Master Frankford, will you ride to-
night?

The ways are dangerous.

Frank. Therefore will I ride,
Appointed well; and so shall Nick, my man.

Mrs. A. I'll call you up by five o'clock to-morrow.

Frank. No, by my faith, wife, I'll not trust to that:
'Tis not such easy rising in a morning
From one I love so dearly. No, by my faith,
I shall not leave so sweet a bedfellow,
But with much pain. You have made me a sluggard
Since I first knew you.

Mrs. A. Then, if you needs will go,
This dangerous evening, Master Wendoll,
Let me entreat you bear him company.

Wen. With all my heart, sweet mistress.—My boots,
there!

Frank. Fie, fie! that for my private business
I should disease my friend, and be a trouble
To the whole house.—Nick!

Nich. Anon, sir.

Frank. Bring forth my gelding.—As you love me, sir,
Use no more words: a hand, good Master Cranwell.

Cran. Sir, God be your speed.

Frank. Good night, sweet Nan; nay, nay, a kiss,
and part.

Dissembling lips, you suit not with my heart.

[*Aside and exit.*]

Wen. How business, time, and hours, all gracious
prove,

And are the furtherers of my new-born love!

I am husband now in Master Frankford's place,

And must command the house.—My pleasure is

We will not sup abroad so publicly,

But in your private chamber, Mistress Frankford.

Mrs. A. Oh, sir! you are too public in your love,
And Master Frankford's wife.

Cran. Might I crave favour,
I would entreat you I might see my chamber.
I am on the sudden grown exceeding ill,
And would be spar'd from supper.

Wen. Light there, ho!—
See you want nothing, sir, for if you do,
You injure that good man, and wrong me too.

Cran. I will make bold: good night. [*Exit.*]

Wen. How all conspire
To make our bosom sweet, and full entire!
Come, Nan, I pr'ythee let us sup within.

Mrs. A. Oh! what a clog unto the soul is sin.
We pale offenders are still full of fear;
Every suspicious eye brings danger near,
When they, whose clear hearts from offence are free,
Despite report, base scandals do outface,
And stand at mere defiance with disgrace.

Wen. Fie, fie! you talk too like a puritan.

Mrs. A. You have tempted me to mischief, Master
Wendoll:

I have done I know not what. Well, you plead custom;
That which for want of wit I granted erst,

I now must yield through fear. Come, come, let's in;

Once over shoes, we are straight o'er head in sin.

Wen. My jocund soul is joyful beyond measure,
I'll be profuse in Frankford's richest treasure.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter SISLY, JENKIN, and Butler.

Jen. My mistress, and Master Wendoll, my master, sup in her chamber to-night. Sisly, you are preferred from being the cook, to be chambermaid: of all the loves betwixt thee and me, tell me what thou think'st of this?

Sis. Mum: there's an old proverb, when the cat's away, the mouse may play.

Jen. Now you talk of a cat, Sisly, I smell a rat.

Sis. Good words, Jenkin, lest you be called to answer them.

Jen. Why, God make my mistress an honest woman! are not these good words? Pray God my new master play not the knave with my old master! is there any hurt in this? God send no villany intended; and if they do sup together, pray God they do not lie together. God make my mistress chaste, and make us all his servants: what harm is there in all this? Nay, more; here is my hand, thou shalt never have my heart, unless thou say, Amen.

Sis. Amen, I pray God, I say.

Enter Serving-men.

Serving-man. My mistress sends that you should make less noise; so lock up the doors, and see the household all got to bed. You, Jenkin, for this night are made the porter, to see the gates shut in.

Jen. Thus, by little and little, I creep into office. Come,

to kennel, my masters, to kennel: 'tis eleven o'clock already.

Serving-man. When you have locked the gates in, you must send up the keys to my mistress.

Sis. Quickly, for God's sake, Jenkin, for I must carry them. I am neither pillow nor bolster, but I know more than both.

Jen. To bed, good Spiggot: to bed, good honest serving creatures; and let us sleep as snug as pigs in peas-straw. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter FRANKFORD and NICHOLAS.

Frank. Soft, soft! we have tied our geldings to a tree, two flight shot off, lest by their thundering hoofs they blab our coming. Hear'st thou no noise?

Nich. I hear nothing but the owl and you.

Frank. So; now my watch's hand points upon twelve, And it is just midnight. Where are my keys?

Nich. Here, sir.

Frank. This is the key that opes my outward gate,
This is the hall-door, this the withdrawing chamber;
But this, that door that's bawd unto my shame,
Fountain and spring of all my bleeding thoughts,
Where the most hallow'd order and true knot
Of nuptial sanctity hath been profan'd:
It leads to my polluted bed-chamber,
Once my terrestrial heaven, now my earth's hell;
The place where sins in all their ripeness dwell.
But I forget myself: now to my gate.

Nich. It must ope with far less noise than Cripple-gate,
Or your plot's dash'd.

Frank. So, reach me my dark lantern to the rest.
Tread softly, softly.

Nich. I will walk on eggs, this pace.

Frank. A general silence hath surprised the house,
 And this is the last door. Astonishment,
 Fear, and amazement, play against my heart,
 Even as a madman beats upon a drum.
 Oh! keep my eyes, you heavens, before I enter,
 From any sight that may transfix my soul :
 Or, if there be so black a spectacle,
 Oh! strike mine eyes stark blind ; or if not so,
 Lend me such patience to digest my grief,
 That I may keep this white and virgin hand
 From any violent outrage, or red murder ;
 And with that prayer I enter. [*Exit.*

Nich. Here's a circumstance ! a man may be made a
 cuckold in the time he's about it. And the case were mine,
 As 'tis my master's, ('sblood ! that he makes me swear)
 I would have placed his action, enter'd there ;
 I would, I would.

Re-enter FRANKFORD.

Frank. Oh! oh!

Nich. Master, 'sblood ! Master, master !

Frank. Oh, me unhappy ! I have found them lying
 Close in each other's arms, and fast asleep.
 But that I would not damn two precious souls,
 Bought with my Saviour's blood, and send them, laden
 With all their scarlet sins upon their backs,
 Unto a fearful judgment, their two lives
 Had met upon my rapier.

Nich. 'Sblood ! Master, what, have ye left them
 sleeping still ?
 Let me go wake 'em.

Frank. Stay, let me pause awhile.—
 Oh, God ! oh, God ! that it were possible
 To undo things done ; to call back yesterday ;
 That Time could turn up his swift sandy glass,

To untell the days, and to redeem these hours;
 Or that the sun
 Could, rising from the west, draw his couch backward;
 Take from th' account of time so many minutes,
 Till he had all these seasons call'd again,
 Those minutes, and those actions done in them,
 Even from her first offence; that I might take her
 As spotless as an angel in my arms!
 But, oh! I talk of things impossible,
 And cast beyond the moon. God give me patience,
 For I will in, and wake them. [Exeunt.

Nich. Here's patience, perforce:
 He needs must trot afoot that tires his horse.

*Enter WENDOLL, running over the stage in a night-gown,
 FRANKFORD after him with a sword drawn: the maid
 in her smock stays his hand, and clasps hold on him. He
 pauses for awhile.*

Frank. I thank thee, maid; thou, like the angel's hand,
 Hath stay'd me from a bloody sacrifice.—
 Go, villain; and my wrongs sit on thy soul
 As heavy as this grief doth upon mine.
 When thou record'st my many courtesies,
 And shalt compare them with thy treacherous heart,
 Lay them together, weigh them equally,
 'Twill be revenge enough. Go, to thy friend
 A Judas: pray, pray, lest I live to see
 Thee, Judas-like, hang'd on an elder-tree.

*Enter Mistress FRANKFORD in her smock, night-gown,
 and night attire.*

Mrs. A. Oh, by what word, what title, or what name,
 Shall I entreat your pardon? Pardon! Oh!
 I am as far from hoping such sweet grace,
 As Lucifer from Heaven. To call you husband!

(Oh, me, most wretched!) I have lost that name—
I am no more your wife.

Nick. 'Sblood! sir, she swoons.

Frank. Spare thou thy tears, for I will weep for thee;
And keep thy countenance, for I'll blush for thee.
Now, I protest, I think 'tis I am tainted,
For I am most asham'd; and 'tis more hard
For me to look upon thy guilty face
Than on the sun's clear brow. What wouldst thou speak?

Mrs. A. I would I had no tongue, no ears, no eyes,
No apprehension, no capacity.
When do you spurn me like a dog? When tread me
Under feet? When drag me by the hair?
Though I deserve a thousand, thousand fold,
More than you can inflict—yet, once my husband,
For womanhood, to which I am a shame,
Though once an ornament—even for his sake,
That hath redeem'd our souls, mark not my face,
Nor hack me with your sword; but let me go
Perfect and undeformed to my tomb.
I am not worthy that I should prevail
In the least suit; no, not to speak to you,
Nor look on you, nor to be in your presence,
Yet, as an abject, this one suit I crave—
This granted, I am ready for my grave.

Frank. My God, with patience arm me!—Rise, nay,
rise,
And I'll debate with thee. Was it for want
Thou play'dst the strumpet? Wast thou not supplied
With every pleasure, fashion, and new toy;
Nay, even beyond my calling?

Mrs. A. I was.

Frank. Was it, then, disability in me;
Or in thine eye seem'd he a properer man?

Mrs. A. Oh! no.

Frank. Did I not lodge thee in my bosom?
Wear thee in my heart?

Mrs. A. You did.

Frank. I did, indeed; witness my tears, I did.
Go, bring my infants hither.—

Enter two Children.

Oh, Nan! oh, Nan!
If neither fear of shame, regard of honour,
The blemish of my house, nor my dear love,
Could have withheld thee from so lewd a fact,
Yet for these infants, these young, harmless souls,
On whose white brows thy shame is character'd,
And grows in greatness as they wax in years;
Look but on them, and melt away in tears.
Away with them! lest, as her spotted body
Hath stain'd their names with stripe of bastardy,
So her adulterous breath may blast their spirits
With her infectious thoughts. Away with them!

[Exeunt Children.]

Mrs. A. In this one life, I die ten thousand deaths.

[Kneels.]

Frank. Stand up, stand up. I will do nothing rashly.
I will retire awhile into my study,
And thou shalt hear thy sentence presently. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. A. 'Tis welcome, be it death. Oh, me, base
strumpet!

That, having such a husband, such sweet children,
Must enjoy neither! Oh! to redeem mine honour,
I would have this hand cut off, these my breasts sear'd;
Be rack'd, strappadoed, put to any torment:
Nay, to wipe but this scandal out, I would hazard
The rich and dear redemption of my soul.
He cannot be so base as to forgive me,
Nor I so shameless to accept his pardon.

Oh, women, women! you that yet have kept
 Your holy matrimonial vow unstain'd,
 Make me your instance: when you tread awry,
 Your sins, like mine, will on your conscience lie.

*Enter SISLY, SPIGGOT, all the serving-men, and JENKIN,
 as newly come out of bed.*

All. Oh, mistress, mistress! what have you done,
 mistress?

Nick. What a caterwauling keep you here?

Jen. Oh, Lord! mistress, how comes this to pass? my
 master has run away in his shirt, and never so much as
 called me to bring his clothes after him.

Mrs. A. See what guilt is! Here stand I in this place,
 Asham'd to look my servants in the face.

*Enter Mr. FRANKFORD and CRANWELL; whom seeing,
 Mrs. FRANKFORD falls on her knees.*

Frank. My words are register'd in heaven already:
 With patience hear me. I'll not martyr thee,
 Nor mark thee for a strumpet; but with usage
 Of more humility torment thy soul,
 And kill thee even with kindness.

Cran. Master Frankford——

Frank. Good Mr. Cranwell.—Woman, hear thy judgment.

Go make thee ready in thy best attire;
 Take with thee all thy gowns, all thy apparel;
 Leave nothing that did ever call thee mistress,
 Or by whose sight, being left here in the house,
 I may remember such a woman by.
 Choose thee a bed and hangings for thy chamber;
 Take with thee every thing which hath thy mark,
 And get thee to my manor, seven mile off,
 Where live—'tis thine; I freely give it thee.

My tenants by shall furnish thee with wains
 To carry all thy stuff within two hours:
 No longer will I limit thee my sight.
 Choose which of all my servants thou lik'st best,
 And they are thine to attend thee.

Mrs. A. A mild sentence.

Frank. But, as thou hop'st for Heaven, as thou believ'st

Thy name's recorded in the book of life,
 I charge thee, never, after this sad day,
 To see me, or to meet me; or to send,
 By word or writing, gift or otherwise,
 To move me, by thyself, or by thy friends,
 Nor challenge any part in my two children.
 So farewell, Nan; for we will henceforth be
 As we had ne'er seen, ne'er more shall see.

Mrs. A. How full my heart is, in mine eyes appears;
 What wants in words, I will supply in tears.

Frank. Come, take your coach, your stuff; all must
 along;

Servants and all make ready, all be gone.

It was thy hand cut two hearts out of one. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Sir CHARLES MOUNTFORD, gentleman-like, and
 his Sister, gentlewoman-like.*

Susan. Brother, why have you trick'd me like a bride,
 Bought me this gay attire, these ornaments?
 Forget you our estate, our poverty?

Sir C. Call me not brother, but imagine me
 Some barbarous outlaw, or uncivil kern;
 For if thou shut'st thine eye, and only hear'st
 The words that I shall utter, thou shalt judge me
 Some staring ruffian, not thy brother Charles.
 Oh, sister!—

Susan. Oh, brother! what doth this strange language
 mean?

Sir C. Dost love me, sister? Wouldst thou see me
live

A bankrupt beggar in the world's disgrace,
And die indebted to mine enemies?
Wouldst thou behold me stand like a huge beam
In the world's eye, a by-word and a scorn?
It lies in thee of these to acquit me free,
And all my debt I may outstrip by thee.

Susan. By me? Why, I have nothing, nothing left;
I owe even for the clothes upon my back:
I am not worth——

Sir C. Oh, sister! say not so:
It lies in you my downcast state to raise;
To make me stand on even points with the world.
Come, sister, you are rich; indeed you are:
And in your power you have, without delay,
Acton's five hundred pounds back to repay.

Susan. Till now I had thought y' had lov'd me. By
my honour,
(Which I have kept as spotless as the moon)
I ne'er was mistress of that single doit
Which I reserv'd not to supply your wants;
And do ye think that I would hoard from you?
Now, by my hopes in Heaven, knew I the means
To buy you from the slavery of your debts,
(Especially from Acton, whom I hate)
I would redeem it with my life or blood.

Sir C. I challenge it; and, kindred set apart,
Thus, ruffian-like, I lay siege to thy heart.
What do I owe to Acton?

Susan. Why, some five hundred pounds; towards
which, I swear,
In all the world I have not one denier.

Sir C. It will not prove so. Sister, now resolve
me:

What do you think (and speak your conscience)

Would Acton give, might he enjoy your bed?

Susan. He would not shrink to spend a thousand pound,

To give the Mountfords' name so deep a wound.

Sir C. A thousand pound! I but five hundred owe:
Grant him your bed, he's paid with interest so.

Susan. Oh, brother!

Sir C. Oh, sister! only this one way,
With that rich jewel you my debts may pay.
In speaking this my cold heart shakes with shame;
Nor do I woo you in a brother's name,
But in a stranger's. Shall I die in debt
To Acton, my grand foe, and you still wear
The precious jewel that he holds so dear?

Susan. My honour I esteem as dear and precious
As my redemption.

Sir C. I esteem you, sister,
As dear, for so dear prizing it.

Susan. Will Charles
Have me cut off my hands, and send them Acton?
Rip up my breast, and with my bleeding heart
Present him as a token?

Sir C. Neither, sister:
But hear me in my strange assertion.
Thy honour and my soul are equal in my regard;
Nor will thy brother Charles survive thy shame.
His kindness, like a burthen, hath surcharg'd me,
And under his good deeds I stooping go,
Not with an upright soul. Had I remain'd
In prison still, there doubtless I had died:
Then, unto him that freed me from that prison,
Still do I owe this life. What mov'd my foe
To enfranchise me? 'Twas, sister, for your love:
With full five hundred pounds he bought your love,

And shall he not enjoy it? Shall the weight
Of all this heavy burden lean on me,
And will not you bear part? You did partake
The joy of my release; will you not stand
In joint-bond bound to satisfy the debt?
Shall I be only charg'd?

Susan. But that I know
These arguments come from an honour'd mind,
As in your most extremity of need
Scorning to stand in debt to one you hate,
Nay, rather would engage your unstain'd honour,
Than to be held ingrate, I should condemn you.
I see your resolution, and assent;
So Charles will have me, and I am content.

Sir C. For this I trick'd you up.

Susan. But here's a knife,
To save mine honour, shall slice out my life.

Sir C. I know thou pleasest me a thousand times
More in thy resolution than thy grant.—
Observe her love; to sooth it to my suit,
Her honour she will hazard, (though not lose)
To bring me out of debt, her rigorous hand
Will pierce her heart. Oh, wonder! That will choose,
Rather than stain her blood, her life to lose.
Come, you sad sister to a woful brother,
This is the gate. I'll bear him such a present,
Such an acquittance for the Knight to seal,
As will amaze his senses, and surprise
With admiration all his fantasies.

Enter Sir FRANCIS ACTON and MALBY.

Susan. Before his unchaste thoughts shall seize on me,
'Tis here shall my imprison'd soul set free.

Sir F. How! Mountford with his sister, hand in hand!
What miracle's afoot?

Mal. It is a sight
Begets in me much admiration.

Sir C. Stand not amaz'd to see me thus attended.
Acton, I owe thee money; and, being unable
To bring thee the full sum in ready coin,
Lo! for thy more assurance, here's a pawn:
My sister, my dear sister, whose chaste honour
I prize above a million. Here: nay, take her;
She's worth your money, man: do not forsake her.

Sir F. I would he were in earnest.

Susan. Impute it not to my immodesty.
My brother, being rich in nothing else
But in his interest that he hath in me,
According to his poverty hath brought you
Me, all his store; whom, howsoe'er you prize,
As forfeit to your hand, he values highly,
And would not sell, but to acquit your debt,
For any emperor's ransom.

Sir F. Stern heart, relent,
Thy former cruelty at length repent.
Was ever known, in any former age,
Such honourable, wrested courtesy?
Lands, honours, life, and all the world forego,
Rather than stand engag'd to such a foe.

Sir C. Acton, she is too poor to be thy bride,
And I too much oppos'd to be thy brother.
There, take her to thee; if thou hast the heart
To seize her as a rape, or lustful prey;
To blur our house, that never yet was stain'd;
To murder her that never meant thee harm;
To kill me now, whom once thou sav'dst from death;
Do them at once on her: all these rely
And perish with her spotless chastity.

Sir F. You overcome me in your love, Sir Charles.
I cannot be so cruel to a lady

I love so dearly. Since you have not spar'd
 To engage your reputation to the world,
 Your sister's honour, which you prize so dear,
 Nay, all the comfort which you hold on earth,
 To grow out of my debt, being your foe,
 Your honour'd thoughts, lo! thus I recompence.
 Your metamorphos'd foe receives your gift
 In satisfaction of all former wrongs.
 This jewel I will wear here in my heart:
 And where before I thought her, for her wants,
 Too base to be my bride, to end all strife,
 I seal you my dear brother, her my wife.

Susan. You still exceed us. I will yield to fate,
 And learn to love, where I till now did hate.

Sir C. With that enchantment you have charm'd my
 soul,

And made me rich even in those very words:
 I pay no debt, but am indebted more.
 Rich in your love, I never can be poor.

Sir F. All's mine is yours; we are alike in state;
 Let's knit in love what was oppos'd in hate.
 Come, for our nuptials we will straight provide,
 Blest only in our brother and fair bride. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CRANWELL, FRANKFORD, and NICHOLAS.

Cran. Why do you search each room about your
 house,

Now that you have despatch'd your wife away?

Sir F. Oh, sir! to see that nothing may be left
 That ever was my wife's. I lov'd her dearly;
 And when I do but think of her unkindness,
 My thoughts are all in hell: to avoid which torment,
 I would not have a bodkin or a cuff,
 A bracelet, necklace, or rebato wire,
 Nor any thing that ever was call'd hers,

Left me, by which I might remember her.—
Seek round about.

Nich. 'Sblood! master, here's her lute flung in a corner.

Frank. Her lute! Oh, God! Upon this instrument
Her fingers have run quick division,
Sweeter than that which now divides our hearts.
These frets have made me pleasant, that have now
Frets of my heart-strings made. O, Master Cranwell,
Oft hath she made this melancholy wood
(Now mute and dumb for her disastrous chance)
Speak sweetly many a note, sound many a strain
To her own ravishing voice; which being well strung,
What pleasant strange airs have they jointly rung!—
Post with it after her.—Now nothing's left:
Of her and hers I am at once bereft.

Nich. I'll ride and overtake her; do my message,
And come back again. [*Exit.*]

Cran. Meantime, sir, if you please,
I'll to Sir Francis Acton, and inform him
Of what hath pass'd 'twixt you and his sister.

Frank. Do as you please.—How ill am I bested,
To be a widower ere my wife be dead! [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Mr. FRANKFORD; with JENKIN, her maid SISLY,
her Coachman, and three Carters.*

Mrs. A. Bid my coach stay. Why should I ride in
state,
Being hurl'd so low down by the hand of fate?
A seat like to my fortunes let me have;
Earth for my chair, and for my bed a grave.

Jen. Comfort, good mistress: you have watered your
coach with tears already. You have but two miles now
to go to your manor. A man cannot say by my old
master Frankford as he may say by me, that he wants

manors; for he hath three or four, of which this is one that we are going to now.

Sisly. Good mistress, be of good cheer. Sorrow, you see, hurts you, but helps you not: we all mourn to see you so sad.

Carter. Mistress, I see some of my landlord's men Come riding post: 'tis like he brings some news.

Mrs. A. Comes he from Mr. Frankford, he is welcome:
So is his news, because they come from him.

Enter NICHOLAS.

Nich. There.

Mrs. A. I know the lute. Oft have I sung to thee: We are both out of tune, both out of time.

Nich. Would that had been the worst instrument that e'er you played on. My master commends him to ye; there's all he can find that ever was yours: he hath nothing left that ever you could lay claim to but his own heart, and he could afford you that. All that I have to deliver you is this: he prays you to forget him; and so he bids you farewell.

Mrs. A. I thank him: he is kind, and ever was.
All you that have true feeling of my grief,
That know my loss, and have relenting hearts,
Gird me about, and help me with your tears
To wash my spotted sins. My lute shall groan;
It cannot weep, but shall lament my moan.

[*She plays.*]

Enter WENDOLL behind.

Wen. Pursu'd with horror of a guilty soul,
And with the sharp scourge of repentance lash'd,
I fly from mine own shadow. Oh, my stars!
What have my parents in their lives deserv'd,

That you should lay this penance on their son?
When I but think of Master Frankford's love,
And lay it to my treason, or compare
My murdering him for his relieving me,
It strikes a terror like a lightning's flash,
To scorch my blood up. Thus I, like the owl,
Asham'd of day, live in these shadowy woods,
Afraid of every leaf or murm'ring blast,
Yet longing to receive some perfect knowledge
How he hath dealt with her. Oh, my sad fate!
Here, and so far from home, and thus attended!
Oh, God! I have divorc'd the truest turtles
That ever liv'd together; and, being divided,
In several places make their several moan;
She in the fields laments, and he at home.
So poets write that Orpheus made the trees
And stones to dance to his melodious harp,
Meaning the rustic and the barbarous hinds,
That had no understanding part in them:
So she from these rude carters tears extracts,
Making their flinty hearts with grief to rise,
And draw [down] rivers from their rocky eyes.

Mrs. A. If you return unto your master, say
(Though not from me, for I am all unworthy
To blast his name with a strumpet's tongue)
That you have seen me weep, wish myself dead:
Nay, you may say, too, (for my vow is past)
Last night you saw me eat and drink my last.
This to your master you may say and swear;
For it is writ in heaven, and decreed here.

Nich. I'll say you wept: I'll swear you made me sad.
Why, how now, eyes? What now? What's here to do?
I am gone, or I shall straight turn baby too.

Wen. I cannot weep, my heart is all on fire.
Curs'd be the fruits of my unchaste desire!

Mrs. A. Go, break this lute upon my coach's wheel,
As the last music that I e'er shall make;
Not as my husband's gift, but my farewell
To all earth's joy; and so your master tell.

Nich. If I can for crying.

Wen. Grief, have done,
Or, like a madman, I shall frantic run.

Mrs. A. You have beheld the wofull'st wretch on
earth—

A woman made of tears: would you had words
To express but what you see! My inward grief
No tongue can utter; yet unto your power
You may describe my sorrow, and disclose
To thy sad master my abundant woes.

Nich. I'll do your commendations.

Mrs. A. Oh! no:

I dare not so presume; nor to my children:
I am disclaim'd in both; alas! I am.
Oh! never teach them, when they come to speak,
To name the name of mother: chide their tongue,
If they by chance light on that hated word;
Tell them 'tis naught: for when that word they name,
(Poor, pretty souls!) they harp on their own shame.

Wen. To recompence their wrongs, what canst thou
do?

Thou hast made her husbandless, and childless too.

Mrs. A. I have no more to say.—Speak not for
me;

Yet you may tell your master what you see.

Nich. I'll do't. [Exit.

Wen. I'll speak to her, and comfort her in grief.
Oh! but her wound cannot be cur'd with words.
No matter, though; I'll do my best good will
To work a cure on her whom I did kill.

Mrs. A. So, now unto my coach, then to my home,

So to my death-bed ; for from this sad hour,
 I never will nor eat, nor drink, nor taste
 Of any cates that may preserve my life.
 I never will nor smile, nor sleep, nor rest ;
 But when my tears have wash'd my black soul white,
 Sweet Saviour, to thy hands I yield my sprite.

Wen. (*coming forward*). Oh, Mrs. Frankford !

Mrs. A. Oh, for God's sake, fly !

The devil doth come to tempt me, ere I die.
 My coach !—This sin, that with an angel's face
 Conjur'd mine honour, till he sought my wrack,
 In my repentant eye seems ugly, black.

[*Exeunt all except WENDOLL and JENKIN ;
 the Carters whistling.*]

Jen. What, my young master, that fled in his shirt ?
 How come you by your clothes again ? You have
 made our house in a sweet pickle, ha' ye not, think
 you ? What ! shall I serve you still, or cleave to the
 old house ?

Wen. Hence, slave ! away, with thy unseason'd mirth.
 Unless thou canst shed tears, and sigh, and howl,
 Curse thy sad fortunes, and exclaim on fate,
 Thou art not for my turn.

Jen. Marry, and you will not, another will : farewell,
 and be hang'd. Would you had never come to have
 kept this coil within our doors. We shall ha' you run
 away like a sprite again. - [Exit.

Wen. She's gone to death ; I live to want and woe :
 Her life, her sins, and all upon my head.
 And I must now go wander, like a Cain,
 In foreign countries and remotest climes,
 Where the report of my ingratitude
 Cannot be heard. I'll over first to France,
 And so to Germany and Italy ;
 Where, when I have recover'd, and by travel

Gotten those perfect tongues, and that these rumours
 May in their height abate, I will return :
 And I divine, (however now dejected)
 My worth and parts being by some great man prais'd,
 At my return I may in court be rais'd. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Sir FRANCIS ACTON, Sir CHARLES MOUNTFORD,
 CRANWELL, MALBY, and SUSAN.*

Sir F. Brother, and now my wife, I think these
 troubles

Fall on my head by justice of the heavens,
 For being so strict to you in your extremities ;
 But we are now aton'd. I would my sister
 Could with like happiness o'ercome her griefs
 As we have ours.

Susan. You tell us, Mr. Cranwell, wondrous things
 Touching the patience of that gentleman ;
 With what strange virtue he demeans his grief.

Cran. I told you what I was a witness of ;
 It was my fortune to lodge there that night.

Sir F. Oh, that same villain, Wendoll ! 'twas his
 tongue

That did corrupt her : she was of herself
 Chaste, and devoted well. Is this the house ?

Cran. Yes, sir. I take it, here your sister lies.

Sir F. My brother Frankford show'd too mild a spirit
 In the revenge of such a loathed crime.
 Less than he did, no man of spirit could do.
 I am so far from blaming his revenge,
 That I commend it. Had it been my case,
 Their souls at once had from their breasts been freed :
 Death to such deeds of shame is the due meed.

Enter JENKIN and SISLY.

Jen. Oh, my mistress, mistress ! my poor mistress !

Sisly. Alas! that ever I was born; what shall I do for my poor mistress?

Sir C. Why, what of her?

Jen. Oh, Lord, sir! she no sooner heard that her brother and her friends were come to see how she did, but she, for very shame of her guilty conscience, fell into such a swoon, that we had much ado to get life in her.

Susan. Alas! that she should bear so hard a fate. Pity it is repentance comes too late.

Sir F. Is she so weak in body?

Jen. Oh, sir! I can assure you there's no hope of life in her; for she will take no sustenance: she hath plainly starv'd herself, and now she's as lean as a lath. She ever looks for the good hour. Many gentlemen and gentlewomen of the country are come to comfort her.

Enter Mrs. FRANKFORD, in her bed.

Mal. How fare you, Mistress Frankford?

Mrs. A. Sick, sick! oh, sick! give me some air. I pray, Tell me, oh! tell me, where is Master Frankford? Will [he] not deign to see me ere I die?

Mal. Yes, Mistress Frankford: divers gentlemen, Your loving neighbours, with that just request Have mov'd, and told him of your weak estate: Who, though with much ado to get belief, Examining of the general circumstance, Seeing your sorrow and your penitence, And hearing therewithal the great desire You have to see him, ere you left the world, He gave to us his faith to follow us, And sure he will be here immediately.

Mrs. A. You have half reviv'd me with the pleasing news.

Raise me a little higher in my bed.—

Blush I not, brother Acton? Blush I not, Sir Charles?

Can you not read my fault writ in my cheek?
Is not my crime there? Tell me, gentlemen.

Sir C. Alas ! good mistress, sickness hath not left you
Blood in your face enough to make you blush.

Mrs. A. Then, sickness, like a friend, my fault would
hide.—

Is my husband come? My soul but tarries
His arrive, then I am fit for heaven.

Sir F. I came to chide you, but my words of hate
Are turn'd to pity and compassionate grief.
I came to rate you ; but my brawls, you see,
Melt into tears, and I must weep by thee.—
Here's Master Frankford now.

Enter FRANKFORD.

Frank. Good morrow, brother ; morrow, gentlemen.
God, that hath laid this cross upon our heads,
Might (had he pleas'd) have made our cause of meeting
On a more fair and more contented ground ;
But He that made us, made us to this woe.

Mrs. A. And is he come? Methinks that voice I
know.

Frank. How do you, woman?

Mrs. A. Well, Master Frankford, well ; but shall be
better,

I hope, within this hour. Will you vouchsafe
(Out of your grace and your humanity)
To take a spotted strumpet by the hand?

Frank. This hand once held my heart in faster bonds
Than now 'tis grip'd by me. God pardon them
That made us first break hold.

Mrs. A. Amen, amen.

Out of my zeal to Heaven, whither I'm now bound,
I was so impudent to wish you here ;
And once more beg your pardon. Oh, good man,

And father to my children, pardon me.
Pardon, oh ! pardon me : my fault so heinous is,
That if you in this world forgive it not,
Heaven will not clear it in the world to come.
Faintness hath so usurp'd upon my knees,
That kneel I cannot ; but in my heart's knees
My prostrate soul lies thrown down at your feet,
To beg your gracious pardon. Pardon, Oh, pardon me !

Frank. As freely, from the low depth of my soul,
As my Redeemer hath forgiven his death,
I pardon thee. I will shed tears for thee ;
Pray with thee ; and, in mere pity of thy weak estate,
I'll wish to die with thee.

All. So do we all.

Nich. So will not I ;
I'll sigh and sob, but, by my faith, not die.

Sir F. Oh, Master Frankford, all the near alliance
I lose by her, shall be supply'd in thee :
You are my brother by the nearest way ;
Her kindred hath fall'n off, but yours doth stay.

Frank. Even as I hope for pardon, at that day
When the Great Judge of heaven in scarlet sits,
So be thou pardon'd. Though thy rash offence
Divorc'd our bodies, thy repentant tears
Unite our souls.

Sir C. Then comfort, Mistress Frankford.
You see your husband hath forgiven your fall ;
Then, rouse your spirits and cheer your fainting soul.

Susan. How is it with you ?

Sir F. How d'ye feel yourself ?

Mrs. A. Not of this world.

Frank. I see you are not, and I weep to see it.
My wife, the mother to my pretty babes !
Both those lost names I do restore thee back,
And with this kiss I wed thee once again.

Though thou art wounded in thy honour'd name,
And with that grief upon thy death-bed liest,
Honest in heart, upon my soul, thou diest.

Mrs. A. Pardon'd on earth, soul, thou in heaven art
free:

Once more thy wife dies thus embracing thee. [*Dies.*

Frank. New married, and new widow'd.—Oh! she's
dead;

And a cold grave must be her nuptial bed.

Sir C. Sir, be of good comfort, and your heavy sorrow
Part equally amongst us: storms divided
Abate their force, and with less rage are guided.

Cran. Do, Master Frankford: he that hath least part,
Will find enough to drown one troubled heart.

Sir F. Peace with thee, Nan.—Brothers and gentle-
men,

(All we that can plead interest in her grief)
Bestow upon her body funeral tears.
Brother, had you with threats and usage bad
Punish'd her sin, the grief of her offence
Had not with such true sorrow touch'd her heart.

Frank. I see it had not: therefore, on her grave
Will I bestow this funeral epitaph,
Which on her marble tomb shall be engrav'd.
In golden letters shall these words be fill'd:
Here lies she whom her husband's kindness kill'd.

Epilogue.

An honest crew, disposed to be merry,
Came to a tavern by, and call'd for wine :
The drawer brought it, (smiling like a cherry)
And told them it was pleasant, neat and fine.
“Taste it,” quoth one: he did so; “Fie!” (quoth he)
“This wine was good; now’t runs too near the lee.”

Another sipp’d, to give the wine his due,
And said unto the rest it drank too flat :
The third said, it was old ; the fourth, too new ;
Nay, quoth the fifth, the sharpness likes me not.
Thus, gentlemen, you see how, in one hour,
The wine was new, old, flat, sharp, sweet, and sour.

Unto this wine we do allude our play,
Which some will judge too trivial, some too grave :
You, as our guests we entertain this day,
And bid you welcome to the best we have.
Excuse us, then : good wine may be disgraced,
When every several mouth hath sundry taste.

NOTES

TO

A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS.

Page 97, line 7, The shaking of the sheets.] This was the name of a very popular tune, to which many ballads of the time were written: it was called "The Shaking of the Sheet, or the Dance of Death;" and a full account of it may be seen in Chappell's "National English Airs," ii., 121, of which excellent work we are happy to hear a new edition is in progress.

Page 98, line 16, Than my imperfect beauties.] In the edition of 1617, the reading is, "Than my imperfect *beauty*," which is clearly wrong, according to the next line.

Page 101, line 10, Enter Nicholas, &c.] In the old copy he is generally called *Nick* and *Nic'las*.

Page 102, line 6, strike thee down.] So the original, but modern editors have substituted *them* for "thee."

Page 102, line 15. I that have ere now, &c.] This passage has been hitherto reprinted thus, to the total perversion of the author's meaning—"I have ere now deserved a cushion. Call for the Cushion dance." The tunes here mentioned, such as "Rogero," "The beginning of the World," "John, come kiss me now," "Tom Tiler," "The hunting of the Fox," &c., were well known, and are often mentioned in old writers; and those who wish to learn all that is now known about them, have only to consult the interesting work we have above quoted, Chappell's "National English Airs." We do not recollect that "Put on your smock on Monday" is mentioned elsewhere, but nothing can well be more common than notices of "Sellenger's Round."

Page 103, line 19, Rebeck her not.] Here, and afterwards, we have a curious collection of the terms used in falconry, which are not now very

intelligible, such, particularly, as "at the querre" and "at the ferre:" "jesses" are more common, and, as our readers are aware, are mentioned in "Othello," act iii., scene 3.

Page 105, line 17, Unhappy jest.] The original play has "Unhappy jests."

Page 106, line 16, Till they could set.] So the old copy, and rightly, but changed, in modern editions, to "Till they *would*," &c.

Page 106, line 24, Nor thy sweet sight. The letter *r* has dropped out in *Nor*, in the old copy.

Page 106, line 30, Should be of you enacted.] Altered, by Dodsley and others, to *exacted*. The allusion seems to be to the shedding of innocent blood, which had just been "enacted," or *done*, by Sir Charles.

Page 108, line 10, Exit Nicholas.] Not in the old copy. The stage-directions in the original are often so imperfectly given, that we have been obliged to supply them, in order to render the scene intelligible.

Page 108, line 30, Ha! and which won?] Quite as proper as "and *who* won," with the advantage of being the reading preferred by Heywood: *who* is the modern reading.

Page 113, line 24, the most perfect'st man.] The phraseology of the period, and printed, in the old copy, "the most perfect's man." So in a subsequent scene, p. 137, "pleasant's" is printed for *pleasant'st*.

Page 115, line 31, Sir, you are much beholding to my husband.] This was the almost invariable mode of expression; and Shakespeare constantly so uses the word, though his editors have as constantly substituted *beholden*. The active participle is required, and the substitution of the passive is not merely unnecessary, but grammatically wrong.

Page 118, line 31, Since he came miching first into our house.] *i.e.*, since he came *sneaking* or *stealing* first into our house. This very applicable line has not been quoted by the commentators on "Hamlet," act iii., scene 2.

Page 122, line 21, In all contractions.] This is the old reading, from which we do not vary, because the sense does not by any means require it: in the modern reprints of this play it has, however, been altered to *constructions*.

Page 122, line 34, that supped there to-night.] Unnecessarily altered by recent editors to "that supped *here* to-night."

Page 123, line 20, Nicholas, what make you here?] A usual form of expression, evidently derived from the Anglo-Saxon, which modern editors have thought fit to change to "Nicholas, what makes you here?"—a mere vulgarism.

Page 126, line 24, A pair of cards.] Or, as we now say, a *pack* of cards: the expression was then common.

Page 127, line 14, you play best at noddy.] The enumeration of games at cards in this scene, and the application of them to the business of the play, are remarkable: they are Noddy, Double-ruff, Knave out of doors, Lodam, Saint, Post-and-pair, and Vide-ruff, (misprinted *Wide-ruff* in modern editions) which last is the game chosen. Most of these are described in Mr. Singer's work upon playing-cards, and it is needless to enter into any explanation of them here.

Page 129, line 21, The night is raw and cold.] Inverted, in modern editions, to *cold and raw*, but it is a matter of little consequence.

Page 131, line 18, And left all things upon this earth uneven.] The old copy has *on*, but the measure of the line requires the change; and there can be no doubt that Heywood wrote what was called for by the ear: he was too skilful and practised a versifier to offend in this way.

Page 135, line 35, My dangerous opposite.] *i.e.*, adversary. See note to "The Royal King and Loyal Subject."

Page 136, line 14, There is less execution of good deeds.] Modern editors substitute *expectation* for "execution."

Page 137, line 4, in my pleasant'st vein.] Printed *pleasant's* in the old copy, as already stated.

Page 137, line 28, to be more remiss.] The sense is that Frankford might induce his wife's brother to be "more remiss," or less vigorous, in his hard dealing with Sir Charles Mountford.

Page 139, line 4, I hope it doth.] This speech is so obviously spoken *aside*, that it seems useless to mark it.

Page 139, line 29, I should disease my friend.] This sense of the word "disease" often occurs in our old dramatists, as well as in other writers of the time.

Page 142, line 7, know more than both.] This is the true reading, and not "more than *them* both," which is a recent vulgarism.

Page 142, line 12, we have tied our geldings.] The old copy is here in error, reading "*your* geldings."

Page 142, line 29, It must ope with far less noise than Cripple-gate.] We know of no other authority to show that at this date Cripple-gate opened with any peculiar noise. See all that is known about Cripple-gate in Cunningham's "Handbook of London," 2nd edition, p. 147.

Page 146, line 6, Enter two Children.] We must suppose them brought in by a servant, but nothing is said of their entrance, either in the ancient or modern copies of this play: in the same way, we are not

told what becomes of them after they have been introduced. It is quite evident that they came upon the stage, and were seen by the audience, for Frankford tells his guilty wife to "look on them."

Page 146, line 31, Nay, to wipe but this scandal out.] *Whip* out, in the original, which may be right, but the sense seems to require "wipe."

Page 147, line 29, I may remember such a woman by.] "I may remember such a woman *was*," is a totally unnecessary change in the original text made by late editors.

Page 148, line 29, Some barbarous outlaw, or uncivil kern.] The word "kern" is here employed to signify generally an uncivilized person: it is usually applied to the wild and savage inhabitants of Ireland, and it often occurs in Shakespeare.

Page 151, line 18, I know thou pleasest me, &c.] So the old copy; and why modern editors have changed it to "*Ay, now* thou pleasest," &c., is no where explained, nor is any notice given of the liberty taken with the text.

Page 153, line 33, or a rebato wire.] *i.e.*, a wire to stiffen or set a rebato, which was the name for a species of ruff worn round the neck, and frequently mentioned by old writers.

Page 155, line 19, he could afford you that.] The negative *not* has usually been interpolated before "afford," entirely altering the sense of the author, which is that Frankford could almost afford to give his wretched wife his heart again, in compassion for her sufferings.

Page 156, line 1, this penance on their son.] The original has, "this pennance on *your* son," which seems wrong.

Page 159, line 12, But we are now aton'd.] *i.e.*, reconciled.

Page 160, line 16, Enter Mrs. Frankford, in her bed.] In the simplicity and poverty of our ancient stage, it often happened that a bed was thrust upon the scene, in order that it might represent a sleeping-room instead of a sitting-room: in this instance, Mrs. Frankford was in the bed, when it was brought before the audience.

THE END.

TWO
HISTORICAL PLAYS
ON THE
LIFE AND REIGN
OF
QUEEN ELIZABETH.

BY
THOMAS HEYWOOD.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY
J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

1851.

INTRODUCTION.

The two plays, or one play in two parts, here reprinted, were extremely popular in their day, and went through various editions. Both had the general title, "If You know not Me, You know Nobody;" and the first part had the sub-title of "The Troubles of Queen Elizabeth," and the second part, the sub-title, (if such it may be called) "With the Building of the Royal Exchange, and the famous Victory of Queen Elizabeth in the year 1588;" those events forming most prominent incidents. The first part was originally published in 1605, and reprinted in 1606, 1608, 1613, and 1632: the second part was originally published in 1606, and reprinted in 1609, 1623, and 1633, all the editions being in 4to.

For the use of most of these, and especially of the earliest and rarest impressions, our Society has once more been under obligations to the Duke of Devonshire. The edition of the second part, in 1609, although it does not differ materially from others, is, we believe, unique in his Grace's library. The British Museum has no perfect copy of the earliest impressions.

The first part, (which we may call "The Troubles of Queen Elizabeth") as it has come down to us, can only be considered the fragment of a play; and, upon evidence we shall adduce presently, we may assume that it found its way to the press by means of shorthand notes, taken in the theatre while the drama was in a course of representation. Why the author did not think it worth while, in any subsequent impression, to render it more complete, we know not. The second part, which deals with the events of Elizabeth's reign, as our readers will perceive, is much more perfect, and runs out to a much greater length: from that, we feel persuaded, nothing important was omitted. When, therefore, Heywood printed, in his "Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas, 8vo, 1637, (p. 248) the following Prologue and Epilogue, he must have intended them, and the introduction to them, to apply only to the first part, "The Troubles of Queen Elizabeth," beginning "in her minority," and ending with her accession to "the royal throne, a potent Queen," in November, 1558.

"A Prologue to the Play of Queen Elizabeth, as it was last revived at the Cockpit, in which the Author taxeth the most corrupted copy now imprinted, which was published without his consent.

"PROLOGUE.

"Plays have a fate in their conception lent;
Some so short liv'd, no sooner show'd than spent,
But born to-day, to-morrow buried, and
Though taught to speak, neither to go nor stand.
This, (by what fate I know not) sure no merit,
That it disclaims, may for the age inherit,
Writing 'bove one and twenty; but ill nurst,
And yet receiv'd, as well perform'd, at first,

Grac'd and frequented for the cradle age,
 Did throng the seats, the boxes, and the stage;
 So much, that some by Stenography drew
 The plot, put it in print, (scarce one word true)
 And in that lameness it hath limp'd so long,
 The Author now, to vindicate that wrong,
 Hath took the pains upright upon its feet
 To teach it walk : so please you, sit and see't.

“ EPILOGUE.

“ The Princess, young Elizabeth, y' have seen
 In her minority, and since a Queen;
 A subject, and a sovereign : in the one
 A pitied Lady ; in the royal throne
 A potent Queen. It now in you doth rest
 To know in which she hath demean'd her best.”

The Cockpit Theatre was in Drury Lane; but at what precise date the “Play of Queen Elizabeth” (meaning, as we apprehend, the first part, or “The Troubles of Queen Elizabeth”) had been revived there, we have no means of ascertaining; but, were we to make a guess upon the point, we should say that it occurred not long before 1632, when the last of the old editions came from the press. The renewed popularity of the drama, with Heywood's help to set it “upright upon its feet,” may have induced the bookseller to speculate upon selling a sufficient number to reward his pains; and, as he could obtain no more complete manuscript from the playhouse, he was obliged to content himself with reprinting “the most corrupted copy,” which the author about five years afterwards condemned, explaining, at the same time, how it had been surreptitiously procured.

The second part, (the history of the reign of Eliza-

beth) as we have stated, is not at all in the same predicament. We probably have it in the editions of 1606, 1609, and 1623, pretty much in the form in which it came from Heywood's pen, when it was first acted, quite early in the reign of James I. In the edition of 1633 we find it most materially altered subsequent to the "Chorus" (on p. 151 of our reprint); and the "Chorus" itself is there new, having been designed to prepare the spectators for the great event about to succeed in the representation, viz., the defeat of the Spanish Armada. This incident had been but briefly and imperfectly treated in previous editions, and it seems more than likely that Heywood himself introduced the changes, and made the additions, on revival, for the sake of giving the drama increased effect and greater novelty. That revival, we take it, followed the revival of the first part of the same subject, and was perhaps consequent upon the favour with which the renewed performance of the first part had been received by public audiences at the Cockpit Theatre.

Our impression of this portion of the drama (we mean the portion including and following the "Chorus") is from the edition of 1633, under the persuasion that the author meant that his work should permanently (as far as such productions were at that period considered permanent) bear that shape. However, for greater completeness, and to afford ready means of comparison, we have subjoined to the present Introduction the brief scenes of this conclusion of the drama, as they appear in the impressions of

1606, 1609, and 1623. Thus the Members of our Society will have before them this play as Heywood first wrote it, and as we may believe he subsequently altered it. The fulness and entireness of the second part of the whole drama on the story of Queen Elizabeth is in strong contrast with the meagre incompleteness of the first part.

The two parts of "Edward IV.," and the two parts of "Elizabeth," are the only plays strictly founded upon English history that Thomas Heywood has left behind him. The first have been long in the hands of our Members; and it will be now seen, that in the last the author has proceeded upon the same plan, not adhering to minute facts, nor to exact dates, farther than suited his purpose as a dramatic poet. In this respect, he only followed the example which had been set him by Shakespeare, and from which those, who of old adopted similar subjects as the foundations of their dramas, did not deviate. They allowed the imaginations of their auditors the freest, fullest, and widest range, and relied upon the exercise of those imaginations to reconcile, not merely improbabilities, but often impossibilities, in reference to time, place, and action. In point of character, as regarded the persons of their dramas, they were wonderfully consistent; but their chief aim was to compose a play that would attract by the novelty of its subject, and gratify by the variety of its incidents.

Besides the first part of "If You know not Me, You know Nobody," which is devoted to the "Troubles of Queen Elizabeth," Heywood left behind him a

prose narrative of the events of her life, from the elevation of her sister to her own accession. In this history he goes over many of the circumstances of his play; and it is the more worthy of attention, because it may be said in a degree to supply some of the obvious deficiencies of his drama, in the curtailed and decrepit shape in which it has reached our hands. Of this work little or no notice has been any where taken; and it will be our business on the present occasion to supply such extracts from it, as afford illustrations of the scenes of the drama which comes first in the following sheets. It was printed in London, under the subsequent title:—

“England's Elizabeth: her Life and Troubles, during her Minoritie from the Cradle to the Crowne. Historically laid open and interwoven with such eminent Passages of State as happened under the Reigne of Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Q. Mary; all of them aptly introducing to the present Relation. By Tho. Heywood.—London, printed by John Beale, for Philip Waterhouse, and are to be sold at his Shop at St. Paul's head, neere London-stone. 1631.”

This is a small 8vo, or 12mo, of 234 pages, besides the preliminary matter, that deserves attention from one singular circumstance that has hitherto entirely escaped remark. It is that, after the dedication to Lord Hunsdon, subscribed “Tho. Heywood,” comes an Epistle to the Reader, to which the initials N. R. are appended, and which must, in fact, have belonged to some other production upon the same subject, and that production a poem. N. R. (whoever he may have been) says, “I doubt not but that they will spare this argument for the worth thereof; and though their carping may correct my *Poeme*, yet they will

have a reverent respect of the person here drawne out."

N. R. could not be Thomas Heywood; and his prose "relation" of the early events of the life of Elizabeth could not be called, nor considered a "Poem." N. R. proceeds to add a passage, which we extract partly for its own sake, but principally because it relates to an individual who contributed some well known lines upon Shakespeare prefixed to the first folio of his plays—Hugh Holland.

"As for those passages (says N. R.) in the character of King Edward the Sixth, and the Lady Jane Gray and others—*vix ea nostra voco*. I have borrowed them from my good friend, Mr. H. H., Stationer; who hath not only conversed with the titles of bookes, but hath looked into them, and from thence drawn out that industrious Collection intituled *Herologia Anglicana*."

Another circumstance deserves observation, in reference to Heywood's "England's Elizabeth," before we proceed to quote from it. We allude to the fact that, so popular was the work immediately after its appearance in London in 1631, it was in the very next year reprinted in Cambridge. It was not merely a new title-page, with "Cambridge" and the date of 1632 upon it, prefixed to some unsold copies, but it was entirely a new impression, from different types, although for the same bookseller, who perhaps had a shop also in the University. This edition is likewise incidentally connected with our great dramatist; since the frontispiece, a portrait of Elizabeth, and a work of great delicacy, is by the same artist—Martin Droeshout—who engraved the head of Shakespeare on the title-page of the folio of 1623. This

Cambridge impression of Heywood's "England's Elizabeth" has not any where been mentioned, and we do not recollect to have seen the full length of the Queen enumerated among the productions of Droeshout's graver.¹

We now proceed to make some important extracts from Heywood's prose narrative, introducing each quotation by a reference to the passage to which it relates in his play.

PAGE 8.

"Enter TAME and CHANDOS, with Soldiers, drum, &c.

"Tame. Where's the Princess?

*"Gage. Oh, my honour'd lords,
May I presume with reverence to ask
What mean these arms? Why do you thus begirt
A poor weak lady, near at point of death?" &c.*

In his "England's Elizabeth," Heywood thus speaks of this scene:—

"This which at the first was in the Queene but meere suspition, by Bishop Gardiner's aggravation grew after into her high indignation, in so much that a strict Commission was sent down to Ashridge, where shee then sojourned, to have her with all speede remove from thence, and brought up to London, there to answer all such criminal articles as could be objected against her. The charge was committed to Sir John Williams, Lord of Tame, Sir Edward Hastings, and Sir Thomas Cornwallis, all three Councillors of State, and for the better accomplishment of the service, a guard of 250 horsemen were attendant on them. The Princess was at the same time dangerously sicke, and even almost to death: the day was quite spent, and the evening come on, newes being brought unto her by her servants (much affrighted) that so great a strength had begirt her house, and in such a time when her innocence could not so much as dreame of any thing dangerous that might be suggested against her, it

¹ The London edition of 1631 has no engraver's name to the plate, which must have been added in 1632.

bred in her, howsoever, no small amazement; but ere shee could well recollect herselfe, a great rapping was heard at the gate. Shee sending to demand the cause thereof, in stead of returning an answer, the Lords stept into the house, without demanding so much as leave of the porter, and coming into the hall, where they met mistress Ashley, a gentlewoman that attended her, they willed her to inform her Lady that they had a message to deliver from the Queene. The Gentlewoman went up and told her what they had said, who sent them word back by her againe, that it being then an unseasonable time of the night, she in her bed and dangerously sicke, to intreate them, if not in courtesie, yet for modesties sake, to defer the delivery of their message till morning; but they, without further reply, as shee was returning to the Princesses chamber, followed her up stairs and pressed in after her, presenting themselves at her bedside. At which sight she was suddenly moved, and told them that she was not well pleased with their uncivill intrusion. They, by her low and faint speech perceiving her debilitie and weakness of body, desired her grace's pardon, (the Lord Tame speaking in excuse of all the rest) and told her they were sorry to find such infirmity upon her, especially since it was the Queenes express pleasure that the seventh of that present moneth shee must appeare before her Majestie, at her Court neere Westminster. To whom she answered that the Queene had not a subject in the whole kingdom more ready or willing to tender their service and loyalty to her Highnesse than herselfe; yet hoped, withall, in regard of her present disability, they who were eye-witnesses of her weake estate might in their own charity and goodness dispense with their extremity of hast; but the hast was such and the extremitie so great, that their Commission was to bring her either alive or dead. A sore Commission it is, said shee. Hereupon they consulted with her Physitians, charging them on their allegiance to resolve them whether she might be removed thence without imminent perill of her life. Upon conference together they returned answer that she might undergo that journey without death, though not without great danger, her infirmity being hazardfull, but not mortall. Their opinions thus delivered, they told her grace that she must of necessity prepare herselfe for the morrow's journey."—Page 96, &c.

It will be seen, by the above quotation, that Heywood uses some of the very same expressions he had employed in his play, and such will be found to be the case hereafter.

PAGE 15.

“ *Enter* WINCHESTER, SUSSEX, HOWARD, TAME, CHANDOS,
and Constable.

“ *Suss.* All forbear this place, unless the Princess.

“ *Winch.* Madam,

We from the Queen are join'd in full commission.

[*They sit : she kneels.*

“ *Suss.* By your favour, good my lord,
Ere you proceed.—Madam, although this place
Doth tie you to this reverence, it becomes not,
You being a Princess, to deject your knee,” &c.

“Upon the Friday before Palme Sunday, the Bish. of Winchester, with nine more of the Council, convented her: being come before them, and offering to kneele, the Earl of Sussex would by no means suffer her, but commanded a chayre to bee brought in for her to sit on. Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and then Lord Chancellor, taking upon him to be the mouth of the rest, began very sharply to reprove her (as if she had beene already convicted) for having a hand in Wiat's rebellion; to whom she mildly answered, with a modest protestation, that shee had never had the least knowledge of his practice and proceedings: for proofoe whereof, said shee, ‘when Wyat at his death was by some malicious enemies of mine demanded whether I was any way knowing or accessary to his insurrection, even at the parting of life and body, having prepared his soule for heaven, when no dissimulation can be so much as suspected, even then he pronounced me guiltlesse. Besides the like question being demanded of Nicholas Throckmorton and James Crofts, at their Arraignment, I was likewise cleared by them; and being acquitted by all others, (my lords) would you have me to accuse my selfe?’ After this she was questioned about a stirring in the West, rais'd by Sir Peter Carew, but answered to every particular so distinctly, that they could not take hold of the least circumstance, whereby they might any way strengthen their accusation: which Gardiner perceiving, told her that it would be her safest course to submit her selfe to the Queene, and to crave pardon of her gracious Majestie: Whereunto she answered that submission confest a crime, and pardon belonged to a delinquent, either of which being proved by her, she would then, and not till then, make use of his Grace's councill.”—Page 108.

PAGE 18.

“ Re-enter the Six Councillors.

“ Winch. It is the pleasure of her Majesty
That you be straight committed to the Tower,” &c.

“ In the midst of these conceptions, Gardiner and the rest entred the chamber, and told her that it was her Majesties pleasure shee must instantly be conveyed to the Tower; that her household was dissolved, and all her servants discharged, except her Gentleman Usher, three Gentlewomen, and two Groomes, and that for her guard 200 northern white coates were appointed that night to watch about her lodging, and early the next morning to see her safely delivered into the custody of the Lieutenant of the Tower. The very name of Tower struck deepe horror into her, insomuch that the cheerful blood forsaking her fresh cheeks left nothing but ashy palenesse in her visage: shee spake these words—
‘ Alasse, my Lords, how comes it that I have so incensed my sister and Sovereigne? If it be held to be either criminal or capitall to be daughter to King Henry, sister to King Edward, of sacred memory, or to bee the next in blood to the Queene, I may then perhaps incurre as well the severity of censure as the rigour of sentence: but otherwise I here protest, before Heaven and you, I never, either in act or thought, have as yet trespassed against her Majesty; whose pleasure, if it be so that I must be confined, and my liberty restrained, my humble suite is unto you to be Petitioners on my behalfe unto her Majesty, that I may be sent unto some other place less notorious, that being a prison for Traytors and Malefactors in the highest degree.’ The Earle of Sussex presently replied that her request was both just and reasonable, desiring the rest of the Lords to joine with him in her behalfe; whereupon the Bishop of Winchester cut him off, and told him that it was the Queenes absolute command, and her pleasure was unalterable.”—Page 112.

PAGE 22.

“ Enter GAGE, ELIZABETH, CLARENTIA, her Gentlewoman.

“ Gage. Madam, you have stepp’d too short, into the
water,” &c.

“ She went ashore, and stepped short, into the water.”—Page 122.

“ She was then delivered to the charge of the Constable of the Tower,

who received her as his prisoner, and told her that he would show her to her lodgings; but she, being faint, began to complaine. The good Earle of Sussex, seeing her colour begin to faile, and she ready to sinke under his armes, called for a chayre; but the Constable would not suffer it to be brought. Then she sat down upon a faire stone, at which time there fell a great shower of raine: the heavens themselves did seeme to weepe at such inhumane usage. Sussex offered to cast his cloake about her, but she by no means would admit it. Then the Lieftenent, M. Bridges, intreated her to withdraw herselfe from the violence of the storm into some shelter, to whom she answered, 'I had better to sit here then in a worser place; for God knoweth, not I, whither you intend to lead me.'—Page 123.

PAGE 24.

“*Re-enter GAGE.*

“*Gage.* My lords, the Princess humbly entreats
That her own servants may bear up her diet,” &c.

“She was still kept close prisoner: the Constable of the Tower, then Lord Chamberlaine, would not suffer her own servants to carry up her dyet, but put it into the hands of rude and unmannerly soldiers, of which she complaining to her Gentleman Usher to have that abuse better ordered, the Lieftenant not only denyed to see it remedied, but threatened him with imprisonment, if he againe did but urge such a motion: neither would he suffer her own cooks to dress her dyet, but mingled his own servants with hers.”—Page 144.

PAGE 30.

“*Enter WINCHESTER, BENINGFIELD, and TAME.*

“Madam, the Queen, out of her royal bounty,
Hath freed you from the thraldom of the Tower,” &c.

“From thence (the Tower) [they] conveyed her to Woodstock, under the conduct and charge of S^r Henry Benningfield, with whom was joyned in Commission S^r John Williams, the Lord of Tame, and a hundred Northern Blew-Coates to attend them. These presenting themselves before her, she instantly apprehended them to be her new guardians; but at the sight of S^r Henry, whom she had never till that time seene, she sodainly started backe, and called to one of the lords, privately demanding of him, whether the scaffold were yet standing whereon the innocent

Lady Jane had not long before suffered? He resolved her that upon his honour it was quite taken downe, and that no memorial thereof was now remaining. Then shee beckoned another noble-man unto her, and asked of him what S^r Henry was? if he knew him? or if a private murderer were committed to his charge, whether he had not the conscience to performe it? Answer was made that he was a man whom the Queene respected, and the Chancellour much favoured.”—149.

PAGE 31.

“*Enter ELIZABETH, BENINGFIELD, GAGE, and TAME.*

“*Omnes.* The Lord preserve thy sweet grace!

“*Eliz.* What are these?

“*Gage.* The townsmen of the country,” &c.

“The next morning, the country people, understanding which way she was to take her journey, had assembled themselves in divers places, some praying for her preservation and liberty: others presented her with nose-gayes, and such expression of their loves as the countrey afforded. The inhabitants of neighbour villages commanded the Bels to be rung; so that, with the loud acclamations of People, and the sound of Bels, the very ayre did eccho with the preservation of Elizabeth. Which being perceived by S^r Henry Benningfield, he called them rebels and traytors, beating them back with his truncheon. As for the ringers, he made their pates ring noone before they were released out of the stocks. The Princesse intreated him in their behalfe, and desired that he would desist from the rigour used to the people At every word he spoke he still had up his Commission, which the Princess, taking notice of, told him he was no better than her Goaler. The very name of Goaler moved his patience; but knowing not how to mend himselfe, he humbly intreated her grace not to use that name, it being a name of dishonour, a scandall to his gentry.—‘It is no matter,’ (said she) ‘Sir Henry; methinkes that name and your nature agree well together. Let me not heare of that word Commission: as oft as you but nominate your Commission, so oft will I call you Gaoler.’ As she passed along towards Windsor, divers of her servants, seeing her passe so sadly by the way, being such as had been formerly discharged at the dissolution of her household, requested her Grace that she would vouchsafe to resolve them whither she was carryed? to whom she sent back an answer in these two narrow words, *Tanquam Ovis*.—Page 155.

PAGE 33.

“*Enter* BENINGFIELD and BARWICK, *his man*.

“*Bening*. Barwick, is this the chair of state?” &c.

“Sir Henry being thus opposed, went up into a chamber, [at the house of Lord Tame] where was prepared a chayre, two cushions, and a rich carpet for her grace to sit in; but he, impatient to see such princely furniture for her entertainment, rather than hee should not bee taken notice of, like Sostratus, (*sic*) that set the Temple of Diana on fire onely to get him a name, hee presumptuously sate in the chayre, and called one Barwicke, his man, to pull off his bootes: which being known all over the house, he was well derided for his uncivill behaviour.”—Page 160.

PAGE 35.

“*Enter* ELIZABETH, BENINGFIELD, CLARENTIA, TAME, GAGE, and BARWICK.

“*Eliz*. What fearful terror doth assail my heart?” &c.

“He [her Gentleman Usher] found Sr Henry Benningfield and the Lord of Tame walking together, and having singled out the L. of Tame, told him that the cause of his coming was to be resolved, whether there were any secret plot intended against her grace that night or no? and if there were, that he and his fellows might know it, for they should account themselves happy to lose their lives in her rescue. The Lord of Tame nobly replied that all such feares were needlesse, for if any such thing were attempted, he and all his followers would spend their blouds in her defence.”—Page 153.

PAGE 37.

“[BENINGFIELD *takes a book and looks into it*.

“*Bening*. What has she written here?”

“Before her departure from Woodstocke, having private notice that one M. Edmond Tremaine and M. Smithweeke were on the racke, and strictly urged to have accused her innocence, at her remove from thence shee wrote these two verses with her diamond in a glasse window:

‘Much suspected by me,
Nothing proved can be,

‘Quoth Elizabeth, Prisoner.’

Immediately after, order came down to bring her up to Court.”—Page 188.

PAGE 40.

“*Winch.* Fellow, what then?—This warrant that concerns The Princess’ death shuffle amongst the rest :
He’ll ne’er peruse’ t.”

“In the interim, a warrant came downe, under seale, for her execution. Gardiner was the onely Dædalus and inventor of the engine ; but Master Bridges had the honour of her delivery ; for he no sooner received the warrant, but, mistrusting false play, presently made hast to the Queen. Shee was no sooner informed, but renounced the least knowledge thereof, called Gardiner and others whom she suspected before her, blamed them for their inhumane usage of her, and tooke advice for her better security ; and thus was Achitophel’s bloody device prevented.”—Page 146.

PAGE 44.

“*Queen.* Call the Princess !

“*[Exeunt for the Princess. PHILIP behind the arras.]*”

“At last, after many letters written, long suite, and great friends made, she was admitted to the presence of the Queene, whose face in two years and more she had not seene. King Philip having before mediated for her, and placed himselfe, unknowne to the Queene, behind the hangings of Arras, on purpose to heare the discourse, her grace, about ten of the clocke at night, was sent for into the presence King Philip, having privately overheard the conference, was now fully settled in a good opinion of her loyalty.”—Page 197.

PAGE 54.

“*Sennet about the stage in order. The Mayor of London meets them.*

“*Mayor.* I from this city, London, do present
This purse and Bible to your Majesty,” &c.

“But being come to the Little Conduit in Cheape, shee perceived an offer of Love, and demanded what it might signify? One told her Grace that there was placed Time. ‘Time, Time!’ (said shee) ‘and Time, I praise my God, hath brought me hither. But what is that other with the Booke?’ She was resolved that it was Truth, the daughter of Time, presenting the Bible in English, whereunto she answered, ‘I thanke the

Citie for this guift above all the rest: it is a Booke which I will often and often read over.' Then she commanded Sir John Perrot, one of the Knights that held up the Canopie, to go and receive the Bible; but being informed that it was to bee let downe unto her by a silken string, shee commanded him to stay. In the interim, a Purse of gold was presented by the Recorder, in the behalfe of the City, which shee received with her owne hand."—Page 234.

Heywood was not born at the time when Elizabeth came to the throne, but George Whetstone, a poet and prose writer of eminence, was perhaps an eye-witness of the ceremonial of the Queen's passage through Cheapside; and in his "English Myrrour," 1586, a work of much learning and interest, with many minute points of history, he thus speaks of the event above recorded:

"Her majestie was in Cheape side presented with the holy Bible in English, which she reverently kissed and thankfully received, as hir spirituall comfort, her temporall crosse, and godly counsellor. The Maior of London presented her majesty a thousand marks in a pursse, with humble petition that she would continue their good lady: she gave answer, that if need required, she would willingly spend her blood in their defence, which magnanimous saying all her after actions declared."—Book II., p. 132.

The notes we have appended to the first part, "If You know not Me, You know Nobody, or the Troubles of Queen Elizabeth," will supply other necessary information, and serve farther to show the great incompleteness of the play. Not a few other dramas of the time are in the same condition, beginning with Marlowe's "Massacre at Paris," and coming down to Dekker and Webster's "History of Sir Thomas Wyat." In the interval of about twenty years between these two dramas others were published, which,

like them, must have been printed from short-hand notes; and we consider it a point, now established beyond contradiction, that one of them was the unique edition of "Hamlet," in 1603, the property of the Duke of Devonshire.

Only a few words remain to be said, in explanation of the pages which conclude our present volume. They are cancels for Heywood's play, "A Woman killed with Kindness," which formed part of our last issue, in execution of our undertaking to complete an edition of the dramatic works of that poet. Our readers are aware, that that drama was unavoidably taken from "the third edition," although we were able to state, of our own knowledge, that a copy of the *first* edition once existed. When we reprinted "A Woman killed with Kindness," the great supplemental manuscript catalogue of books in the British Museum, in 153 volumes, had not been placed upon the shelves of the Reading-Room; and on taking down letter H, not very long after it was made accessible, we were surprised to see that it contained the first edition of which we had been in search for twenty years. It had been in the Museum since the date of Mr. Bright's sale, and we might have searched for it perhaps twenty years longer, had not recent circumstances occasioned the speedy preparation of the catalogue of the works acquired by our national library during the last four or five years.

The discovery of this original edition of 1607 has shown that not a few errors of importance had crept into the later impression of 1617; and to cure these

unavoidable defects, for which we, at least, were not to blame, the cancels have been rendered necessary. We have availed ourselves of this opportunity of correcting one or two mistakes for which we are responsible, but which those who are at all acquainted with the difficulty of editing old plays will be prepared to excuse.

J. P. C.

A peal of Chambers.

[The following is the conclusion of the *second part* of "If You know not Me, You know Nobody," as it stands in the editions of 1606, 1609, and 1623. The edition of 1609 has the woodcut of Queen Elizabeth upon the title-page, which is not the case with the edition of 1606; and it is not found on the title-page of the edition of 1633, from which the last part of the drama is printed in the body of our volume.]

Enter Queen, HUNSDON, LEICESTER, Drum, Colours, and Soldiers.

Queen. A stand, there, lords! Whence comes this sound of shot?

Leic. Please it, your majesty, 'tis thought the fleet
Lately discover'd by your subject Fleming,
Riding along the coasts of France and Dunkirk,
Is met and fought with by your Admiral.

Queen. Heaven prosper his proceedings! Hark, my lord;

Still it increaseth. Oh, had God and nature
Given us proportion man-like to our mind,
We'd not stand here, fenc'd in a wall of arms,
But have been present in these sea alarms.

Huns. Your royal resolution hath created
New spirits in your soldiers' breasts, and made
Of one man three.

Enter a Post.

Queen. Make way, there!—What's the news?

Post. Your royal fleet bids battle to the Spaniards,
Whose number, with the advantage of the wind,
Gives them great odds; but the undaunted worth

And well known valour of your Admiral,
Sir Francis Drake, and Martin Frobisher,
Give us assured hope of victory.

Queen. Where did the royal navies first encounter?

Post. From Dover cliffs we might discern them join,
But such a cloud of smoke environ'd them,
We could discover naught of their proceedings;
For the great Spanish fleet had wind and tide.
God and good hearts stand on your Grace's side.

Queen. There's for thy news.—He that first lent me
breath,

Stand in the right of wrong'd Elizabeth.

Omnes. God and his angels for Elizabeth.

Enter another Post.

Queen. Welcome, a' God's name! What's the news,
my friend?—

Alas, good man, his looks speak for his tongue.—
How stands the sea fight?

Post. Most contrarious.

The Spanish fleet, cast in a warlike rank,
Like a half moon, or to a full bent bow,
Wait for advantage: when, amongst the rest,
Sir Martin Frobisher, blinded with smoke,
And fir'd in heart with emulating honour,
Gave the proud Spaniard a broadside of shot:
But being within the compass of their danger,
The distant corners of the crippled fleet
Circled him round. This valiant Frobisher,
With all his brave and gallant followers,
Are folded in death's arms.

Queen. If he survive,
He shall be nobly ransom'd: if he die,
He lives an honour to his nation.—
How fares our Admiral?

Post. Bravely he fights;
Directs with judgment, and with heedful care
Offends the foe. England ne'er bred
Men that at sea fight better managed.

Queen. It cheers my blood; and if my God be pleased,
For some neglected duty in ourself,
To punish us with loss of them at sea,
His will be done: yet will we pray for them.
If they return, ourself will be the first
Will bid them welcome.—What says valiant Leicester?
Thou wilt not leave me, wilt thou? Dostst thou look
pale?—

What says old Hunsdon?—Nay; I'll speak thy part.
Thy hand, old Lord; I am sure I have thy heart.

[*A noise within, crying, "A Frobisher!"*]

Enter a Captain.

Queen. Then, let both heart and hand
Be bravely used, in honour of our land.—
Before thou speak'st, take that: if he be dead,
A Queen will see his funeral honoured.

Cap. When the foes' ships
Had grasp'd his ships within a steelly girdle,
The valiant Captain, overcharg'd with her,
Having no room for cowardice or fear,
Gave all his ordinance a gallant charge,
Cheer'd up his soldiers, mann'd up his fights,
And standing barehead bravely on the deck,
When dangerous shot, as thick as April hail,
Dropp'd by his ears, he wav'd his warlike sword,
And, with a bold defiance to the foe,
The watchword given, his ordinance let fly
With such a fury, that it broke their ranks,
Shatter'd their sides, and made their warlike ships
Like drunkards reel, and tumble side to side.

But to conclude, such was the will of Heaven,
 And the true spirit of that gentleman,
 That, being thought hopeless to be preserved,
 Yet, in war's despite, and all the Spaniards' scoff,
 He brought his ship and soldiers bravely off.

Queen. War's spite, indeed ! and we, to do him right,
 The ship he sail'd in, fought in, call Warspite.—
 Now, noble soldiers, rouse your hearts, like me,
 To noble resolution : if any here
 There be that love us not, or harbour fear,
 We give him liberty to leave our camp
 Without displeasure.
 Our army's royal, so be equal our hearts ;
 For with the meanest here I'll spend my blood,
 And so to lose it count my only good.—
 A march ! lead on ! we'll meet the worst can fall :
 A maiden Queen will be your General.

*They march one way out. At the other door, Enter
 Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, with colours and ensigns taken
 from the Spaniards.*

What mean these Spanish ensigns, in the hands
 Of English subjects ?

Drake. Honourable Queen,
 They show that Spaniards' lives are in the hands
 Of England's sovereign.

Queen England's God be prais'd !
 But prithee, Drake—for well I know thy name,
 And I'll not be unmindful of thy worth—
 Briefly rehearse the danger of the battle.
 Till Furbisher was rescued we have heard.

Drake. The danger after that was worse than then.
 Valour a' both sides strove to rise with honour :
 As is a pair of balance, once made even,
 So stood the day, inclin'd to neither side.

Sometimes we yielded ; but like a ram
That makes returnment to redouble strength,
Then forc'd them yield ; when our Lord Admiral
Following the chase, Pedro, their Admiral,
With many knights and captains of account,
Were by his noble deeds ta'en prisoners,
And under his conduct are safely kept,
And are by this time landed at St. Margaret's :
From whence they mean to march along by land,
And at St. James' he'll greet your Majesty.
These Spanish ensigns, tokens of our conquest,
Our captains took from off their batter'd ships.
Such as stood out, we sunk ; such as submitted,
Tasted our English mercy, and survive,
Vassals and prisoners to your sovereignty.

Queen. Next under God your valours have the praise !
Dismiss our camp, and tread a royal march
Towards St. James', where, in martial order,
We'll meet and parley our Lord Admiral,
And set a ransom of his prisoners.
As for those ensigns, see them safely kept ;
And give commandment to the Dean of Paul's
He not forget, in his next learned sermon,
To celebrate this conquest at Paul's Cross ;
And to the audience in our name declare
Our thanks to Heaven in universal prayer :
For, tho' our enemies be overthrown,
'Tis by the hand of Heaven, and not our own.
On ! sound a call !—Now, loving countrymen,
Subjects, and fellow soldiers, that have left
Your weeping wives, your goods, and children,
And laid your lives upon the edge of death,
For good of England and Elizabeth,
We thank you all. Those that for us would bleed,
Shall find us kind to them, and to their seed.

We here dismiss you, and dismiss our camp.
Again we thank you: pleaseth God we live,
A greater recompence than thanks we'll give.

All. Our lives and livings for Elizabeth!

Queen. Thanks; general thanks.—

Towards London march we to a peaceful throne:
We wish no wars, yet we must guard our own.

[*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

IF YOU KNOW NOT ME,
YOU KNOW NO BODIE;

OR

The troubles of Queene ELIZABETH.



AT LONDON,
Printed for Nathaniel Butter. 1605.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

PHILIP of Spain.
GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.
Constable of the Tower.
Lord Chamberlain.
SUSSEX.
TAME.
CHANDOS.
HOWARD.
Sir HENRY BENINGFIELD.
Sir HENRY CAREW.
Sir JOHN BROCKET.
Sir WILLIAM SENTLOW.
GRESHAM.
Lord Mayor, &c., of London.
GAGE.
DODDS.
BARWICK.
Doctors OWINE and WENDITH.
Sergeant Trumpeter.
Pursuivant.
Clown.
Englishman and Spaniard.
Cardinal POLE (in the Dumb Show).

MARY, Queen of England.
Princess ELIZABETH.
CLARENTIA.

Gentlemen, Gentlewomen, Soldiers, Servants, Attendants, Three
Poor Men, Cook, Pantler, Boy, &c.

¹ Not prefixed to the old editions.

IF YOU KNOW NOT ME, YOU KNOW
NOBODY;

OR,

THE TROUBLES OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

I *Enter SUSSEX and Lord Chamberlain.*

Suss. Good morrow, my good Lord Chamberlain.

L. Cham. Many good morrows to my good Lord of
Sussex.

Suss. Who's with the Queen, my lord?

L. Cham. The Cardinal of Winchester, the Lord
of Tame, the good Lord Chandos; and, besides, Lord
Howard, Sir Henry Beningsfield, and divers others.

Suss. A word, my lord, in private.

Enter TAME and CHANDOS.

Chand. Touching the Queen, my lord, who now sits
high,
What thinks the realm of Philip, th' Emperor's son,
A marriage by the Council treated of?

Tame. Pray God 't prove well.

Suss. Good morrow, lords.

Tame. Good morrow, my good Lord of Sussex.

Chand. I cry your honour's mercy.

L. Cham. Good morrow to the Lords of Tame and
Chandos.

Tame. The like to you, my lord. As you were
speaking——

Enter Lord HOWARD and Sir HENRY BENINGFIELD.

Bening. Concerning Wyat and the Kentish rebels,
Their overthrow is past : the rebel dukes,
That sought by all means to proclaim Queen Jane,
Chiefly Northumberland, for Guilford's sake
He forc'd his brother duke into that war ;
But each one had his merit ——

How. Oh, my lord,
The law proceeded 'gainst their great offence,
And 'tis not well, since they have suffered judgment,
That we should raise their scandal, being dead :
'Tis impious, not by true judgment bred.

Suss. Good morrow, my lord ; good morrow, good
Sir Henry.

Bening. Pardon, my lord, I saw you not till now.

L. Cham. Good morrow, good Lord Howard.

How. Your honours. The like to you, my lords.

Tame. With all my heart, Lord Howard.

L. Cham. Forward, I pray.

Suss. The Suffolk men, my lord, were to the Queen
The very stairs by which she did ascend :
She's greatly bound unto them for their loves.

Enter Cardinal of Winchester.

Winch. Good morrow, Lords. Attend the Queen into
the presence.

Suss. Your duties, lords. [*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter TAME bearing the purse, CHANDOS the mace,
HOWARD the sceptre, SUSSEX the crown : then, the
Queen ; after her GARDINER, SENTLOW, GAGE, and
attendants.*

Queen. By God's assistance, and the power of Heaven,
We are instated in our brother's throne ;

And all those powers that warr'd against our right,
By help of Heaven and your friendly aid,
Dispers'd and fled, here we may sit secure.
Our heart is joyful, lords; our peace is pure.

Enter DODDS.

Dodds. I do beseech your majesty, peruse
This poor petition.

Queen. Oh, Master Dodds,
We are indebted to you for your love.
You stood us in great stead, even in our ebb
Of fortune, when our hopes were near declined,
And when our state did bear the lowest sail,
Which we have reason to requite, we know.—
Read his petition, my good Lord Cardinal.

Dodds. Oh, gracious sovereign! let my lord, the
duke,
Have the perusing of it,
Or any other that is near your grace.
He will be to our suit an opposite.

Winch. And reason, fellow.—Madam,
Here is a large recital and upbraiding
Of your highness' sovereignty: the Suffolk men,
That lifted you to the throne, and here possess'd you,
Claim your promise you made to them about religion.

Dodds. True, gracious sovereign;
But that we do upbraid your majesty,
Or make recital of our deeds forepast,
Other than conscience, honesty, and zeal,
By love, by faith, and by our duty bound
To you, the true and next successive heir,
If you contrary this, I needs must say,
Your skillless tongue doth make our well-tun'd words
Jar in the Prince's ears; and of our text
You make a wrong construction. Gracious Queen,

Your humble subjects prostrate in my mouth
 A general suit: when we first flock'd to you,
 And made first head with you at Framlingham,
 'Twas thus concluded, that we, your liegemen,
 Should still enjoy our consciences, and use
 That faith which in King Edward's days was held
 Canonical.

Winch. May't please your highness, note
 The commons' insolence: they tie you to conditions,
 And set limits to your liking.

Queen. They shall know
 To whom their faithful duties they do owe:
 Since they, the limbs, the head would seek to sway,
 Before they govern, they shall learn t'obey.
 See it severely order'd, Winchester.

Winch. Away with him! it shall be thoroughly
 scann'd;
 And you upon the pillory three days stand.

[*Exit DODDS.*]

Bening. Has not your sister, gracious Queen, a hand
 In these petitions? Well your highness knows,
 She is a favourite of these heretics.

Winch. And well remember'd. Is't not probable
 That she in Wyat's expedition,
 And other insurrection lately quell'd,
 Was a confederate? If your highness
 Will your own estate preserve, you must
 Foresee fore danger, and cut off all such
 As would your safety prejudice.

Bening. Such is your sister, a mere opposite
 To us in our opinion; and, besides,
 She's next successive, should your majesty
 Die issueless, which Heaven defend.

Omnes. Which Heaven defend.

Bening. The state of our religion would decline.

Queen. My lords of Tame and Chandos,
You two shall have a firm commission seal'd
To fetch our sister, young Elizabeth,
From Ashridge, where she lies, and with a band
Of armed soldiers to conduct her up
To London, where we will hear her.

Sent. Gracious Queen,
She only craves but to behold your face,
That she might clear herself
Of all supposed treason, still protesting
She is as true a subject to your grace,
As lives this day.

Winch. Do you not hear with what a saucy impudence
This Sentlow here presumes?

Queen. Away with him! I'll teach him know his
place ; [Exit SENTLOW.
To frown when we frown, smile on whom we grace.

Winch. 'Twill be a means to keep the rest in awe,
Making their sovereign's brow to them a law.

Queen. All those that seek our sister's cause to favour,
Let them be lodged.

Winch. Young Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, seems
chiefly
To affect her faction.

Queen. Commit him to the Tower,
Till time affords us and our Council breathing space.—
[A horn within.

Whence is that Post?

Enter Lord Constable, with letters.

Const. My sovereign, it is from Southampton.

Queen. Our secretary, unseal them,
And return us present answer of the contents.
What's the main business?

[She speaks to the Lord Constable.

Const. That Philip, Prince of Spain,
Son to the Emperor, is safely arrived,
And landed at Southampton.

Queen. Prepare to meet him, lords, with all our pomp.

How. Prepare you, lords, with our fair Queen to ride;
And his high princely state let no man hide.

Queen. Set forward, lords: this sudden news is sweet;
Two royal lovers on the mid way meet. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Master GAGE and a Gentlewoman.

Gage. Good morrow, mistress. Came you from the
Princess?

Gentlew. Master Gage, I did.

Gage. How fares her grace?

Gentlew. Oh, wondrous crazy, gentle Master Gage.
Her sleeps are all unquiet, and her head
Beats, and grows giddy with continual grief.

Gage. God grant her comfort, and release her pain.
So good a lady few on earth remain.

Enter the Clown.

Clown. Oh, arm! arm! arm!

Gage. How now! what's the matter?

Clown. Oh Lord! the house is beset: soldiers are as
hot as fire, are ready to enter every hole about the
house; for as I was a'top of the stack, the sound of the
drum ~~hit~~ me such a box on the ear, that I came tum-
bling down the stack, with a thousand billets a'top on
me. Look about, and help, for God's sake!

Gage. Heaven guard the Princess! grant that all be
well!

This drum, I fear, will prove her passing bell.

Enter TAME and CHANDOS, with Soldiers, drum, &c.

Tame. Where's the Princess?

Gage. Oh, my honour'd lords,
 May I presume with reverence to ask
 What mean these arms? Why do you thus begirt
 A poor weak lady, near at point of death.

Chand. Resolve the Princess we must speak with her.

Gentlew. My lords,
 Know, there is no admittance to her presence
 Without the leave first granted from herself.

Tame. Go, tell her we must, and will.

Gentlew. I'll certify so much. [Exit.

Gage. My lords, as you are honourably born,
 As you did love her father, or her brother,
 As you do owe allegiance to the Queen,
 In pity of her weakness and low state,
 With best of favour her commiserate.

Re-enter Gentlewoman.

Gentlew. Her grace entreats you but to stay till morn,
 And then your message shall be heard at full.

Chand. 'Tis from the Queen, and we will speak with
 her.

Gentlew. I'll certify so much.

Tame. It shall not need.—Press after her, my lord.

*Enter ELIZABETH, in her bed. Doctor OWINE and
 Doctor WENDITH.*

Eliz. We are not pleas'd with your intrusion, lords.
 Is your haste such, or your affairs so urgent,
 That suddenly, and at this time of night,
 You press on me, and will not stay till morn?

Tame. Sorry we are, sweet lady, to behold you
 In this sad plight.

Eliz. And I, my lords, not glad.
 My heart, oh, how it beats!

Chand. Madam,

Our message, and our duty from our Queen,
We come to tender you. It is her pleasure
That you, the seventh day of this month, appear
At Westminster.

Eliz. At Westminster? My lords, no soul more
glad than I

To do my duty to her majesty;
But I am sorry at the heart.—My heart!
Good doctor, raise me. Oh, my heart!—I hope, my
lords,

Considering my extremity and weakness,
You will dispense a little with your haste.

Tame. Doctor Owine and Doctor Wendith,
You are the Queen's physicians, truly sworn
On your allegiance:

As before her highness you will answer it,
Speak, may the Princess be remov'd with life?

Dr. Ow. Not without danger, lords, yet without
death.

Her fever is not mortal; yet you see
Into what danger it hath brought the Princess.

Chand. Is your opinion so?

Dr. Wend. My judgment is,
Not deadly, but yet dangerous.
No sooner shall she come to take the air
But she will faint; and, if not well prepared
And attended, her life is in much danger.

Tame. Madam, we take no pleasure to deliver
So strict a message.

Eliz. Nor I, my lords, to hear
A message delivered with such strictness.
Well, must I go?

Chand. So says the Queen.

Eliz. Why, then, it must be so.

Tame. To-morrow, early, then, you must prepare.

Eliz. 'Tis many a morrow since my feeble legs
 Felt this my body's weight.—Oh, I shall faint!
 And if I taste the rawness of the air,
 I am but dead; indeed, I am but dead.
 'Tis late: conduct these lords unto their chambers,
 And cheer them well, for they have journied hard,
 Whilst we prepare us for to-morrow's journey.

Chand. Madam, the Queen hath sent her litter for
 you.

Eliz. The Queen is kind, and we will strive with
 death

To tender her our life.

We are her subject, and obey her hest.

Good night: we wish you what we want—good rest.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter Queen MARY, PHILIP, and all the Nobles but
 TAME and CHANDOS.*

Queen. Thus, in the face of Heaven, and broad eye
 Of all the multitude,

We give a welcome to the Spanish Prince.—
 Those plausive shouts, which give you entertain,
 Echo as much to the Almighty's ears,
 And there they sound with pleasure, that excels
 The clamorous trumpets and loud ringing bells.

Phil. Thrice excellent and ever gracious Princess,
 Doubly famous for virtue and for beauty,
 We embrace
 Your large-stretch'd honours with the arms of love.
 Our royal marriage, treated first in heaven,
 To be solemniz'd here, both by God's voice
 And by our love's consent, we thus embrace.
 Now Spain and England, two populous kingdoms
 That have a long time been oppos'd

In hostile emulation, shall be at one.

This shall be Spanish England, ours English Spain.

[*Flourish.*

Queen. Hark the redoubling echoes of the people !
How it proclaims their loves, and welcome to this
union.

Phil. Then, here, before the pillars of the land,
We do embrace and make a public contract.
Our souls are joyful : then, bright heaven, smile,
Whilst we proclaim our new-united style.

Queen. Read, Sussex.

Suss. (reads). "Philip and Mary, by the grace of
God, King and Queen of England, Spain, France, and
Ireland ; King and Queen of Naples, Sicilia, Leon, and
Arragon ; Arch-duke and Duchess of Austria, Bur-
gundy, of Brabant, Zealand, of Holland : Prince and
Princess of Sweave ; Count and Countess of Has-
burghe, Marlorca, Sardinia, of the firm land and the
main ocean-sea ; Palatines of Jerusalem, of Hainault ;
Lord and Lady of Freezland, and of the Isles ; and
Governor and Governess of all Africa and Asia."

Omnes. Long live the King and Queen ! [*Flourish.*

King and Qu. We thank you all.

L. Const. When please your highness to solemnize
this your nuptials ?

Queen. The twenty-fifth day of this month, July.

Phil. It likes us well. But, royal Queen, we want
One lady at this high solemnity :
We have a sister call'd Elizabeth,
Whose virtues, and endowments of the mind,
Have filled the ears of Spain.

Winch. Great are the causes, now too long to say,
Why she, my sovereign, should be kept away.

Const. The Lords of Tame and Chandos are re-
turned.

Enter TAME and CHANDOS, and GAGE.

Queen. How fares our sister? Is she come along?

Tame. We found the Princess sick, and in great danger;

Yet did we urge our strict commission:

She much entreated that she might be spared

Until her health and strength might be restored.

Chand. Two of your highness' doctors we then called,
And charged them, as they would answer it,

To tell the truth, if that our journey's toil

Might be no prejudice unto her life,

Or if we might with safety bring her thence.

They answered, that we might. We did so.

Here she is, to do her duty to your majesty.

Queen. Let her attend: we will find a time to hear her.

Phil. But, royal Queen, yet, for her virtues' sake,
Deem her offences, if she have offended,
With all the lenity a sister can.

Queen. My Lord of Winchester, my Lord of Sussex,
Lords Howard, Tame, and Chandos,
Take you commission to examine her
Of all supposed crimes.—So, to our nuptials.

Phil. What festival more royal hath been seen,
Than 'twixt Spain's Prince, and England's royal Queen?

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ELIZABETH, her Gentlewoman, and three household Servants.

Eliz. Is not my gentleman-usher yet returned?

Gentlew. Madam, not yet.

Eliz. O, God! my fear hath been
Good physic; but the Queen's displeasure, that
Hath cur'd my body's imperfection,

Hath made my heart sick, brain sick, and sick even to death.

What are you?

I Serv. Your household officers and humble servants,
Who, now your house, fair Princess, is dissolved,
And quite broke up, come to attend your grace.

Eliz. We thank you, and are more indebted to your loves

Than we have power or virtue to requite.

Alas! I am all the Queen's, yet nothing of myself;

But God and innocence,

Be you my patrons, and defend my cause.—

Why weep you, gentlemen?

Cook. Not for ourselves: men are not made to weep
At their own fortunes. Our eyes are made of fire;
And to extract water from fire is hard.

Nothing but such a Princess' grief as yours,
So good a lady, and so beautiful, so absolute a mistress,
And perfect, as you ever have been,
Have power to do't: your sorrow makes us sad.

Eliz. My innocence yet makes my heart as light
As my front's heavy. All that Heaven sends is welcome.
Gentlemen, divide these few crowns amongst you:
I am now a prisoner, and shall want nothing.
I have some friends about her majesty
That are providing for me all things, all things;
Ay, even my grave; and being possess'd of that,
I shall need nothing. Weep not, I pray;
Rather, you should rejoice. If I miscarry
In this enterprise, and you ask why,
A virgin and a martyr both I die.

Enter GAGE.

Gage. He that first gave you life, protect that life
From those that wish your death.

Eliz. What's my offence? who be my accusers?

Gage. Madam, that the Queen and Winchester best know.

Eliz. What says the Queen unto my late petition?

Gage. You are denied that grace:

Her majesty will not admit you conference.

Sir William Sentlow, urging that motion,

Was first committed, since sent to the Tower.

Madam, in brief, your foes are the Queen's friends,

Your friends her foes.

Six of the Council are this day appointed

To examine you of certain articles.

Eliz. They shall be welcome. My God, in whom I trust,

Will help, deliver, save, defend the just.

Enter WINCHESTER, SUSSEX, HOWARD, TAME,
CHANDOS, *and Constable.*

Suss. All forbear this place, unless the Princess.

Winch. Madam,

We from the Queen are join'd in full commission.

[*They sit: she kneels.*]

Suss. By your favour, good my lord,

Ere you proceed.—Madam, although this place

Doth tie you to this reverence, it becomes not,

You being a Princess, to deject your knee.—

A chair there!

Eliz. My duty with my fortunes doth agree,

And to the Queen, in you, I bend my knee.

Suss. You shall not kneel where Sussex sits in place.—

The chamber-keeper! A chair, there, for her grace!

Winch. Madam, perhaps you censure hardly

That was enforc'd in this commission.

Eliz. Know you your own guilt, my good Lord
Chancellor,

That you accuse yourself? I think not so :
I am of this mind—no man is my foe.

Winch. Madam,

I would you would submit unto her highness.

Eliz. Submit, my Lord of Winchester! 'Tis fit
That none but base offenders should submit.
No, no, my lord: I easily spy your drift :
Having nothing whereon you can accuse me,
Do seek to have myself myself betray ;
So by myself my own blood should be spilt.
Confess submission, I confess a guilt.

Tame. What answer you to Wyat's late rebellion?
Madam, 'tis thought that you did set them on.

Eliz. Who is't will say so? Men may much sus-
pect,

But yet, my lord, none can my life detect.
I a confederate with those Kentish rebels !
If I e'er saw, or sent to them, let the Queen take my
head.

Hath not proud Wyat suffer'd for his offence?
And in the purging both of soul and body for Heaven,
Did Wyat then accuse Elizabeth?

Suss. Madam, he did not.

Eliz. My reverend lord, I know it.

How. Madam, he would not.

Eliz. Oh, my good lord, he could not.

Suss. The same day

Throgmorton was arraign'd in the Guildhall,
It was impos'd on him, whether this Princess
Had a hand with him, or no: he did deny it—
Clear'd her fore his death, yet accus'd others.

Eliz. My God be praised !

This is news but of a minute old.

Chand. What answer you to Sir Peter Carew, in the West—

The Western rebels?

Eliz. Ask the unborn infant: see what that will answer;

For that and I are both alike in guilt.

Let not by rigour innocent blood be spilt.

Winch. Come, madam; answer briefly to these treasons.

Eliz. Treason, my lord! If it be treason
To be the daughter to the eighth Henry,
Sister to Edward, and the next of blood
Unto my gracious sovereign, now the Queen,
I am a traitor: if not, I spit at treason.
In Henry's reign, this law could not have stood.
Oh, God! that we should suffer for our blood!

Const. Madam,
The Queen must hear you sing another song,
Before you part with us.

Eliz. My God doth know,
I can no note but truth; that with heaven's King
One day in choirs of angels I shall sing.

Winch. Then, madam, you'll not submit?

Eliz. My life I will, but not as guilty.
My lords, let pale offenders pardon crave:
If we offend, law's rigour let us have.

Winch. You are stubborn.—Come, let's certify the Queen.

Tame. Room for the lords, there! [*Exeunt Council.*]

Eliz. Thou Power Eternal, Innocents' just guide,
That sways the sceptre of all monarchies,
Protect the guiltless from these ravening jaws,
That hideous death present by tyrants' laws:
And as my heart is known to thee most pure,
Grant me release, or patience to endure!

Enter GAGE and Servants.

Gage. Madam, we, your poor, humble servants,
Made bold to press into your grace's presence,
To know how your cause goes.

Eliz. Well, well; I thank my God, well.
How can a cause go ill with innocents?
For they to whom wrongs in this world are done,
Shall be rewarded in the world to come.

Re-enter the six Councillors.

Winch. It is the pleasure of her majesty,
That you be straight committed to the Tower.

Eliz. The Tower! For what?

Winch. Moreover, all your household servants
We have discharg'd, except this gentleman, your usher,
And this gentlewoman: thus did the Queen command.
And for your guard, an hundred northern white-
coats

Are appointed to conduct you thither.
To-night, unto your chamber: to-morrow, early,
Prepare you for the Tower. Your barge stands ready
To conduct you thither. [*She kneels.*]

Eliz. Oh, God, my heart! A prisoner in the Tower?
Speak to the Queen, my lords, that some other place
May lodge her sister; that's too vile, too base.

Suss. Come, my lords, let's all join in one petition to
the Queen,
That she may not be lodg'd within the Tower.

Winch. My lord, you know it is in vain;
For the Queen's sentence is definitive,
And we must see't perform'd.

Eliz. Then, to our chamber, comfortless and sad:
To-morrow to the Tower—that fatal place,
Where I shall ne'er behold the sun's bright face.

Suss. Now, God forbid! a better hap Heaven send.
Thus men may mourn for what they cannot mend.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter three white-coat Soldiers, with a jack of beer.

1 *Sold.* Come, my masters, you know your charge.
'Tis now about eleven: here we must watch till morning, and then carry the Princess to the Tower.

2 *Sold.* How shall we spend the time till morning?

3 *Sold.* Mass, we'll drink, and talk of our friends.

2 *Sold.* Ay, but, my friend, do not talk of State matters.

1 *Sold.* Not I: I'll not meddle with the State. I hope this a man may say, without offence—prithee, drink to me.

3 *Sold.* With all my heart, i'faith: this a man might lawfully speak. But now, faith, what wast about to say?

1 *Sold.* Mass, I say this—that the Lady Elizabeth is both a lady and Elizabeth; and if I should say she were a virtuous princess, were there any harm in that?

2 *Sold.* No, by my troth, there's no harm in that. But beware of talking of the Princess. Let's meddle with our kindred; there we may be bold.

1 *Sold.* Well, sirs, I have two sisters, and the one loves the other, and would not send her to prison for a million. Is there any harm in this? I'll keep myself within compass, I warrant you; for I do not talk of the Queen: I talk of my sisters. I'll keep myself within my compass, I warrant you.

3 *Sold.* Ay, sir; but that word sister goes hardly down.

1 *Sold.* Why, sir, I hope a man may be bold with his own. I learned that of the Queen. I'll keep myself within compass, I'll warrant you.

2 *Sold.* Ay, but, sir, why is the Princess committed?

1 *Sold.* It may be, she doth not know herself. It may be, the Queen knows not the cause. It may be, my Lord of Winchester does not know. It may be so: nothing's impossible to God. It may be, there's knavery in monkery: there's nothing impossible. Is there any harm in that?

2 *Sold.* Shoemaker, you go a little beyond your last.

1 *Sold.* Why? In saying nothing's impossible to God? I'll stand to it. For saying a truth's a truth? I'll prove it. For saying there may be knavery in monkery? I'll justify it. I do not say there is, but may be. I know what I know: he knows what he knows. Marry, we know not what every man knows.

3 *Sold.* My masters, we have talk'd so long, that I think 'tis day.

1 *Sold.* I think so too.—Is there any harm in all this?

2 *Sold.* No harm i' th' world.

3 *Sold.* And I think by this time the Princess is ready to take her barge.

1 *Sold.* Come, then, let's go. Would all were well. Is there any harm in all this? but, alas! Wishes and tears have both one property; They show their love that want the remedy.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter WINCHESTER and BENINGFIELD.

Winch. Did you not mark what a piteous eye she
cast

To the Queen's window, as she pass'd along?
Fain she would have stay'd, but that I caused
The bargemen to make haste and row away.

Bening. The bargemen were too desperate, my lord,
In staying till the water was so low;
For then, you know, being underneath the bridge,

The barge's stern did strike upon the ground,
And was in danger to have drown'd us all.

Winch. Well, she hath scap'd that danger. Would
she but

Conform herself in her opinion,
She only might rely upon my love,
To win her to the favour of the Queen.

Bening. But that will never be: this is my censure;
If she be guilty in the least degree,
May all her wrongs survive and light on her:
If other ways, that she be clear'd. Thus, both ways
I wish her down, or else her state to raise.

Enter SUSSEX, TAME, HOWARD, CHANDOS, *and* GAGE.

Suss. Why doth the Princess keep her barge so
long?

Why lands she not? Some one go see the cause.

Gage. That shall be my charge, my lord.

[*Exit* GAGE.]

Suss. Oh, me! my lords, her state is wondrous
hard.

I've seen the day my hand I'd not have lent
To bring my sovereign's sister to the Tower.
Good my lords, stretch your commission
To do this Princess but some little favour.

Chand. My lord, my lord,
Let not the love we bear the Princess
Incur the Queen's displeasure: 'tis no dallying with
Matters of State. Who dares gainsay the Queen?

Suss. Marry a God, not I; no, no, not I:
Yet who shall hinder these my eyes to sorrow
For her sorrow? By God's marry dear,
That the Queen could not, though herself were here.
My lords, my lords, if it were held foul treason
To grieve for her hard usage, by my soul,

My eyes would hardly prove me a true subject.
 But 'tis the Queen's pleasure, and we must obey;
 But I shall mourn, should the King and Queen say nay.

Re-enter GAGE.

Gage. My grieved mistress humbly thus entreats,
 For to remove back to the common stairs,
 And not to land where traitors put to shore.
 Some difference she entreats your honours make
 'Twixt crystal fountains and foul, muddy springs;
 'Twixt those that are condemned by the law,
 And those whom treason's stain did never blemish.
 Thus she attends your answer; and sits still,
 Whilst her wet eyes full many a tear did spill.

Suss. Marry a God, 'tis true, and 'tis no reason.—
 Launch, bargeman!—

Good lady land where traitors use to land,
 And 'fore her guilt be prov'd? God's marry, no,
 An the Queen wills it that it should be so.

Chand. My lord, you must look into our commis-
 sion.

No favours granted, she of force must land:
 'Tis a decree which we cannot withstand.

So tell her, Master Gage. [*Exit GAGE.*

Suss. As good a lady as e'er England bred.
 Would he that caus'd this woe had lost his head!

*Enter GAGE, ELIZABETH, and CLARENTIA, her Gentle-
 woman.*

Gage. Madam, you have stepp'd too short, into the
 water:

Eliz. No matter where I tread.

Would where I set my foot there lay my head!
 Land traitor like? My foot's wet in the flood;
 So shall my heart, ere long, be drench'd in blood.

Enter Constable.

Winch. Here comes the Constable of the Tower.—
This is your charge.

Const. And I receive my prisoner.—Come, will you go?

Eliz. Whither, my lord? unto a grate of iron,
Where grief and care my poor heart shall environ?
I am not well.

Suss. A chair for the Princess!

Const. Here's no chair for prisoners.
Come, will you see your chamber?

Eliz. Then, on this stone, this cold stone, will I sit.
I needs must say, you hardly me entreat,
When for a chair this hard stone is my seat.

Suss. My lord, you deal too cruelly with the Princess.
You knew her father; she's no stranger to you.

Tame. Madam, it rains.

Suss. Good lady, take my cloak.

Eliz. No; let it alone. See, gentlemen,
The piteous heavens weep tears into my bosom.
On this cold stone I sit, rain in my face;
But better here than in a worser place,
Where this bad man will lead me.
Clarentia, reach my book.
Now, lead me where you please, from sight of day,
Or in a dungeon I shall see to pray.

[*Exeunt* ELIZABETH, GAGE, CLARENTIA,
and Constable.]

Suss. Nay, nay, you need not lock and bolt so fast;
She is no starter.—Honourable lords,
Speak to the Queen she may have some release.

Re-enter Constable.

Const. So, so. Let me alone, let me alone to coop her.

I'll use her so, the Queen shall much commend
My diligent care.

How. Where have you left the Princess?

Const. Where she is safe enough, I warrant you.
I have not granted her the privilege
Of any walk or garden, or to ope
Her window's casements to receive the air.

Suss. My lord, my lord, you deal without respect,
And worse than your commission can maintain.

Const. My lord, I hope I know mine office well,
And better than yourself within this place:
Then, teach not me my duty. She shall be us'd so still;
The Queen commands, and I'll obey her will.

Suss. But if this time should alter, mark me well,
Could this be answer'd? Could it, fellow peers?
I think not so.

Const. Tush, tush! the Queen is young, likely to bear
Of her own body a more royal heir.

Re-enter GAGE.

Gage. My lords, the Princess humbly entreats,
That her own servants may bear up her diet.
A company of base, untutor'd slaves,
Whose hands did never serve a princess' board,
Do take that privilege.

Const. 'Twas my appointment, and it shall be so.

Suss. God's marry, dear, but it shall not be.
Lord Howard, join with me: we'll to the King.

Enter Soldiers, with dishes.

Gage. Stay, good my lords: for instance, see, they come.
If this be seemly, let your honours judge.

Suss. Come, come, my lords: why do you stay so long?
The Queen's high favour shall amend this wrong.

[*Exeunt omnes, præter Constable and GAGE.*]

Enter Soldiers, with more dishes. GAGE takes one from them.

Gage. Untutor'd slave, I'll ease thee of this burden.
Her highness scorns
To touch the dish her servants bring not up.

Const. Presume to touch the dish, I'll lodge thee there,
Where thou shalt see no sun for one whole year.

[Exeunt Constable and Soldiers.]

Gage. I would to God you would, in any place
Where I might live from thought of her disgrace !
Oh ! thou all-seeing heavens, with piteous eye
Look on the oppressions of their cruelty.
Let not thy truth by falsehood be oppress'd,
But let her virtues shine, and give her rest.
Confound the slights and practice of those men,
Whose pride does kick against the seat of Heaven.
Oh ! draw the curtains from their filthy sin,
And make them loathe the hell which they live in.
Prosper the Princess, and her life defend :
A glorious comfort to her troubles send.
If ever thou hadst pity, hear my prayer,
And give releasement to a Princess' care. *[Exit.]*

A DUMB SHOW.

Enter six, with torches. TAME and CHANDOS, bare-headed ; PHILIP and MARY after them ; then WINCHESTER, BENINGFIELD, and Attendants. At the other door, SUSSEX and HOWARD. SUSSEX delivers a petition to the King, the King receives it, shows it to the Queen ; she shows it to WINCHESTER and to BENINGFIELD ; they storm : the King whispers to SUSSEX, and raises him and HOWARD ; gives them the petition : they take their leaves, and depart. The King whispers a little to the Queen. Exeunt.

Enter Constable and GAGE.

Gage. The Princess thus entreats you, honour'd lord ;
She may but walk in the Lieutenant's garden,
Or else repose herself in the Queen's lodgings.
My honour'd lord, grant this, as you did love
The famous Henry, her deceased father.

Const. Come, talk not to me, for I am resolved
Nor lodging, garden, nor Lieutenant's walks,
Shall here be granted: she's a prisoner.

Gage. My lord, they shall.

Const. How shall they, knave?

Gage. If the Queen please, they shall.
A noble and right reverend councillor
Promis'd to beg it of her Majesty ;
And, if she say the word, my lord, she shall.

Const. Ay ; if she say the word, it shall be so.
My Lord of Winchester speaks the contrary ;
So do the clergy : they are honest men.

Gage. My honoured lord, why should you take delight
To torture a poor lady, innocent ?
The Queen, I know, when she shall hear of this,
Will greatly discommend your cruelty.
You serv'd her father, and he lov'd you well :
You serv'd her brother, and he held you dear ;
And can you hate the sister he best loved ?
You serve her sister ; she esteems you high,
And you may live to serve her, ere you die.
And, therefore, good my lord, let this prevail :
Only the casements of her window ope,
Whereby she may receive fresh, gladsome air.

Const. Oh ! you preach well to deaf men : no, not I.
So letters may fly in ; I'll none of that.
She is my prisoner ; and if I durst,

But that my warrant is not yet so strict,
 I'd lay her in a dungeon, where her eyes
 Should not have light to read her prayer-book.
 So would I danger both soul and body,
 'Cause she an alien is to us Catholics:
 Her bed should be all snakes, her rest despair:
 Torture should make her curse her faithless prayer.

Enter SUSSEX, HOWARD, and Servants.

Suss. My lord, it is the pleasure of the Queen
 The prisoner Princess should have all the use
 Of the Lieutenant's garden, the Queen's lodgings,
 And all the liberty this place affords.

Const. What means her grace by this?

Suss. You may go ask her, an you will, my lord.
 Moreover, 'tis her highness' farther pleasure,
 That her sworn servants shall attend on her:
 Two gentlemen of her ewery, two of her pantry,
 Two of her kitchen, and two of her wardrobe,
 Besides this gentleman, here, Master Gage.

Const. The next will be her freedom. Oh! this
 mads me.

How. Which way lies the Princess?

Const. This way, my lord.

How. This will be glad tidings. Come, let's tell her
 grace.

[Exeunt omnes, præter Constable and GAGE.]

Gage. Wilt please your honour let my lady walk
 In the Lieutenant's garden,
 Or may but see the lodgings of the Queen,
 Or ope the casements to receive fresh air?
 Shall she, my lord? Shall she this freedom use?
 She shall; for you can neither will nor choose.
 Or shall she have some servants of her own,
 To attend on her? I pray, let it be so;

And let your look no more poor prisoners daunt.
I pray, deny not what you needs must grant.

[*Exit GAGE.*

Const. This base groom flouts me. Oh! this frets
my heart:

These knaves will jet upon their privilege.
But yet I'll vex her: I have found the means.
I'll have my cooks to dress my meat with hers,
And every officer my men shall match.
Oh! that I could but drain her heart's dear blood.
Oh! it would feed me—do my soul much good.

Enter the Clown, beating a Soldier.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cook, beating another Soldier.

Const. How now! what means the fellow?

Cook. Audacious slave, presuming in my place!

Const. Sir, 'twas my pleasure, and I did command
it.

Cook. The proudest he that keeps within the Tower
Shall have no eye within my private office.

Const. No, sir? Why, say 'tis I.

Cook. Be it yourself, or any other here,
I make him sup the hottest broth I have.

Const. You will not.

Cook. Zounds! I will:

I have been true to her, and will be still. [*Exit.*

Const. Well; I have this amended, ere't be long,
And venge myself on her for all their wrong. [*Exit.*

Enter a Boy, with a nosegay.

Boy. I have got another nosegay for my young lady.
My lord said I should be soundly whipped,
If I were seen to bring her any more;
But yet I'll venture once again, she's so good.

Oh! here's her chamber: I'll call and see if she be stirring.

Where are you, lady?

Eliz. (at the casement). Welcome, sweet boy: what hast thou brought me there?

Boy. Madam, I have brought you another nosegay, But you must not let it be seen; for, if it be, I shall be soundly whipp'd: indeed, la, indeed, I shall.

Eliz. God a mercy, boy! Here's to requite thy love.
[*Exit ELIZ.*]

Enter Constable, SUSSEX, HOWARD, and Attendants.

Const. Stay him, stay him!—Oh! have I caught you, sir?

Where have you been?

Boy. To carry my young lady some more flowers.

How. Alas, my lord! a child. Pray, let him go.

Const. A crafty knave, my lords.—Search him for letters.

Suss. Letters, my lord! It is impossible.

Const. Come, tell me what letters thou carried'st her, I'll give thee figs and sugar-plums.

Boy. Will you, indeed? Well, I'll take your word, For you look like an honest man.

Const. Now, tell me what letters thou deliveredst.

Boy. Faith, gaffer, I know no letters but great A, B, and C: I am not come to K yet.

Now, gaffer, will you give me my sugar-plums?

Const. Yes, marry will I.—Take him away: Let him be soundly whipp'd, I charge you, sirrah.

Enter ELIZABETH, GAGE, and CLARENTIA.

Eliz. They keep even infants from us: they do well. My sight they have too long barr'd, and now my smell. This Tower hath made me fall to housewifry:

I spend my labours to relieve the poor.
Go, Gage; distribute these to those that need.

Enter WINCHESTER, BENINGFIELD, *and* TAME.

Winch. Madam, the Queen, out of her royal bounty,
Hath freed you from the thralldom of the Tower,
And now this gentleman must be your guardian.

Eliz. I thank her: she hath rid me of a tyrant.
Is he appointed now to be my keeper?—
What is he, lords?

Tame. A gentleman in favour with the Queen.

Eliz. It seems so, by his charge.—But tell me,
Gage,
Is yet the scaffold standing on Tower Hill,
Whereon young Guildford and the Lady Jane
Did suffer death?

Gage. Upon my life, it stands not.

Eliz. Lord Howard, what is he?

How. A gentleman, though of a stern aspect;
Yet mild enough, I hope your grace will find.

Eliz. Hath he not, think you, a stretch conscience;
And if my secret murder should be put
Into his hands,
Hath he not heart, think you, to execute?

How. Defend it, Heaven; and God Almighty's hand
Betwixt your grace and such intendments stand.

Bening. Come, madam; will you go?

Eliz. With all my heart.—Farewell, farewell:
I am freed from limbo, to be sent to hell.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Cook *and* Pantler.

Cook. What storm comes next? this hath dispers'd us
quite,
And shatter'd us to nothing.

Though we be denied the presence of our mistress,
Yet we will walk aloof, and none control us.

Pant. Here will she cross the river: stand in her
eye,
That she may take some notice of our neglected duties.

Enter three poor men.

1. Come: this way, they say, the sweet Princess comes. Let us present her with such tokens of good will as we have.

2. They say she's such a virtuous Princess, that she'll accept a cup of cold water; and I have even a nosegay for her grace. Here she comes.

Enter ELIZABETH, BENINGFIELD, GAGE, and TAME.

Omnes. The Lord preserve thy sweet grace!

Eliz. What are these?

Gage. The townsmen of the country, gather'd here
To greet your grace, hearing you pass'd this way.

Eliz. Give them this gold, and thank them for their
loves.

Bening. What traitor knaves are gather'd here, to
make
A tumult?

Omnes. Now, the Lord bless thy sweet grace!

Bening. If they persist, I charge you, soldiers, stop
their mouths.

Eliz. It shall not need.

The poor are loving, but the rich despise;
And though you curb their tongue, spare them their
eyes.—

Your love my smart allays not, but prolongs:
Pray for me in your hearts, not with your tongues.—
See, see, my lord: look, I have still'd them all.
Not one amongst them but debates my fall.

Tame. Alas, Sir Harry, these are honest countrymen,
That much rejoice to see the Princess well.

Bening. My lord, my lord, my charge is great.

Tame. And mine as great as yours. [*Bells.*

Bening. Hark, hark, my lord? What bells are these?

Gage. The townsmen of this village,
Hearing her highness was to pass this way,
Salute her coming with this peal of bells.

Bening. Traitors and knaves! Ring bells,
When the Queen's enemy passeth through the town?
Go, set the knaves by the heels: make their pates
Ring noon, I charge thee, Barwick. [*Exit BARWICK.*

Eliz. Alas, poor men! help them, thou God above!
Thus men are forc'd to suffer for my love.
What said my servants—those that stood aloof?

Gage. They deeply conjur'd me, out of their loves,
To know how your case goes, which these poor people
second.

Eliz. Say to them, *tanquam ovis*.

Bening. Come, come away. This lingering will be-
night us.

Tame. Madam, this night your lodging's at my house:
No prisoner are you, madam, for this night.

Bening. How! no prisoner?

Tame. No; no prisoner. What I intend to do,
I'll answer.—Madam, will't please you go?

[*Exeunt ELIZ., BENINGFIELD, and TAME.*

Cook. Now, gentle master usher, what says my lady?

Gage. She thus did bid me say—*tanquam ovis*.

Farewell, I must away. [*Exit GAGE.*

1. *Tanqus ovrus*? Pray, what's *tanqus ovrus*, neigh-
bour?

2. If the priest were here, he'd smell it out straight.

Cook. Myself have been a scholar, and I understand
what *tanquam ovis* means.

We sent to know how her grace did fare:
 She *tanquam ovis* said; even like a sheep
 That's to the slaughter led.

1. *Tanqus ovrus*: that I should live to see *tanqus ovrus*.

2. I shall ne'er love *tanqus ovrus* again, for this trick.
 [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter BENINGFIELD and BARWICK, his man.

Bening. Barwick, is this the chair of state?

Barw. Ay, sir; this is it.

Bening. Take it down, and pull off my boots.

Barw. Come on, sir.

Enter Clown.

Clown. Oh, monstrous! what a saucy companion's this, to pull off his boots in the chair of state. I'll fit you a pennyworth for it.

Bening. Well said, Barwick. Pull, knave.

Barw. Ah, ha, sir!

Bening. Well said: now it comes.

[*The Clown pulls the chair from under him.*]

Clown. God's pity, I think you are down. Cry you mercy.

Bening. What saucy, arrant knave art thou? How?

Clown. Not so saucy an arrant knave as your worship takes me to be.

Bening. Villain! thou hast broken my crupper.

Clown. I am sorry 'tis no worse for your worship.

Bening. Knave! doest flout me?

[*He beats him out. Exeunt.*]

Enter the Englishman and Spaniard.

Spa. The wall, the wall!

Eng. 'Sblood! Spaniard, you get no wall here, unless

you would have your head and the wall knocked together.

Spa. Signor Cavaliero d'Ingleterra, I must have the wall.

Eng. I do protest, hadst thou not enforced it, I had not regarded it; but, since you will needs have the wall, I'll take the pains to thrust you into the kennel.

Spa. Oh, base Cavaliero. My sword and poniard, well-tried Toledo, shall give thee the *imbrocado*.

Eng. Marry, and welcome, sir. Come on.

[*They fight: he hurts the Spaniard.*]

Spa. Holo, holo! thou hast given me the *canvisado*.

Eng. Come, sir; will you any more?

Spa. Signor Cavaliero, look behind thee. A blade of Toledo is drawn against thee.

[*He looks back: he kills him.*]

Enter PHILIP, HOWARD, SUSSEX, *Constable.*

Phil. Hand that ignoble groom!—Had we not Beheld thy cowardice, we should have sworn Such baseness had not follow'd us.

Spa. Oh, *vostro mandato, grand Emperato.*

How. Pardon him, my lord.

Phil. Are you disrespectful of our honour, lords, That you would have us bosom cowardice?

I do protest, the great Turk's empire
Shall not redeem thee from a felon's death.

What place is this, my lords?

Suss. Charing Cross, my liege.

Phil. Then, by this cross, where thou hast done this murder,

Thou shalt be hang'd.—So, lords, away with him.

[*Exit Spaniard.*]

Suss. Your grace may purchase glory from above,
And entire love from all your people's hearts,

To make atonement 'twixt the woful Princess
And our dread sovereign, your most virtuous Queen.

How. It were a deed worthy of memory.

Const. My lord, she's factious: rather could I wish
She were married to some private gentleman,
And with her dower convey'd out of the land,
Than here to stay, and be a mutiner.
So may your highness' state be more secure;
For whilst she lives, wars and commotions,
Foul insurrections, will be set abroad.
I think 'twere not amiss to take her head:
This land would be in quiet, were she dead.

Suss. Oh, my lord, you speak not charitably.

Phil. Nor will we, lords, embrace his heedless council.
I do protest, as I am King of Spain,
My utmost power I'll stretch to make them friends.
Come, lords, let's in: my love and wit I'll try,
To end this jar; the Queen shall not deny.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

W

Enter ELIZABETH, BENINGFIELD, CLARENTIA, TAME,
GAGE, and BARWICK.

Eliz. What fearful terror doth assail my heart?
Good Gage, come hither, and resolve me true:
In thy opinion, shall I outlive this night?
I prithee, speak.

Gage. Outlive this night! I pray, madam, why?

Eliz. Then, to be plain, this night I look to die.

Gage. Oh, madam, you were born to better fortunes.
That God that made you will protect you still
From all your enemies that wish you ill.

Eliz. My heart is fearful.

Gage. Oh, my honour'd lord,
As ever you were noble in your thoughts,
Speak, shall my lady outlive this night, or no?

Tame. You much amaze me, sir: else Heaven forefend.

Gage. For if we should imagine any plot
Pretending to the hurt of our dear mistress,
I and my fellows, though far unable are
To stand against your power, will die together.

Tame. And I with you would spend my dearest blood
To do that virtuous lady any good.
Sir Harry, now my charge I must resign:
The lady's wholly in your custody;
Yet use her kindly, as she well deserves.
And so I take my leave.—Madam, adieu. [*Exit TAME.*]

Eliz. My honour'd lord, farewell: unwilling I
With grief and woe must continue.
Help me to some ink and paper, good Sir Harry.

Bening. What to do, madam?

Eliz. To write a letter to the Queen, my sister.

Bening. I find not that in my commission.

Eliz. Good jailor, urge not thy commission.

Bening. No jailor, but your guardian, madam.

Eliz. Then, reach me pen and ink.

Bening. Madam, I dare not: my commission serves not.

Eliz. Thus have you driven me off, from time to time,
Still urging me with your commission.
Good jailor, be not so severe.

Bening. Good madam, I entreat you, lose that name
Of jailor; 'twill be a by-word to me and my posterity.

Eliz. As often as you name your commission,
So often will I call you jailor.

Bening. Say, I should reach you pen, ink, and paper,
Who is't dare bear a letter sent from you?

Eliz. I do not keep a servant so dishonest
That would deny me that.

Bening. Whoever dares, none shall.

Gage. Madam, impose the letter to my trust.
Were I to bear it through a field of pikes,

And in my way ten thousand arm'd men ambush'd,
I'd make my passage through the midst of them,
And perforce bear it to the Queen your sister.

Bening. Body of me, what a bold knave's this!

Eliz. Gage, leave me to myself.— [Exit GAGE.
Thou ever-living Power, that guid'st all hearts,
Give to my pen a true persuasive style,
That it may move my impatient sister's ears,
And urge her to compassionate my woe. [She writes.

[BENINGFIELD takes a book, and looks into it.

Bening. What has she written here?

“Much suspected by me, nothing proved can be.

[He reads.

Finis, quoth Elizabeth, the prisoner.”

Pray God it prove so. Soft! what book's this?

Marry a God! what's here? an English bible?

Sancta Maria, pardon this profanation of my heart!

Water, Barwick! water! I'll meddle with't no more.

[Exit BARWICK.

Eliz. My heart is heavy, and my heart doth close.

I am weary of writing—sleepy on the sudden.

Clarentia, leave me, and command some music

In the withdrawing chamber. [She sleeps.

Bening. Your letter shall be forthcoming, lady.

I will peruse it, ere it 'scape me now.

[Exit BENINGFIELD.

A DUMB SHOW.

Enter WINCHESTER, Constable, BARWICK, and Friars :
at the other door, two Angels. The Friars step to her,
offering to kill her : the Angel drives them back. Exeunt.
The Angel opens the Bible, and puts it in her hand as
she sleeps. Exeunt Angels. She wakes.

Eliz. Oh, God! how pleasant was this sleep to me!
Clarentia, saw'st thou nothing?

Clar. Madam, not I.

I ne'er slept soundlier for the time.

Eliz. Nor heard'st thou nothing?

Clar. Neither, madam.

Eliz. Didst thou not put this book into my hand?

Clar. Madam, not I.

Eliz. Then, 'twas by inspiration.—Heaven, I trust,
With His eternal hand, will guide the just.

What chapter's this? "Whoso putteth his trust in
the Lord shall not be confounded."

My Saviour, thanks; on thee my hope I build:
Thou lov'st poor innocents, and art their shield.

Enter BENINGFIELD and GAGE.

Bening. Here have you writ a long excuse, it
seems,

But no submission to the Queen, your sister.

Eliz. Should they submit that never wrought of-
fence?

The law will always quit wrong'd innocence.—

Gage, take my letter: to the lords commend
My humble duty.

Gage. Madam, I fly

To give this letter to her majesty.

Hoping, when I return,

To give you comfort that now sadly mourn.

[*Exeunt omnes, præter BENINGFIELD.*

Bening. Ay, do write and send. I'll cross you
still.

She shall not speak to any man alive,

But I'll o'erhear her: no letter, nor no token

Shall ever have access unto her hands,

But first I see it.

So, like a subject to my sovereign's state,

I will pursue her with my deadly hate.

Enter Clown.

Clown. Oh, Sir Harry! you look well to your office: Yonder's one in the garden with the Princess.

Bening. How, knave, with the Princess? She parted even now.

Clown. Ay, sir, that's all one; but she no sooner came into the garden, but he leap'd o'er the wall; and there they are together, busy in talk, sir.

Bening. Here's for thy pains: thou art an honest fellow.

Go, take a guard, and apprehend them straight.

[Exit Clown.]

Bring them before me.—Oh! this was well found out.

Now will the Queen commend my diligent care,

And praise me for my service to her grace.

Ha! traitors swarm so near about my house?

'Tis time to look into't.—Oh, well said, Barwick.

Where's the prisoner?

Enter Clown, BARWICK, and Soldiers, leading in a goat: his sword drawn.

Clown. Here he is, in a string, my lord.

Bening. Lord bless us! Knave, what hast thou there?

Clown. This is he I told you was busy in talk with the Princess. What a' did there, you must get out of him by examination.

Bening. Why, knave, this is a beast.

Clown. So may your worship be, for any thing that I know.

Bening. What art thou, knave?

Clown. If your worship does not remember me, I hope your worship's crupper doth. But if you have any thing to say to this honest fellow, who, for his grey head and reverend beard is so like, he may be akin to you——

Bening. Akin to me? Knave, I'll have thee whipp'd.

Clown. Then, your worship will cry quittance with my posteriors, for misusing of yours.

Bening. Nay, but dost thou flout me still?

[*He beats him. Exeunt.*]

Enter WINCHESTER, GRESHAM with paper; Constable with a Pursuivant.

Gresh. I pray your honour to regard my haste.

Winch. I know your business, and your haste shall stay.—

As you were speaking, my Lord Constable——

Const. When as the King shall come to seal these writs.

Gresh. My lord, you know his highness' treasure stays,

And cannot be transported this three months,

Unless that now your honour seal my warrant.

Winch. Fellow, what then?—This warrant, that concerns

The Princess' death, shuffle amongst the rest:

He'll ne'er peruse't.

Gresh. How! the Princess' death? Thanks, Heaven, by whom

I am made a willing instrument her life to save,

That may live crown'd when thou art in thy grave.

[*Exit GRESHAM.*]

Winch. Stand ready, Pursuivant, that when 'tis sign'd,

Thou may'st be gone, and gallop with the wind.

Enter PHILIP, SUSSEX, and GAGE.

Phil. Our Chancellor, lords. This is our sealing day:

This our State's business.—Is our signet there?

Enter HOWARD and GRESHAM, as he is sealing.

How. Stay your imperial hand! Let not your seal imprint

Death's impress in your sister's heart.

Phil. Our sister's heart! Lord Howard, what means this?

How. The Chancellor, and that injurious lord
Can well expound the meaning.

Winch. Oh, chance accurst! how came he by this notice?

Her life is guarded by the hand of Heaven,
And we in vain pursue it.

Phil. Lord Chancellor, your dealing is not fair.
See, lords, what writ offers itself
To the impress of our seal.

Suss. See, my lord, a warrant
For the Princess' death, before she be convicted.
What juggling call you this? See, see, for God's sake.

Gage. And a pursuivant, ready to post
Away with it, to see it done with speed.
What flinty breast could brook to see her bleed?

Phil. Lord Chancellor, out of our prerogative
We will make bold to interline your warrant.

Suss. Who's plot was this?

How. The Chancellor's, and my Lord Constable's.

Suss. How was it revealed?

How. By this gentleman, Master Gresham, the King's agent, here.

Suss. He hath show'd his love to the King and
Queen's majesties,

His service to his country, and care of the Princess.

Gresh. My duty to them all.

Phil. Instead of charging of the Sheriffs with her,
We here discharge her keeper, Beningfield;

And where we should have brought her to the block,
We now will have her brought to Hampton Court,
There to attend the pleasure of the Queen.
The Pursuivant, that should have posted down
With tidings of her death, bear her the message
Of her reprieved life.—You, Master Gage,
Assist his speed.—A good day's work we ha' made,
To rescue innocence too soon betray'd. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Clown and CLARENTIA.

Clown. Whither go you so fast, Mistress Clarentia?

Clar. A milking.

Clown. A milking! that's a poor office for a madam.

Clar. Better be a milkmaid free, than a madam in
bondage.

Oh! hadst thou heard the Princess yesternight,
Sitting within an arbour, all alone,
To hear a milkmaid sing,
It would have mov'd a flinty heart to melt.
Weeping and wishing, wishing and weeping,
A thousand times she with herself debates
With the poor milkmaid to exchange estates.
She was a sempster in the Tower, being a Princess,
And shall I, her poor gentlewoman, disdain
To be a milkmaid in the country?

Clown. Troth, you say true: every one to his fortune,
As men go to hanging. The time hath been
When I would have scorn'd to carry coals, but now,
But now the case is alter'd; every man
As far as his talent will stretch

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gentlew. Where's Mistress Clarentia? To horse, to
horse! The Princess is sent for to the Court. She's
gone already. Come, let's after.

Clar. The Princess gone, and I left here behind?
Come, come: our horses shall outstrip the wind.

Clown. And I'll not be long after you; for I am sure
my curtal will carry me as fast as your double gelding.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ELIZABETH and GAGE.

Eliz. I wonder, Gage, that we have stay'd so long
So near the Court, and yet have heard no news
From our displeased sister. This more affrights me
Than my former troubles. I fear this Hampton
Court
Will be my grave.

Gage. Good madam, blot such thoughts out of your
mind.
The lords, I know, are still about your suit,
And make no doubt that they will so prevail,
Both with the King and Queen, that you shall see
Their heinous anger will be turn'd to love.

Enter HOWARD.

How. Where is the Princess?

Eliz. Welcome, my good Lord Howard.
What says the Queen? Will she admit my sight?

How. Madam, she will: this night she hath appointed,
That she herself in person means to hear you.
Protract no time: then, come; let's haste away.
[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter four torches. PHILIP, the Queen, WINCHESTER,
HOWARD, CHANDOS, BENINGFELD, and attendants.*

Queen. Where is the Princess?

How. She waits your pleasure at the common
stairs.

Queen. Usher her in by torch-light.

How. Gentlemen ushers and gentlemen pensioners,
lights

For the Princess! Attendance, gentlemen.

Phil. For her supposed virtues, royal Queen,
Look on your sister with a smiling brow,
And if her fault merit not too much hate,
Let her be censur'd with all lenity.
Let your deep hatred end where it begun :
She hath been too long banish'd from the sun.

Queen. Our favour shall be far 'bove her desert ;
And she that hath been banish'd from the light,
Shall once again behold our cheerful sight.
You, my lord, shall step behind the arras,
And hear our conference. We'll show her grace,
That there shines too much mercy in your face.

Phil. We bear this mind : we errors would not feed,
Nor cherish wrongs, nor yet see innocents bleed.

Queen. Call the Princess!

[*Exeunt for the Princess.* PHILIP behind the arras.

Enter all with ELIZABETH.

All forbear this place, except our sister, now.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Eliz. That God that rais'd you, stay you, and protect
You from your foes, and clear me from suspect.

Queen. Wherefore do you cry ?
To see yourself so low, or us so high ?

Eliz. Neither, dread Queen: mine is a womanish tear,
In part compell'd by joy, in part by fear.
Joy of your sight these brinish tears have bred,
And fear of my Queen's frown to strike me dead.

Queen. Sister, I rather think they're tears of spleen.

Eliz. You were my sister, now you are my Queen.

Queen. Ay, that's your grief.

Eliz. Madam, he was my foe,

And not your friend, that hath possess'd you so.

I am as true a subject to your grace,

As any lives this day. Did you but see

My heart, it bends far lower than my knee.

Queen. We know you can speak well. Will you submit?

Eliz. My life, madam, I will; but not as guilty.

Should I confess

Fault done by her that never did transgress?

I joy to have a sister Queen so royal:

I would it as much pleas'd your majesty,

That you enjoy a sister that's so true.

If I were guilty of the least offence,

Madam, 'twould taint the blood even in your face.

The treasons of the father, being noble,

Unnobles all his children: let your grace

Exact all torture and imprisonment,

Whate'er my greatest enemies can devise,

And they all have done their worst, yet I

Will your true subject, and true sister die.

Phil. (behind the arras). Mirror of virtue and bright
Nature's pride!

Pity it had been such beauty should have died.

Queen. You'll not submit, but end as you begin?

Eliz. Madam, to death I will, but not to sin.

Queen. You are not guilty, then?

Eliz. I think I am not.

Queen. I am not of your mind.

Eliz. I would your highness were.

Queen. How mean you that?

Eliz. To think as I think, that my soul is clear.

Queen. You have been wrong imprisoned, then?

Eliz. I'll not say so.

Queen. Whate'er we think, arise and kiss our hand.

Say, God hath rais'd you friends.

Eliz. Then, God hath kept His promise.

Queen. Promise! why?

Eliz. To raise them friends that on His word rely.

Enter PHILIP.

Phil. And may the heavens applaud this unity :
Accurs'd be they that first procur'd this wrong.
Now, by my crown, you ha' been kept down too long.

Queen. Sister, this night yourself shall feast with me ;
To-morrow for the country : you are free.—
Lights for the Princess ! Conduct her to her chamber.

[*Exit ELIZABETH.*

Phil. My soul is joyful that this peace is made ;
A peace that pleaseth heaven and earth and all,
Redeeming captive thoughts from captive thrall.
Fair Queen, the serious business of my father
Is now at hand to be accomplished :
Of your fair sight needs must I take my leave :
Return I shall, though parting cause us grieve.

Queen. Why should two hearts be forc'd to separate ?
I know your business, but believe me, sweet,
My soul divines we never more shall meet.

Phil. Yet, fair Queen, hope the best : I shall return,
Who met with joy, though now sadly mourn.

[*Exeunt PHILIP, Queen, and attendants.*

Bening. What ! droops your honour ?

Winch. Oh ! I am sick.

Const. Where lies your grief ?

Winch. Where yours and all good subjects' else
should lie,
Near at the heart. This confirmation I do greatly
dread ;

For now our true religion will decay.
I do divine, whoever lives seven year
Shall see no religion here but heresy.

Bening. Come, come, my lord, this is but for a show.
Our Queen, I warrant, wishes in her heart
Her sister Princess were without her head.

Winch. No, no, my lords: this peace is natural;
This combination is without deceit;
But I will once more write to incense the Queen.
The plot is laid: thus it shall be performed.
Sir Harry, you shall go attach her servant,
Upon suspicion of some treachery,
Wherein the Princess shall be accessary.
If this do fail, my policy is down.
But I grow faint: the fever steals on me:
Death, like a vulture, tires upon my heart.
I'll leave you two to prosecute this drift:
My bones to earth I give, to Heaven my soul I lift.

☐

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter GAGE and CLARENTIA.

Gage. Madam Clarentia, is my lady stirring?

Clar. Yes, Master Gage, but heavy at the heart,
For she was frighted with a dream this night.
She said she saw her sister was new married,
And sat upon a high imperial throne:
That she herself was cast into a dungeon,
Where enemies environ'd her about,
Offering their weapons to her naked breast;
Nay, they would scarcely give her leave to pray,
They made such haste to hurry her away.

Gage. Heaven shield my mistress, and make her
friends increase;
Convert her foes; estate her in true peace!

Clar. Then did I dream of weddings and of flowers.
Methought I was within the finest garden
That ever mortal eye did yet behold:
Then straight me thought some of the chief were pick'd

To dress the bride. Oh! 'twas the rarest show
To see the bride come smiling 'longst the streets,
As if she went to happiness eternal.

Gage. Oh, most unhappy dreams! my fear is now
As great as yours: before it was but small.
Come, let's go comfort her that joys us all. [*Exeunt.*]

ENTER A DUMB SHOW: SIX TORCHES.

SUSSEX *bearing the crown*, HOWARD *bearing the sceptre*,
the Constable the Mace, TAME *the purse*, CHANDOS *the*
sword: PHILIP and MARY; *after them the Cardinal*
POLE, BENINGFIELD, *and attendants*. PHILIP and
MARY *confer*: *he takes leave, and exit*. Nobles *bring*
him to the door and return; *she falls in a swoon*; *they*
comfort her. *A dead march*. *Enter four with the*
hearse of WINCHESTER, with the sceptre and purse
lying on it: *the Queen takes the sceptre and purse, and*
gives them to Cardinal POLE. *A sennet, and exeunt*
omnes, præter SUSSEX.

Suss. Winchester's dead. Oh God! even at his death
He show'd his malice to the sweet young Princess.
God pardon him! his soul must answer all.
She is still preserved, and still her foes do fall.
The Queen is much besotted on these prelates,
For there's another rais'd, more base than he —
Pole, that arch [fiend], for truth and honesty.

Enter BENINGFIELD.

Bening. My lord of Sussex, I can tell ill news.
The Cardinal Pole, that now was firmly well,
Is suddenly fallen sick, and like to die.

Suss. Let him go. Why, then, there's a fall of prelates.
This realm will never stand in perfect state,
Till all their faction be clear ruinate.

Enter Constable.

Const. Sir Harry, do you hear the whispering in the court?

They say the Queen is crazy, very ill.

Suss. How heard you that?

Const. 'Tis common through the house.

Enter HOWARD.

How. 'Tis a sad court, my lord.

Suss. What's the matter? say, how fares the Queen?

How. Whether in sorrow for the King's departure,
Or else for grief at Winchester's decease,
Or else that Cardinal Pole is suddenly dead,
I cannot tell; but she's exceeding sick.

Suss. The State begins to alter.

How. Nay, more, my lord: I came now from the Presence;

I heard the doctors whisper it in secret,
There is no way but one.

Suss. God's will be done. Who's with the Queen, my lord?

How. The Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Oxford,
The Earl of Arundell, and divers others:
They are withdrawn into the inward chamber,
There to take counsel, and entreat your presence.

Suss. We'll wait upon their honours. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter ELIZABETH, GAGE, and CLARENTIA, above.

Eliz. Oh, God! my last night's dream I greatly fear;
It doth presage my death.—Good Master Gage,
Look to the pathway that doth come from the Court:
I look each minute for Death's messenger.
Would he were here now, so my soul were pure,
That I with patience might the stroke endure.

Gage. Madam, I see from far a horseman coming;
 This way he bends his speed. He comes so fast,
 That he is cover'd with a cloud of dust;
 And now I have lost his sight. He appears again,
 Making his way o'er hill, hedge, ditch, and plain.
 One after him: they two strive,
 As on the race they wager'd both their lives.
 Another after him.

Eliz. Oh, God! what means this haste?
 Pray for my soul: my life cannot long last.

Gage. Strange and miraculous! the first being at the
 gate,
 His horse hath broke his neck, and cast his rider.
Eliz. This same is but a prologue to my death.
 My heart is guiltless, though they take my breath.

Enter Sir HENRY CAREW.

Carew. God save the Queen! God save Elizabeth!

Eliz. God save the Queen; so all good subjects say:
 I am her subject, and for her still pray.

Carew. My horse did you allegiance at the gate,
 For there he broke his neck, and there he lies,
 For I myself had much ado to rise.
 The fall hath bruis'd me, yet I live to cry,
 God bless your grace! God bless your majesty!

Gage. Long live the Queen! long live your majesty!

Eliz. This news is sweet: my heart was sore afraid.
 Rise thou, first baron that we ever made.

Carew. Thanks to your majesty. Happy be my
 tongue,
 That first breath'd right to one that had such wrong.

Enter Sir John BROCKET.

Brock. Am I prevented in my haste? Oh, chance
 accurs'd!

My hopes did soothe me that I was the first.
 Let not my duty be o'ersway'd by spleen;
 Long live my sovereign, and God save the Queen!

Eliz. Thanks, good Sir John: we will deserve your
 love.

Enter HOWARD.

How. Though third in order, yet the first in love,
 I tender my allegiance to your grace.
 Live long, fair Queen; thrice happy be your reign!
 He that instates you, your high state maintain!

Eliz. Lord Howard, thanks; you ever were our
 friend:

I see your love continues to the end.
 But chiefly thanks to you, my Lord of Hunsdon.

How. Meaning this gentleman?

Eliz. The very same:

His tongue was first proclaimer of our name.
 And trusty Gage, in token of our grace,
 We give to you a Captain Pensioner's place.

How. Madam, the Council are here hard at hand.

Eliz. We will descend, and meet them.

Carew. Let's guard our sovereign, praising that
 power,

That can throw down and raise within an hour.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter the Clown and one more, with faggots.

Clown. Come, neighbour; come away: every man
 his faggot and his double pot, for joy of the old Queen's
 death.

Let bells ring, and children sing,
 For we may have cause to remember
 The seventeenth day of November.

Enter Lord of TAME.

Tame. How now, my masters! what's here to do?

Clown. Faith, making bonfires, for joy of the new Queen. Come, sir, your penny: an you be a true subject, you'll battle with us your faggot. We'll be merry, i'faith.

Tame. And you do well. And yet, methink, 'twere fit To spend some funeral tears upon her hearse, Who, while she liv'd, was dear unto you all.

Clown. Ay, but do you not know the old proverb? We must live by the quick, and not by the dead.

Tame. Did you not love her father, while he liv'd,
As dearly as you e'er did love any,
And yet rejoiced at his funeral?
Likewise her brother you esteem'd him dear,
Yet, once departed, joyfully you sung.
Run to make bonfires, to proclaim your love
Unto the new, forgetting still the old:
Now she is gone, how you moan for her!
Were it not fit a while to moan her hearse,
And dutifully then rejoice the other?
Had you the wisest and the loving'st prince
That ever sway'd the sceptre in the world,
This is the love he shall have after life.
Let princes while they live have love, or fear, 'tis fit,
For after death there's none continues it.

Clown. By my faith, my masters, he speaks wisely. Come, we'll to the end of the lane, and there we'll make a bonfire and be merry.

1. Faith, agreed: I'll spend my halfpenny towards another faggot, rather than the new Queen shall want a bonfire.

[*Exeunt. Manet TAME.*]

Tame. I blame you not, nor do I you commend,
For you will still the strongest side defend. [Exit.]

A SENNET.

Enter four Trumpeters: after them Sergeant Trumpeter, with a mace; after him Purse-bearer. SUSSEX, with the Crown; HOWARD, [with] the Sceptre; Constable, with the Cap of Maintenance; CHANDOS, with the Sword; TAME, with the Collar and a George. Four Gentlemen, bearing the Canopy over the Queen; two Gentlewomen, bearing up her train: six Gentlemen Pensioners. The Queen takes state.

Omnes. Long live, long reign our sovereign!

Eliz. We thank you all.

Suss. The imperial crown I here present your grace;
With it my staff of office, and my place.

Eliz. Whilst we this crown, so long your place enjoy.

How. The imperial sceptre here I offer up.

Eliz. Keep it, my lord; and with it be you High
Admiral.

Const. This Cap of Maintenance I present,
My state of office, and my utmost service.

Eliz. Your love we know.

Const. Pardon me, gracious madam: 'twas not spleen,
But that allegiance that I ow'd my Queen.

Madam, I serv'd her truly at that day,
And I as truly will your grace obey.

Eliz. We do as freely pardon, as you truly serve;
Only your staff of office we'll displace:
Instead of that, we'll owe you greater grace.

Enter BENINGFIELD.

Bening. Long live the Queen! long live your majesty!
I have rid hard to be the first reporter
Of these glad tidings first, and all these here!

Suss. You are in your love as free as in your care:
You're come even just a day after the fair.

Eliz. What's he? My jailor?

Bening. God preserve your grace!

Eliz. Be not asham'd, man: look me in the face.

Whom have you now to practise your strictness on?

For your kindness this I will bestow:

When we have one we would have hardly us'd,

And cruelly dealt with, you shall be the man.

This is a day of peace, not for vengeance fit:

All your good deeds we'll quit, all wrongs remit.—

Where we left off proceed.

Chand. The sword of Justice on my bended knee
I to your grace present. Heaven bless your reign!

Eliz. This sword is ours; this staff is yours again.

Tame. This Garter, with the order of the George,
Two ornaments unto the crown of England,
I here present.

Eliz. Possess them still, my lord.— What offices bear
you?

Gage. I? Captain of your highness' Pensioners.

Brook. I, of your Guard.

Sergeant. I, Sergeant Trumpeter, present my mace.

Eliz. Some we intend to raise, none to displace.—
Lord Hunsdon, we will one day find a staff
To poise your hand: you are our cousin,
And deserve to be employed nearer our person.
But now to you, from whom we take this staff,
Since Cardinal Pole is now deceas'd and dead,
To show all malice from our breast is worn,
Before you let that Purse and Mace be borne.
And now to London, lords, lead on the way,
Praising that King that all kings else obey.

*Sennet about the stage in order. The Mayor of London
meets them.*

Mayor. I from this city, London, do present

This purse and Bible to your Majesty.
A thousand of your faithful citizens,
In velvet coats and chains, well mounted, stay
To greet their royal sovereign on the way.

Eliz. We thank you all; but first this book I kiss:
Thou art the way to honour, thou to bliss.
An English Bible! Thanks, my good Lord Mayor:
You of our body and our soul have care.
This is the jewel that we still love best;
This was our solace when we were distress'd.
This book, that hath so long conceal'd itself,
So long shut up, so long hid, now, lords, see,
We here unclasp: for ever it is free.
Who looks for joy, let him this book adore;
This is true food for rich men and for poor.
Who drinks of this is certain ne'er to perish:
This will the soul with heavenly virtue cherish.
Lay hand upon this anchor, every soul,
Your names shall be in an eternal scroll.
Who builds on this, dwells in a happy state;
This is the fountain, clear, immaculate.
That happy issue that shall us succeed,
And in our populous kingdom this book read,
For them, as for our own selves, we humbly pray,
They may live long, and blest.—So: lead the way!



NOTES AND VARIOUS READINGS

TO THE FIRST PART OF

IF YOU KNOW NOT ME, YOU KNOW NOBODY.

Page 4, line 6, *Into* that war.] *Unto* that war, edit. 1606.

Page 5, line 24, Made *to* them.] Edit. 1606 omits "to."

Page 5, line 33, Jar in the *Princes'* ears.] Jar in the *Princess* ears, edit. 1606, which may be right; but the change does not seem necessary, as the word "prince" was often, of old, applied to a queen. We follow the first edition, of 1605, in all cases where a change is not required by the obvious meaning of the poet.

Page 6, line 3, And made first head with you at Framlingham.] Queen Mary sought shelter in Framlingham Castle, while the Duke of Northumberland was endeavouring to enforce the claim of Lady Jane Grey. "When the Lady Mary received the news of her brother's death, having long before been acquainted with the Duke of Northumberland's secret practices, she judged it unsafe to remain near London, where her enemies were in full power; and, therefore, pretending a fear of the plague, by reason of the sudden death of one of her domestics, she withdrew from St. Edmund's Bury, (her abode at that time) and in one day came to Framlingham Castle, in the county of Suffolk, about four score miles from London, and not far from the sea; by which, if the extremity of her fears required it, she might have an easy passage to France At the same time, news was brought that the people of Norfolk and Suffolk had taken their oaths to her."—Bishop Godwin, in Kennett, ii., 329. Stow says—"By this time word was brought to the Tower that the Lady Mary was fled to Framlingham Castle, in Suffolk, where the people of the country almost wholly resorted to her."—*Annales*, 1615, p. 1032. In the old copies of this play, the name of the place is printed Fromagham, according to the rustic and local pronunciation.

Page 6, line 25, And other *insurrection* lately quelled.] Later editions

have *insurrections* ; but the reading of the first impression is probably the true one. This allusion to the quelling of Wyat and his adherents is a little premature: he was not subdued and taken until February, 1554 ; and these incidents formed the subject of a play by Dekker and Webster, which was printed very imperfectly in 1607 ; indeed, the Rev. Mr. Dyce (*Webster's Works*, ii., 251) is of opinion that not more than two-thirds of the piece, as it came from the pens of the authors, has been preserved in the printed copies. The library of the Duke of Devonshire contains an unique copy of an impression in 1612, hitherto unknown.

Page 7, line 16, Exit Sentlow.] Not marked in the old copies, but clearly necessary. We must suppose that Sir W. Sentlow, one of Elizabeth's faithful servants, is sent out under guard.

Page 7, line 22, Young Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire.] Edward Courtenay had been created Earl of Devon, (not Devonshire) according to Stow, (*Annales*, 1041) on 3rd September, 1553.

Page 7, line 29, Enter Constable, with letters.] The old copies omit to note his entrance with information regarding the Post, and with the letters brought by it.

Page 8, line 9, Enter Master Gage, and a Gentlewoman.] Of course, the scene here changes to Ashridge, where Elizabeth, as we have been already told, was residing.

Page 8, line 22, Soldiers *are* as hot as fire.] "Are" seems surplusage, but is not necessarily so, and the later copies here follow the reading of the earliest.

Page 9, line 23, Enter Elizabeth, in her bed.] Meaning, no doubt, that the Princess, ill in her bed, was thrust out upon the stage, and the scene immediately supposed to be a bed-room. So, in "A Woman Killed with Kindness," we have had, "Enter Mrs. Frankford in her bed:" see p. 160.

Page 11, line 8, Madam, the Queen hath sent her *litter* for you.] In the earliest edition, "litter" is misprinted *letter*, but it is corrected in subsequent impressions.

Page 11, line 16, Enter Queen Mary, Philip, &c.] The scene is here transferred to Winchester, whither Mary had gone to meet Philip, and where they were married.

Page 11, line 23, *That* excels.] So editions 1606, &c. ; the first edition reads "*and* excels," which makes a false concord.

Page 12, line 12, Philip and Mary, by the grace of God, &c.] Stow gives their "style" as follows—"Philip and Mary, by the grace of God, King and Queen of England, France, Naples, Hierusalem, and Ireland, Defenders of the Faith, Princes of Spain and Sicily, Archdukes of Aus-

trich, Dukes of Milan, Burgundy, and Brabant, Counties of Aspurge, Flanders, and Tyroll."—*Annales*, 1057. Bishop Godwin adds that the style was proclaimed in Latin, French, and English.

Page 12, line 26, The twenty-fifth day of this month, July.] St. James's day: Heywood is very particular and accurate in this date.

Page 13, line 24, What festival, &c.] These two lines, in edit. 1632, are made part of the Queen's speech.

Page 13, line 27, Enter Elizabeth, her *Gentlewoman*.] So the earlier impressions, but in that of 1632, *Gentleman* is misprinted for "Gentlewoman." The scene is here changed to London.

Page 14, line 19, And perfect, as you ever have been.] This line, like many others, is incurably defective, and edit. 1605 reads, "And perfect, as you ever have *delivered* been."

Page 14, line 30, In this enterprise, and *you ask* why.] And ask you why—edit. 1605.

Page 15, line 33, Madam, perhaps you censure hardly,

That was enforc'd in this commission.]

The meaning would seem to be, "Madam, perhaps, you censure, or think, hardly of us, that *were* enforced in this commission:" it only wants a slight alteration, to complete the verse and the sense: thus—

"Madam, perhaps, *of us* you censure hardly,

That *were* enforc'd in this commission."

Page 16, line 30, The same day

Throgmorton was arraign'd in the Guildhall.]

Stow says, "The 17th of April, were led to the Guildhall in London, to be arraign'd, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton and Sir James Croft, Robert Winter and Cuthbert Vaughan being also had thither to witness against them; where that day no more was arraigned but Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who, tarrying from seven o'clock in the morning until almost five at night, was by the verdict of the jury acquit: he pleaded not guilty, and that he was consenting to nothing, &c. But the jury which quit him was commanded to appear before the Council at an hour's warning, and the loss of £500 the piece."—*Annales*, 1055. We are to understand, from the text, that Wyatt, not Throckmorton, cleared Elizabeth before his death.

Page 16, line 35, This is news but of a minute old.] It may be doubted whether this line belongs to Elizabeth, for in her confinement she would not know how old the news just communicated to her was: it was perhaps intended to be spoken by Sussex. Wyatt was executed on 11th April, 1554.

Page 17, line 1, What answer you to Sir Peter Carew, in the West?] “Within six days after [the trial of Robert Dudley], there was word brought to the Court, how that Sir Peter Carow, Sir Gawine Carow, Sir Thomas Deny, with divers other, were up in Devonshire, in the resisting of the King of Spain’s coming hither, and that they had taken the city of Exeter, and castle there, into their custody.”—Stow’s *Annales*, p. 1044.

Page 18, line 6, How can a cause go ill with *innocents*?] Possibly, *innocence* is the proper reading; but in the preceding page we have had “innocents” used in the same way as here, and the old copies are uniform in its favour.

Page 18, line 7, For they to whom.] So corrected in the later impressions: the first edition reads, “They that to whom,” &c.

Page 18, line 11, That you be straight committed to the Tower.] Elizabeth was committed to the Tower, according to Stow, on the 18th of March, being Palm Sunday. She was conducted thither by the Lord Treasurer and the Earl of Sussex, who took her by water from Westminster.—*Annales*, p. 1054.

Page 19, line 15, With all my heart, *i’faith*.] Edit. 1605 has “With all my hearty faith,” and later impressions, “With all my heart, faith.” It is a trifle, but no doubt our text is the true reading.

Page 20, line 5, Nothing’s impossible *to God*.] Edit. 1605 has “to God,” but those words were afterwards omitted—no doubt in consequence of the statute against the use of oaths, and the name of the Creator, on the stage, 3 Jac. I., c. 21. We have noted hereafter similar corrections elsewhere, but we have not thought it necessary to point them out.

Page 20, line 15, My masters, we have talked so long, that I think ’tis day.] This may seem rather a large demand upon the imagination of the audience, considering that there had been no intervening scene, and considering also that the talk of the “white-coated soldiers” had commenced on the previous page, “about eleven” at night. The fact is, that at this period of our stage, spectators were accustomed to allow such claims.

Page 22, line 13, Full many a tear *did* spill.] So edit. 1605: *doth* spill, later editions; but both are wrong—one in tense, and the other in number.

Page 22, line 18, *An* the Queen wills it that it should be so.] *i.e.*, *if* the Queen wills it that it should be so. We only notice the passage for the purpose of stating that, in old printing, *and* (as in this case) is often used for “*an*.”

Page 23, line 29, Nay, nay; you need not lock and bolt so fast.] We give the stage-direction as in the old editions; and we may presume that

after Elizabeth has gone out with the Constable, the noise of locks and bolts is heard, though not expressed in the margin.

Page 25, line 7, *For* one whole year.] *In* one whole year, later editions.

Page 25, line 11, With piteous *eye*.] With piteous *eyes*, edit. 1606.

Page 25, line 16, Against *the* seat of Heaven.] Against *thy* seat of Heaven," edit. 1605.

Page 25, line 31, Gives them *the* petition.] Gives them *a* petition, edit. 1605.

Page 28, line 6, These knaves will *jet* upon their privilege.] The word "jet" hardly requires explanation. It is from *jetter*, French, and signifies to swagger, or throw oneself about, assuming false consequence. It is of constant occurrence in almost every old author.

Page 28, line 12, Enter the Clown, beating a Soldier. Exeunt.] *i.e.*, the Clown beats the Soldier across the stage, and they go out together.

Page 30, line 5, Hath freed you from the thralldom of the Tower.] Stow tells us, "On the 19th May, Lady Elizabeth was conveyed from the Tower of London, by water, to Richmond; from thence to Windsor; and so, by the Lord Williams, to Ricote, in Oxfordshire; and from thence to Woodstock."—*Annales*, 1056.

Page 30, line 7, I thank her, &c.] The necessary prefix of *Eliz.* is omitted before this speech, in edit. 1605.

Page 30, line 13, Is yet the scaffold standing on Tower Hill,
Whereon young Guildford and the Lady Jane
Did suffer death?]

Heywood here misrepresents the fact, for Lady Jane Grey was not executed on Tower Hill, but within the Tower, on 12th February, 1554-5.

Page 30, line 20, A *stretch* conscience.] A *stretch* conscience is the reading of edit. 1605, and there seems no sufficient reason for altering it to a "*stretch'd* conscience," as was done in subsequent impressions. Elizabeth, of course, means a conscience that will stretch.

Page 31, line 30, Your love my smart *allays* not.] Misprinted, in edit. 1605, "*alwaies* not."

Page 32, line 7, Hearing her highness *was to* pass this way.] Edit. 1605 omits the two words in italic. It also has *your* for "her," in this line and the next.

Page 33, line 8, Enter Beningfield, &c.] We must suppose that the scene here changes to the house of Lord Tame.

Page 33, line 17, Well *said*, Barwick.] "Well said," was, of old, often used for well *done*. See Shakespeare, edit. Collier, iii., 39; iv., 330; vi., 337, &c.

Page 33, line 30, Enter the Englishman and Spaniard.] The scene is here transferred to London—to Charing Cross—where this rencontre is said to have occurred.

Page 34, line 16, He looks back : he kills him.] *i.e.*, the Spaniard kills him : but we have not thought it expedient to alter the old stage-direction, which is intelligible enough.

Page 34, line 17.] To these persons the old editions add, “and Gresham ;” but he says and does nothing.

Page 34, line 21, *Oh, vostro mandato, grand Emperato.*] *Sic in orig.* ; but perhaps we ought to read, *Al vuestro mandato, grande Emperador.* Heywood possibly thought that what he wrote would pass with his audience for sufficiently good Spanish ; or, more probably, it was misprinted by the old typographer.

Page 34, line 33, Your grace may purchase *glory* from above.] Edit. 1632 substitutes *honour* for “glory.”

Page 35, line 7, Than here to stay, and be a *mutiner*.] *Mutiner* is the old word, in the same way as *Enginer* in “Hamlet,” act iii., sc. iv.—

“For ’tis the sport, to have the *enginer*

Hoist with his own petar.”

Gabriel Harvey, in “Pierce’s Supererogation,” 1593, calls Nash “the dreadful enginer of phrases.” Modern editors (with one exception) have substituted “engineer,” in the passage in “Hamlet,” without reflecting what was the language of the time when Shakespeare wrote. *Engineer* did not come into use until afterwards ; and we find Sir John Denham employing it in the reign of Charles II. (State Poems, i., 33)—

“If thou art Minos, be a judge severe,

And in’s own maze confine the *Engineer*.”

Page 36, line 23, Still urging me with your commission.] This line is omitted in edit. 1632.

Page 37, line 5, *Exit Gage.*] Necessary, but not in the old copies. In the next line, for “guid’st,” edit. 1605 has *givest*.

Page 37, line 10, Beningfield takes a book, and looks into it.] The probable meaning of this old stage-direction is, that after Beningfield has taken up the book, (which turns out to be a Bible in English) he overlooks and repeats what Elizabeth has written. This couplet (which we have put in quotation) is imputed to Elizabeth, in Fox’s “Acts and Monuments,” and from thence Heywood may have derived it.

Page 37, line 18, Water, Barwick ! water!] *i.e.*, that Beningfield may wash himself from the profanation. Nothing is said, in the old editions, of the *exit* of Barwick, and we are most likely to understand that it takes

place here, just before the departure of his master: otherwise, we find him on the stage at the beginning of the scene, and the poet does not contrive to get him off.

Page 37, line 29, *The Friars step to her.*] In the old copies it stands, "The Friar steps to her;" but Friars have just been mentioned in the plural; and afterwards we have, "The Angel drives *them* back."

Page 38, line 19, The law will always *quit* wrong'd innocence.] *i.e.*, *acquit* wrong'd innocence: "quit" is more often used for requite.

Page 39, line 20, *His sword drawn.*] Probably Barwick had drawn his sword, but it is not easy to ascertain to whom the pronoun "his" applies here.

Page 40, line 2, *Then, your worship, &c.*] *When* your worship, &c., in some of the later editions.

Page 40, line 22, Thanks, Heaven.] Thanks *to* Heaven, edit. 1632.

Page 40, line 31, Our Chancellor, lords.] Gardiner had been appointed Lord Chancellor on 23rd August, 1553. See Lord Campbell's "Lives," ii., 54. Stow gives the same date. "The 23 of August, the Queen delivered the Great Seal to Doctor Gardener, Bishop of Winchester, and made him Lord Chancellor."—*Annales*, 1041.

Page 41, line 14, See, lords, what writ *offers* itself.] Edit. 1605, *affords* itself; edit. 1632, "What writs offer themselves."

Page 42, line 8, To rescue innocence *too soon* betray'd.] So edit. 1605; edit. 1632, *so near* betray'd.

Page 42, line 9, Enter Clown and Clarentia.] Of course, in the country, where Beningfield had the custody of Elizabeth.

Page 42, line 27, When I would have scorn'd to carry coals.] This phrase often occurs in our old writers, to indicate submission to injury, indignity, or unworthy office. After the notes upon "Romeo and Juliet," act i., sc. i, no further illustration can be required.

Page 43, line 3, I am sure my *curtal* will carry me as fast as your double gelding.] A "curtal" was a docked, or short-tailed horse: the Clown means to pun upon "double gelding" and double gilding.

Page 43, line 27, Enter four torches.] The scene changes to Hampton Court, in the neighbourhood of which Elizabeth had arrived in the preceding scene. Among the *dramatis personæ* present, the important character of "the Queen" is omitted in the old editions. This interview is supposed to occur at night.

Page 44, line 15, *That* there shines.] So edit. 1605: that of 1632 has, *For* there shines.

Page 44, line 30, And fear of my Queen's frown.] Our reading here

is that of the later copies: edit. 1605 has, "*For* fear of my Queen's frown," which does not express what Elizabeth means, viz., that her tears were compelled in part by joy, and in part by fear.

Page 45, line 16, Unnobles all *his* children.] All *your* children, edit. 1605.

Page 45, line 19, And they all have done their worst.] The sense seems to require that we should read, "And *when* they have all done their worst," &c. The addition also improves the measure, which, however, is generally so irregular as to be a very unsure guide.

Page 45, line 24, You'll not submit, but end as you begin?] Edit. 1632 interpolates *then*, after "submit."

Page 45, line 34, Whate'er *we* think.] Edit. 1632, Whate'er *you* think.

Page 46, line 4, Enter Philip.] From behind the arras, where he had spoken two lines in admiration of Elizabeth. Later editions, after the first, omit to notice the entrance of Philip, and none of them mention the return of Winchester, Benningfield, and the Constable, who take up the dialogue after Philip, the Queen, and their attendants, have withdrawn.

Page 46, line 18, Return I shall, &c.] Philip went to Flanders on 4th September, 1555, and returned to England 23rd March, 1557.

Page 47, line 15, My bones to earth I give, &c.] Bishop Gardiner died on 12th November after the departure of Philip to Flanders.

Page 47, line 28, Heaven *shield* my mistress.] Heaven *bless* my mistress, edit. 1632.

Page 48, line 1, Oh! 'twas the *rarest* show.] *Bravest* show, edit. 1632.

Page 48, line 3, As if *she* went.] As if *we* went, edit. 1632.

Page 48, line 16, The Queen takes the sceptre and purse.] It was "sceptre and purse" in the preceding line, but in this line edit. 1605 has "sceptre and *mace*."

Page 48, line 19, Oh, God! even at his death.] So all subsequent impressions, but that of 1605 reads, "Oh, God! *upon* even at his death."

Page 48, line 25, Pole, that arch [fiend], for truth and honesty.] Every old copy omits "fiend," or some such word, which we have added between brackets, as necessary both to meaning and measure.

Page 49, line 12, Or else that Cardinal Pole is suddenly dead.] Cardinal Pole did not, in fact, die until some hours after Queen Mary: however, Heywood, like other play-poets of his day, did not profess to treat matters historically, but dramatically. Stow (*Annales*, p. 1073) tells us that he died on the same day as Queen Mary.

Page 49, line 26, Enter Elizabeth, Gage, and Clarentia, *above*.] That is, as we may presume, in the balcony at the back of the old stage. Elizabeth was at Hatfield at the time of the death of her sister. The three bearers of the news of the accession of Elizabeth must have stood on the boards, and from thence addressed the Queen in the balcony above.

Page 50, line 27, Rise thou, first baron that we ever made.] Henry Carew, (or Carey) son and heir of William Carew, by Mary, daughter of the Earl of Wiltshire, and sister of Anne Boleyn, mother of Elizabeth, consequently first cousin to the new Queen, was not, in fact, created Baron Hunsdon until 13th January, 1559.

Page 51, line 26, Enter the Clown and one more, with faggots.] "One more" was the smallest number that would answer the purpose, and perhaps the largest number the company could spare.

Page 52, line 7, *And yet, methink, 'twere fit.*] *But yet, methink, 'twere fit*, edit. 1632.

Page 52, line 21, And dutifully *then* rejoice the other?] Edit. 1605 has, "And dutifully *there*," &c.

Page 52, line 33, Nor do *I you* commend.] Nor do you *much* commend, edit. 1632.

Page 53, line 1, A Sennet.] *i.e.*, a *sounding* of trumpets—sometimes, perhaps more properly, printed, a *sonnet*. Act iii., sc. 1, "of Henry VI.," Part II., opens with "A Sennet." See also "Henry VIII.," act ii., sc. 4, which begins, "Trumpets Sennet, and Cornets."

Page 53, line 7, Two *Gentlewomen*, bearing up her train.] In edit. 1632, "two *Gentlemen*" are represented as bearing up the Queen's train; but in the edit. 1605, which we follow when not otherwise stated, it stands "two *Gentlewomen*."—"The Queen takes state," at the end of this long introductory stage-direction, means that she ascends her throne, or what had been provided for the purpose.

Page 54, line 4, Whom have you now to *practise* your strictness on?] This is, we believe, the only word we have had occasion to alter, in this play, in a manner not warranted by any old copy we have had an opportunity of examining: they all read—

"Who have you now to *patronize* your strictness on?"

But the sense required the change, and the misprint can easily be accounted for. For the sake of the metre, we ought also to leave out "your;" and we have little doubt that the author so wrote the line.

Page 54, line 9, All your good deeds we'll *quit*, all wrongs remit.] Here we have "quit" in its more ordinary sense of *requite*. See page 38,

line 19. Edit. 1632 has, "your wrongs remit," but the older reading of 1605 is, on all accounts, preferable.

Page 54, line 21, I, Sergeant Trumpeter, present my mace.] In edit. 1605, this speech wants a prefix, which is derived from later impressions.

Page 54, line 29, Before you let that Purse and Mace be borne.] It seems doubtful to whom the Queen addresses this and the three preceding lines. Sir Nicholas Bacon was not made Keeper of the Great Seal till December 22, 1558: on the second day of her reign, (November 18, 1558) Elizabeth had taken it from Archbishop Heath, having thus early determined that he should not continue in office, although he was made one of her Privy Council. "The Purse and Mace" spoken of in the line we have quoted, might be the insignia of the Lord Chamberlain, but Lord Hunsdon was not appointed to that office until afterwards: Lord Howard of Effingham first filled that post, according to Camden's Elizabeth.—Kennett, ii, 369.

Page 54, line 32, *Sennet* about the stage in order.] i.e., *Sound* about the stage in order. See note to page 53, line 1.

Page 55, line 1, This purse and Bible to your Majesty.] Stow says—"The 19th of November, Queen Elizabeth came from Bishop's Hatfield, in Hertfordshire, unto the Lord North's house, in the late dissolved Charter-house of London, the Sheriffs of London meeting her grace at the farther end of Barnet town, within the shire of Middlesex, and so rode before her, till she came to the Charter-house gate, next Aldersgate, where her grace remained." He tells us nothing about the Lord Mayor, the purse, and the Bible; but see the Introduction.

THE
SECOND PART OF
IF YOU KNOW NOT ME,
YOU KNOW NO BODIE.

With the building of the Royall
EXCHANGE :

And the famous Victorie of Queene *Elizabeth*,
in the Yeare 1588.



AT LONDON,
Printed for *Nathaniell Butter.*
1606.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Earl of LEICESTER.

Earl of SUSSEX.

Lord HUNSDON.

Sir ANTHONY BROWN.

Sir FRANCIS DRAKE.

Sir MARTIN FROBISHER.

CASSIMIR, and other Ambassadors.

Sir THOMAS GRESHAM.

JOHN GRESHAM, his Nephew.

HOBSON, a Haberdasher.

TIMOTHY, his Man.

JOHN GOODFELLOW, a Pedlar.

Sir THOMAS RAMSEY.

Dr. NOWELL, Dean of St. Paul's.

Dr. PARRY.

HONESTY and QUICK.

Clown.

Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Sword-bearer, &c.

Chorus.

Duke of MEDINA, DON PEDRO, JOHN MARTINUS RICALDUS,
and other Spaniards.

Queen ELIZABETH.

Lady RAMSEY.

French Courtesan.

Factors, Apprentices, Merchant, Jeweller, Interpreter, Pursuivant,
Mariner, Workmen, Boy, Waits, Girl, Lords, Courtiers, Cre-
ditors, Posts, &c.



IF YOU KNOW NOT ME, YOU KNOW
NOBODY.

THE SECOND PART.

WITH

THE BUILDING OF THE EXCHANGE.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter one of GRESHAM'S Factors, and a Barbary Merchant.

Fact. My master, sir, requests your company,
About confirming certain covenants
Touching your last night's conference.

Mer. The sugars.
Believe me, to his credit be it spoke,
He is a man of heedful providence,
And one that by innative courtesy
Wins love from strangers. Be it without offence,
How are his present fortunes reckoned?

Fact. Neither to flatter, nor detract from him,
He is a merchant of good estimate:
Care how to get, and forecast to increase,
(If so they be accounted) be his faults.

• *Mer.* They are special virtues, being clear
From avarice and base extortion.
But here he comes.

Enter GRESHAM.

Good day to Master Gresham.

You keep your word.

Gresh. Else should I ill deserve
The title that I wear: a merchant's tongue
Should not strike false.

Mer. What think you of my proffer
Touching the sugar?

Gresh. I bethought myself
Both of the gain and losses incident,
And this, I take't, was the whole circumstance.
It was my motion, and, I think, your promise,
To get me a seal'd patent from your king,
For all your Barbary sugar, at a price,
During the king's life; and for his princely love,
I am to send him three score thousand pounds.

Mer. 'Twas so condition'd, and to that effect
His highness' promise is already past;
And if you dare give credit to my trust,
Send but your private letters to your factor,
That deals for your affairs in Barbary,
His majesty shall either seal your patent,
Or I'll return the money to your factor.

Gresh. As much as I desire. Pray, sir, draw near,
And taste a cup of wine, whilst I consider,
And thoroughly scan such accidental doubts
As may concern a matter of such moment.

Mer. At your best leisure. [*Exit.*

Gresh. I'll resolve you straight.—
Bethink thee, Gresham, three score thousand pounds;
A good round sum: let not the hope of gain
Draw thee to loss. I am to have a patent
For all the Barbary sugars, at a rate.
The gain clears half in half; but then the hazard.

My term continues during the king's life :
The king may die before my first return ;
Then where's my cash ? Why, so the king may live
These forty years ; then, where is Gresham's gain ?
It stands in this, as in all ventures else,
Doubtful. No more ; I'll through, whate'er it cost,
So much clear gain, or so much coin clear lost.—
Within there, ho !

Enter JOHN GRESHAM. Two or three Factors.

1st Fact. At hand, sir : did you call ?

Gresh. How thrives our cash ? What, is it well
increas'd ?

I speak like one that must be forc'd to borrow.

1st Fact. Your worship's merry.

Gresh. Merry ? Tell me, knave,

Dost thou not think that three score thousand pounds
Would make an honest merchant try his friends ?

1st Fact. Yes, by my faith, sir ; but you have a friend
Would not see you stand out for twice the sum.

Gresh. Praise God for all. But what's the common
rumour

Touching my bargain with the King of Barbary ?

1st Fact. 'Tis held your credit and your country's
honour,

That, being but a merchant of the city,
And taken, in a manner, unprovided,
You should, upon a mere presumption
And naked promise, part with so much cash,
Which the best merchants both in Spain and France
Denied to venture on.

Gresh. Good ; but withal,

What do they think in general of the bargain ?

1st Fact. That if the king confirm and seal your patent,
London will yield you partners enow.

Gresh. I think no less.—Go, fit you for the sea:
I mean to send you into Barbary,
You into Venice, you to Portingal.
Provide you presently.—Where much is spent,
Some must be got: thrift should be provident.—
Come hither, cousin: all the rest depart.

[*Exeunt Factors.*

John. I had as good depart, too; for he'll ring a peal
in mine ear,
'Twill sound worse than a passing-bell.

Gresh. I have ta'en note of your bad husbandry,
Careless respect, and prodigal expense,
And out of my experience counsel you.

John. And I hope, good uncle, you think I am as
ready to take good counsel, as you to give it; and I
doubt not but to clear myself of all objections that foul-
mouthed envy shall intimate against me.

Gresh. How can you satisfy the great complaint
Preferr'd against you by old Mistress Blunt,
A woman of approved honesty?

John. That's true; her honesty hath been proved
oftner than once or twice. But do you know her, uncle?
are you inward with her course of life? She's a com-
mon midwife for trade-fallen virginity: there are more
maidenheads charged and discharged in her house in a
year, than pieces at the Artillery-yard.

Gresh. She brings in farther proof that you miscall'd her.

John. I never call'd her out of her name, by this
hand, uncle, to my remembrance.

Gresh. No? she says you call'd her bawd.

John. True; and I have known her answer to't a
thousand times. Tut, uncle; 'tis her name, and I know
who gave it her, too: by the same token, her godfather
gave her a bowed angel, standing at the door, which
she hath kept time out of mind.

Gresh. Antonio reports you love his wife.

John. Love? why, alas, uncle, I hold it a parcel of my duty to love my neighbours; and should I hate his wife, no man would hold me a fit member for a commonwealth.

Gresh. He hates you for't.

John. Why, alas, uncle, that's not my fault; I'll love him ne'er the less. You know we are commanded to love our enemies; and, though he would see me hang'd, yet will I love his wife.

Gresh. He told me, you bestowed a gown of a strumpet.

John. Why, alas, uncle, the poor whore went naked; and you know the text commands us to clothe the naked; and [if] deeds of mercy be imputed unto us for faults, God help the elect!

Gresh. Well, if your prodigal expenses be aim'd
At any virtuous and religious end,
'Tis the more tolerable; and I am proud
You can so probably excuse yourself.

John. Well, uncle, to approve my words, as, indeed, good words without deeds are like your green fig-tree without fruit, I have sworn myself to a more conformable and strict course of life.

Gresh. Well, cousin, hoping you'll prove a new man——

John. A new man! what else, uncle? I'll be a new man from the top to the toe, or I'll want of my will. Instead of tennis-court, my morning exercise shall be at Saint Antlin's: I'll leave ordinaries; and to the end I may forswear dicing and drabbing, keep me more short, uncle. Only allow me good apparel; good rags, I'll stand to't, are better than seven years' 'prenticeship, for they'll make a man free of any, nay, of all companies, without indenture, father's copy, or any help what-

soever. But I see my error; wild youth must be bridled.
Keep me short, good uncle.

Gresh. On these presumptions I'll apparel thee;
And to confirm this resolution,
I will prefer you unto Master Hobson,
A man of well known discretion.

John. Any thing, good uncle. I have serv'd my
'prenticeship already, but bind me again, and I shall be
content; and 'tis but reason, neither. Send me to the
conduit with the water-tankard: I'll beat linen-bucks,
or any thing, to redeem my negligence.

Gresh. Your education challenges more respect.
The factor dealt for him in France is dead.

John. And you intend to send me in his room.

Gresh. I do, indeed.

John. It is well done, uncle; and 'twill not be amiss
in policy to do so. The only way to curb a dissolute
youth, as I am, is to send him from his acquaintance;
and therefore send me far enough, good uncle: send
me into France, and spare not; and if that reclaim me
not, give me o'er, as past all goodness.

Gresh. Now, afore God, my thoughts were much
against him,
And my intent was to have chid him roundly;
But his submissive recantation
Hath made me friends with him.—Come, follow me:
I'll do thee good, and that immediately. [*Exit.*]

John. Thank you, good uncle. You'll send me into
France; all for boon; and I do not show you the right
trick of a cousin afore I leave England, I'll give you
leave to call me cut, and cozen me of my patrimony, as
you have done. [*Exit.*]

Enter HOBSON'S 'Prentices, and a Boy.

1st Pren. Prithee, fellow Goodman, set forth the

ware, and look to the shop a little. I'll but drink a cup of wine with a customer at the Rose and Crown, in the Poultry, and come again presently.

2nd Pren. I must needs step to the Dagger, in Cheap, to send a letter into the country unto my father. Stand by; you are the youngest 'prentice, look you to the shop.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter HOBSON.

Hob. Where be these varlets? Bones o' me, at tavern?

Knaves, villains, spend goods! Why, my customers Must either serve themselves, or pack unserved.

Now they peep, like Italian pantaloons, Behind an arras; but I'll start you, knaves.

I have a shoeing-horn to draw on your liquor:

What say you to a piece of a salt-eel?

Come forth, you hang-dogs! Bones o' me, the knaves Flee in my face! they know me too well.

I talk and prate, and lay't not on their jacks,

And the proud Jacks care not a fig for me;

But, bones a me, I'll turn another leaf.—

Re-enter 'Prentices.

Where have you been, sir?

1st Pren. An honest customer

Requested me to drink a pint of wine.

Hob. Bones a me, must your crimson throat

Be scour'd with wine? your master's glad of beer:

But you'll die bankrupts, knaves and bankrupts all.—

And where have you been?

2nd Pren. At breakfast with a Dagger-pie, sir.

Hob. A Dagger-pie? uds, dagger's, death! these knaves Sit cock-a-hoop, but Hobson pays for all.

But, bones a me, knaves, either mend your manners,

Leave ale-houses, taverns, and the tippling mates,

Your punks and cockatrices, or I'll clap ye
Close up in Bridewell: bones a me, I'll do't.

2nd Pren. Beseech you, sir, pardon this first offence.

Hob. First? bones a me, why, 'tis your common course.
And you must needs be guzzling, go by turns,
One to the ale-house, and two keep the shop.

Enter Pedlar with tawney coat.

2nd Pren. It shall be done, sir.—How much ware
would you have?

Taw. Five pounds' worth, in such commodities
As I bespoke last night.

1st Pren. They are ready sorted.

Taw. God bless you, Master Hobson.

Hob. Bones a me, knave, thou'rt welcome. What's
the news

At bawdy Barnwell, and at Stourbridge fair?

What, have your London wenches any trading?

Taw. After the old sort, sir: they visit the Tolbooth
and the Bull-ring still.

Hob. Good girls! they do their kind. What, your
pack's empty?

Good news, a sign you bring your purses full;
And, bones a me, full purses must be welcome.—
Sort out their wares.—Welcome's your due;
Pay the old debt, and pen and ink for new.

Taw. We have for you, sir, as white as bears' teeth.

Hob. Bones a God, knaves!—You are welcome; but
what news?

What news i' th' country? what commodities
Are most respected with your country girls?

Taw. 'Faith, sir, our country girls are akin to your
London courtiers; every month sick of a new fashion.
The horning-busk and silken bride-laces are in good
request with the parson's wife: your huge poking-stick

and French periwig, with chambermaids and waiting gentlewomen. Now, your Puritan's poker is not so huge, but somewhat longer; a long, slender poking-stick is the all in all with your Suffolk Puritan. Your silk band, half farthingales, and changeable fore parts are common; not a wench of thirteen but wears a changeable fore part

Hob. An ancient wearing: there's some changeable stuff

Has been a wear with women time out of mind.

Taw. Besides, sir, many of our young married men have ta'en an order to wear yellow garters, points, and shoe-tyings; and 'tis thought yellow will grow a custom.

Hob. 'T has been us'd long at London.

Taw. And 'tis thought 'twill come in request in the country, too: 'tis a fashion that three or four young wenches have promised me their husbands shall wear, or they'll miss of their marks. Then, your mask, silk lace, washed gloves, carnation girdles, and busk point suitable, as common as coals from Newcastle: you shall not have a kitchen-maid scrape trenchers without her washed gloves; a dairy wench will not ride to market, to sell her butter-milk, without her mask and her busk.

Hob. Still a good hearing. Let the country pay Well for their pride; 'tis *gratis* here in London, And that's the cause 'tis grown so general. But feed their humours, and do not spare; Bring country money for our London ware.

[*Exit Pedlar.*]

Enter GRESHAM and JOHN GRESHAM.

Gresh. Where's Master Hobson?—Cry you mercy, sir.

Hob. No harm, good Master Gresham; pray draw near.

I'll but despatch a few old customers,

And bend a present ear to your discourse.

Gresh. At your best leisure.—

Hob. My task is done.

Oh! Master Gresham, 'twas a golden world,
When we were boys: an honest country yeoman,
Such as our fathers were, Heaven rest their souls,
Would wear white kersey.—Bones a me, you knaves!
Stools for these gentlemen.—Your worship's welcome.

Gresh. You know my business.

Hob. About your kinsman:

He shall be welcome. Beseech you, gentlemen,
Less of your courtesy. When shall we see the youth?

Gresh. Why, this is he.

Hob. Which, bones a me, which?

Gresh. Why, this.

Hob. Which? where? What, this young gentleman?
Bones a me, man, he's not for Hobson's turn.
He looks more like my master than my servant.

Gresh. I must confess, he is a gentleman,
And my near kinsman: were he mine own child,
His service should be yours.

Hob. I thank you for't;
And for your sake, I'll give him entertainment.
But, gentleman, if you become my man,
You must become more civil: bones a me,
What a curl'd pate is here! I must ha't off.
You see my livery: Hobson's men are known
By their frieze coats. An you will dwell with me,
You must be plain, and leave off bravery.

John. I hope, sir, to put on such civil conformity, as
you shall not repent my entertainment.

Hob. Pray God it prove so.

Gresh. If he do respect
An uncle's love, let him be diligent.

Hob. Well, Master Gresham, partly for your love,
And chiefly to supply my present want,

Because you say your kinsman is well seen
Both in languages and factorship,
I do intend to send him into France,
In trust both with my merchandizes and my cash.

John. And if I take not order to cashier that and myself, too, a pox of all French farthingales.

Gresh. How stand you minded to your master's motion?

John. Somewhat unwilling to leave my acquaintance ; but, good uncle, I know you send me out of love, and I hope 'twill be a means to call me home the sooner.

Gresh. Pray God it may.

John. I'll want of my will, else. I'll play a merchant's part with you, I'll take up French commodities, velvet kirtles, and taffeta fore parts. I'll have that I go for, or I'll make half the hot-houses in Dieppe smoke for this trick.

Hob. What, are your books made even with your accounts?

1st Pren. I have compar'd our wares with our receipt, And find, sir, ten pounds difference.

Hob. Bones a me, knave,
Ten pounds in a morning? here's the fruit
Of Dagger-pies and ale-house guzzlings.
Make even your reckonings, or, bones a me, knaves,
You shall all smart for't.

2nd Pren. Hark you, fellow Goodman :
Who took the ten pounds of the country chapman,
That told my master the new fashions?

1st Pren. Fore God, not I.

3rd Pren. Not I.

Hob. Bones a me, knaves,
I have paid soundly for my country news.
What was his name?

1st Pren. Afore God, I know not.

2nd Pren. I never saw him in the shop till now.

Hob. Now, bones a me, what careless knaves keep I!
Give me the book. What habit did he wear?

1st Pren. As I remember me, a tawney coat.

Hob. Art sure? then, set him down John Tawney-coat.

1st Pren. Ten pound in trust unto John Tawney-coat.

Hob. Bones a me, man, these knaves will beggar me.

Gresh. By'r lady, sir, ten pounds is too much to lose;
But ten times ten pound cannot shake your credit.

Hob. Thank God for all: when I came first to town,
It would haveshook me shrewdly. But, Master Gresham,
How stands your difference with Sir Thomas Ramsey?
Are you made friends yet?

Gresh. He is so obstinate,
That neither juries nor commissions,
Nor the entreaties of his nearest friends,
Can stoop him unto composition.

Hob. 'Tis passing strange. Were Hobson in your
coat,
Ere I'd consume a penny amongst lawyers,
I'd give't poor people; bones a me, I would.

Gresh. A good resolve; but Sir Thomas Ramsey's
mind
Is of another temper, and ere Gresham
Will give away a tittle of his right,
The law shall beggar me.

Hob. Bones a me, man, 'twill do that quickly.

Gresh. To prevent which course,
The Lady Ramsey hath by earnest suit
Procur'd the reverend preacher, Doctor Nowell,
A man well reckon'd for his grave respect,
To compromise and end our difference.
The place, the Lombard; ten of the clock, the hour

Appointed for the hearing of our cause.

Shall I request your friendly company?

Hob. With all my heart, both company and purse.

Bones a me, knaves, look better to my shop:

Men of our trade must wear good husband's eyes;

'Mongst many chapmen, there are few that buys.—

My leisure now your business attends;

Time's won, not lost, that's spent to make men friends.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Doctor NOWELL and my Lady RAMSEY.

Lady. Good Master Doctor Nowell, let your love
Now show itself unto me. Such as they,
Men of the chiefest note within this city,
To be at such a jar doth make me blush,
Whom it doth scarce concern: you are a good man;
Take you the cause in hand, and make them friends:
'Twill be a good day's work, if so it ends.

Dr. Now. My Lady Ramsey, I have heard, ere this,
Of their contentions, their long suit in law;
How by good friends they have been persuaded both,
Yet both but deaf to fair persuasion.
What good will my word do with headstrong men?
Breath, blown against the wind, returns again.

Lady R. Although to gentlemen and citizens
They have been so rash, yet to so grave a man,
Of whom none speak, but speak with reverence,
Whose words are gather'd in by every ear,
As flowers receive the dew that comforts them,
They will be more attentive. Pray, take it in hand:
'Tis a good deed; 'twill with your virtue stand.

Dr. Now. To be a make-peace doth become me well,
The charitable motion good in you;
And, in good sooth, 'twill make me wet mine eyes
To see them even, have been so long at odds,

And by my means. I'll do the best I can,
But God must bless my words, for man's but man.

Lady R. I thank you heartily, and by the hour I know
They will be presently here on the Lombard,
Whither I drew you for this intent:
And see, Sir Thomas is come; pray break with him.

Enter Sir Thomas RAMSEY.

Dr. Now. Good day to Sir Thomas Ramsey.

Ram. Master Dean of Paul's, as much to you.
'Tis strange to see you here in Lombard Street,
This place of traffic, whereon merchants meet.

Dr. Now. 'Tis not my custom: but Sir Thomas——

Enter GRESHAM and old HOBSON.

Hob. Come, come.

Now, body a me! I swear not every day,
You are too too much to blame: two citizens
Such as yourself and Sir Thomas Ramsey are,
To beat yourselves in law six or seven year,
Make lawyers, 'tornies' clerks, and knaves, to spend
Your money in a brabbling controversy,
Even like two fools. See where the other is,
With our Dean of Paul's.—Ne'er better met;
We two as umpires will conclude a strife
Before the clock strike twelve, that now is eleven,
Lawyers this full seven years have brabbled in,
And with a cup or two of merry-go-down
Make them shake hands. Is't not well said, Master Dean?

Dr. Now. And I could wish it as well done, Master
Hobson.

Gresh. I'll have you both know, though you are my
friends,
I scorn my cause should stoop or yield to him,
Although he be reputed Ramsey the rich.

Ram. And Gresham shall perceive that Ramsey's
purse
Shall make him spend the wealth of Osterley,
But he shall know.

Gresh. Know! What shall I know?

Ram. That Ramsey is as good a man as Gresham.

Gresh. And Gresham is as good a man as Ramsey.

Ram. Tut, tut, tut!

Gresh. Tut in thy teeth, although thou art a knight.

Hob. Bones a me, you are both to blame.

We two, like friends, come to conclude your strife,
And you, like fish-wives, fall a-scolding here.

Dr. Now. How stands the difference 'twixt you, my
good friends?

Lady R. The impatience both of the one and other
Will not permit to hear each other speak.
I'll tell the cause for both; and thus it is.
There is a lordship, called Osterley,
That Master Gresham hath both bought and built upon.

Gresh. And 'tis a goodly manor, Master Dean.

Lady R. Which Osterley, before he dealt therein,
Sir Thomas, my husband here, did think to buy,
And had given earnest for it.

Ram. Then, Gresham, here, deals with the land-seller,
And buys my bargain most dishonestly.

Gresh. God for thy mercy! touch mine honesty?
Away with compromise, with taking up;
The law shall try my cause and honesty.

Ram. 'Twill prove no better than it should, Gresham.

Gresh. 'Twill prove as good as Ramsey's, Ramsey.

Ram. Do not I know thy rising?

Gresh. Ay, and I know thine.

Ram. Why, mine was honestly.

Gresh. And so was mine.

Hob. Heyday! bones a me,

Was't ever seen two men to scold before?
Here's, I know thy rising, and I know thine,
When as God's blessing that hath rais'd them both.
Am I worse because in Edward's days,
When popery went down, I did engross
Most of the beads that were within the kingdom,
That when Queen Mary had renew'd that Church,
They that would pray on beads were forc'd to me?
I made them stretch their purse-strings, grew rich
thereby;

Beads were to me a good commodity.

Gresh. No matter for your beads, my right's my right.

Ram. Yet Gresham shall well know he hath done
me wrong.

Gresh. There's law enough to right you: take your
course.

Dr. Now. Reason being made man's guide, why is't
that force

And violent passions do sweep the soul
Into such headlong mischiefs? 'tis only this;
Reason would rule, Nature a rebel is.
You know the fire of your contention
Hath only cherishing, and is maintain'd
From vile affections, whose strength's but thus.
As sultry heat doth make us shun the fire,
An extreme cold doth alter that desire,
All things that have beginnings have their ends:
Your hate must have conclusion; then, be friends.

Hob. Friends.—Master Doctor Nowell, look you here,
Here's Mr. Gresham's hand.

Lady R. I'll bring the other.

Hob. This seven year they have been in law together.
How much such men as they in seven years spend,
Lawyers may laugh at, but let wise men judge.

Gresh. Friend Hobson.

Ram. Wife, lady.

Hob. Bones a me, I'll hold you fast :
I will not have a couple of such men
Make cackling lawyers rich, and themselves fools,
And for a trifling cause, as I'm old Hobson.

Gresh. Sir Thomas Ramsey.

Ram. Master Gresham.

Hob. Body of me, both shall be school'd. Master
Dr. Nowell,

You know the cause, that this contention
Is only that he bought a piece of land,
This had given earnest for ; all Adam's earth,
And Adam's earth is free for Adam's sons,
And 'tis a shame men should contend for it.
Whate'er you speak shall for a sentence stand,
And being spoke, they shall shake hand in hand.

Dr. Now. If I must, then, decide the difference,
Thus shall it be : because that Sir Thomas Ramsey
Has earnest given before you bought the land,
Though you were not acquainted with so much,
I do award he have an hundred pound
Towards his charges ; and for that you
Have both paid for the land and built upon it,
It shall continue yours. The money you have spent,
Either account it lost, or badly lent.

Gresh. God's precious ! I have spent five hundred
pound.

Ram. And so have I.

Hob. No matter,

The judgment stands, only this verdict too :
Had you before the law foreseen the loss,
You had not now come home by weeping cross.
Strifes may as well have end 'twixt honest men ;

• Lawyers set fools to law, then laugh at them.

Gresh. Fore God, 'tis true ; and now I think upon it,

We might at first have ended it by friends,
And made ourselves merry with the money.
But being done, 'tis done; then, Sir Thomas Ramsey,
Let's leave both losers: 'tis but a thousand pound;
And if you be as well content as I,
Here we'll shake hands and let our anger die.

Hob. Shake hands; by the Mary God, Sir Thomas,
what else?

Ram. You show yourselves our friends, to make us
friends;

Then, in good sooth, I'll not be obstinate.

Lady R. Nay, Master Dr. Nowell, join their hands.
I know the reverend regard of you
Hath temper'd both their hearts.

Gresh. Madam, 'tis true:
I think to any but so good a man
We should have both been headstrong; but come.

Dr. Now. With all my heart. Long may you live
together,
As friend should be to friend, brother to brother.

Gresh. Amen, amen, Sir Thomas.

Ram. Amen, amen, Master Gresham.

Hob. Amen, amen, to you both.
And is this not better than every term
To trot after lawyers?

Gresh. Good sooth, 'tis true, if we could think it so;
But 'tis man's nature, he desires his woe.— [*A storm.*
Now, passion a me, Sir Thomas, a cruel storm;
An we stay long, we shall be wet to th' skin.
I do not like 't: nay; and it angers me,
That such a famous city as this is,
Wherein so many gallant merchants are,
Have not a place to meet in, but in this,
Where every show'r of rain must trouble them.
I cannot tell, but if I live.—Let's step to the Pope's head;

We shall be dropping dry if we stay here.—
I'll have a mansion built, and such a roof,
That merchants and their wives, friend and their friends,
Shall walk underneath it, as now in Paul's.—

What day of the month is this?

Hob. Day, Master Gresham? let me see;
I took a fellow's word for twenty pound:
The tenth of March, the tenth of March.

Gresh. The tenth of March; well, if I live,
I'll raise a work shall make our merchants say,
'Twas a good show'r that fell upon that day.—
How now, Jack?

Enter JOHN GRESHAM.

John. Sir, my master, here, having prefer'd me to be
his factor into France, I am come to take my leave of you.

Gresh. I thank him for his care of thee.—Mr. Hobson,
My kinsman's come to take his leave of me;
He tells me you are sending him for France.

Hob. Bones a me, knave, art there yet?
I thought thou had'st been half way there by this.

John. I did but stay to take my leave of my uncle.

Gresh. Oh, Master Hobson, he comes in a very good
time.

I was bethinking me whom I might send
To fetch this hundred pound I am set to pay
To Sir Thomas Ramsey. Nay, as we are friends,
We'll have all covenants kept before we part.

John. God grant that I may see it.

Gresh. Here, John, take this seal ring:
Bid Timothy presently send me a hundred pound.

John. Ay, sir.

Gresh. I am sure he hath it ready told for thee.
We'll stay here, on the Lombard, till thou com'st.

John. Yes, sir.

Dr. Now. Nay, stay, good John: thou know'st my dwelling, John?

John. In Paul's Churchyard, sir.

Dr. Now. The hundred pound thou art sent for bring it thither.

John. Yes, marry will I, sir. [Exit.]

Dr. Now. And, my good friends, since that so long a strife

Hath end by my persuasion, I'll entreat
My house may entertain you for this time;
Where with such necessities we'll pass the time,
As God shall best be pleas'd, and you contented.
I keep no riot, nor you look for none,
Only my table is for every one.

Gresh. A cup of sack, and welcome, Master Dean:
Nature is best contented with a mean. [Exeunt.]

Enter TIMOTHY and JOHN GRESHAM.

John. As I told you, Timothy,
You must send my uncle straight a hundred pound:
He dines at Dr. Nowell's, and gave me in charge
To haste with the money after him.

Tim. You come to me, John, for a hundred pound:
I thank my spiritual maker, I have the charge of
many hundreds of his now, John. I hope, John, you fear
God.

John. Fear God? 'sfoot! what else: I fear God and
the devil too.

Tim. I must tell you, John, and I know it, you have
not fed of the spiritual food, but edified by faith, and
suffered the tares of the wild affections to be burnt.

John. Foot! thou wouldst not have me make myself a
French martyr, to be burnt at these years, wouldst thou?

Tim. I have known them, John, of our Church, have
been burnt for other sins before thy years.

John. Ay, by my faith, Timothy, it may be you have ; for as close as you carry your teeth together, with “indeed, good brother,” I do not think but once in a year a man might find you quartered betwixt the mouth at Bishopgate, and the preaching place in the Spital.

Tim. Now you talk of the Spital, I must say, in very deed, I have been in the Spital.

John. It is more like, Timothy, you have been acquainted with the pox, then.

Tim. But if you should think, John, that I would be there to commit, deal, or, to speak more profanely, to venture in the way of all flesh, you do wrong me, being a brother of the faith.

John. Come, right yourself and your master, then, and send him this one hundred pound. Here’s his seal ring ; I hope, a warrant sufficient.

Tim. Upon so good security, John, I’ll fit me to deliver it. [Exit.

John. Spend it ! Heaven send me but once to finger it, and if I do not make a Flanders reckoning on’t—and that is, as I have heard mad wags say, receive it here, and revel it away in another place—let me be spit out of the room of good fellowship, and never have so much favour as to touch the skirt of a taffeta petticoat.

Tut, I am young ; mine uncle’s an old chuff ;

And I’ll not want, by God, since he hath enough.

I must not let this same wainscot-face, yea and nay, hear me, though.

Re-enter TIMOTHY.

Tim. Here, John ; accept my duty to my master. I must tell you, John, I would not have trusted you, John, without so sufficient a discharge.

John. I am the less beholding unto you. But now I have it, because you preach’d to me upon my demand

of it, I'll be so bold to lecture to you upon your delivery. Timothy, you know the proverb, good Timothy, that the still sow eats all the draff; and no question the most smooth-tongued fellow, the more arrant knave: God forbid I should call you so, Timothy, yet I will leave this for your further remembrance:—

Under the yea and nay men often buy
Much cozenage, find many a lie:
He that with yea and nay makes all his sayings,
Yet proves a Judas often in his payings,
Shall have this written o'er his grave,
Thy life seem'd pure, yet died a knave.

Tim. Do you hear, John; you know the chapman's word in London, I'll trust you, but no further than I see you. You have the hundred pound, John, but, for that you have wronged us that love to be edified, I will go with you to my master, and see the money delivered.

John. Why, a' trusted me to come with it.

Tim. I care not, by yea and nay: I'll go; by yea and nay, I will.

John. Let me but ask thee this question; whether dost thou go in any love to thy master, or to me?

Tim. Though my master be my master, yet you have stirr'd my stomach.

John. I thought there was the fruit of your puritan patience. Come, let's along, and if I do not show your religion a trick shall be scarce digested with pippins or cheese, let me be called cut. Come along. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter HONESTY, *the Serjeant, and* QUICK.

Hon. Fellow Quick, pray thee have a care: if thou canst see John, the upholsterer, I must needs arrest him.

Quick. How much is the debt?

Hon. Some fifty pound.

Quick. Dost thou think he is able to put in bail to the action?

Hon. I think scarce enough.

Quick. Why, then, we'll arrest him, to the Pope's head, call for the best cheer in the house, first feed upon him, and then, if he will not come off, carry him to the Compter. But if he will stretch some four or five pound, being the sum's so great, he shall pass. We'll make him swear he shall not tell he was arrested, and we'll swear to the creditor we cannot meet with him.

Hon. Thou sayest well.

Quick. I have served Scent the perfumer, Tallow the currier, Quarrel the glazier, and some three or four more of our poor smelts, so this morning.

Enter JOHN.

John. I have coursed through two or three lanes, yet the miching slave follows me so close, I cannot give him the slip for this hundred pound. God save me, now 'tis in my hand, I'd rather be hang'd than part from it. Foot! 'twill make a man merry half a year together in France, command wenches, or anything. Part from it, quoth you; that were jest, indeed: shall a young man as I am, and, though I say it, indifferent proper, go into a strange country, and not show himself what metal he is made of, when a comes there? I protest, a very good hundred pound: a hundred pound will go far in France, and when a man hath it not of his own, who should he make bold withal for it, if he may not with his uncle? But see, if that thin-faced rogue be not come again. I must have a trick for him.

Enter TIMOTHY.

Tim. For all your fore-long to and fro, by yea and nay, I'll follow you.

John. Will you? There should be sergeants hereabouts. Will you? Lord, if it be thy will, send me to hit of one, and if I do not show you a trick.—Thou shouldst be a sergeant, by thy peering so.

Hon. Why, Master John, so I am.

John. Thou art happily met; I am looking for one. What's thy name?

Hon. My name, Master John? I have been merry at your uncle's many a time: my name's Honesty.

John. I' faith?

Quick. Nay, I'll assure you his name is Honesty, and I am Quick, his yeoman.

John. Honesty! who, the pox, gave thee that name? But thou must do an office for my uncle.—Here, Quick, run thou before and enter the action; There's money: an action of a hundred pound Against Timothy Thin-beard, Master Gresham's factor.—

I hope I shall teach you to dog me.

Quick. An action against Thin-beard: I go. [*Exit.*]

John. Here, Honesty, here's money for thy arrest. Be sure to take good bail, or clap him fast.—I hope I shall show you a trick.

Hon. Mum for that.

John. See where he is: God prosper it. Fasten upon him like a hungry dog upon a piece of meat;

And if this be not a trick to catch a fool,
A more knave learn me, and I'll go to school.

Hon. I arrest you, sir.

Tim. Arrest me, thou servant of Satan! at whose suit?

Hon. At your master's, Master Gresham's.

Tim. Oh God, for thy mercy! Mr. John, Mr. John!

John. Nay, nay, this hundred pound hath other work
in hand for me;

You are in the devil's hands, and so agree. [*Exit.*

Tim. My good friend, now what must become of me?

Hon. Unless we shall to the tavern, and drink till
you can send for bail, you must to the Compter.

Tim. Is there no difference made betwixt the faithful
and the unfaithful?

Hon. Faith, very little in paying of debts; but if
you be so holy, I marvel how you ran so far behindhand
with your master.

Tim. I must confess, I owe my master five hundred
pound. How I came so, it is not fit to lay the sins of
our flesh open to every eye; and you know the saying,
“’tis bad to do evil, but worst to boast of it;” yet He
above knows, that sometimes, as soon as I have come
from Bow Church, I have gone to a bawdy-house.

Hon. Nay, it appears so, that now your master hath
smelt out your knavery.

Tim. Not to commit, in very deed, good friends, but
only to see fashions; or to recreate and stir up our
drowsy appetites.

Re-enter QUICK.

Hon. Well, here comes my fellow Quick, and, unless
you will content us for staying, you must along to the
Compter.

Tim. I hope you think “the labourer is worthy of
his hire.” We will stay here at the tavern; and, Quick, I
will content thee to carry a letter to my master, wherein
I will make him a restitution of his five hundred pound
by repentance, and show him the way that my frail
nature hath run into.

Hon. Well, we'll be paid by the hour.

Tim. It will not be amiss, if you buy an hour-glass.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Doctor NOWELL, GRESHAM, Sir THOMAS
RAMSEY, HOBSON, Lady RAMSEY.*

Gresh. Come, Master Dr. Nowell, now we have done
Our worst to your good cheer, we'd fain be gone;
Only we stay my kinsman's long return,
To pay this hundred pound to Sir Thomas Ramsey.

Dr. Now. Then, assure you he will be here presently.
In the mean time, I have drawn you to this walk,
A gallery wherein I keep the pictures,
Of many charitable citizens,
That having fully satisfied your bodies,
You may by them learn to refresh your souls.

Gresh. Are all these pictures of good citizens?

Dr. Now. They are; and I'll describe to you some of
their births,
How they bestow'd their lives, and did so live,
The fruits of this life might a better give.

Gresh. You shall gain more in showing this to us,
Than you have shown.

Lady R. Good Master Dean, I pray you show it us.

Dr. Now. This was the picture of Sir John Philpot,
sometime Mayor.

This man at one time, at his own charge,
Levied ten thousand soldiers, guarded the realm
From the incursions of our enemies,
And in the year a thousand three hundred and eighty,
When Thomas of Woodstock, Thomas Percy, with
other noblemen,

Were sent to aid the Duke of Brittany,
This said John Philpot furnish'd out four ships
At his own charges, and did release the armour
That the poor soldiers had for victuals pawned.
This man did live when Walworth was Lord Mayor,
That provident, valiant, and learned citizen,

That both attach'd and kill'd the traitor Tyler;
For which good service, Walworth, the Lord Mayor,
This Philpot, and four other Aldermen,
Were knighted in the field.

Thus did he live ; and yet, before he died,
Assur'd relief for thirteen poor for ever.

Gresh. By the Mary God, a worthy citizen.

On, good my dean.

Dr. Now. This Sir Richard Whittington, three times
Mayor,

Son to a knight, and 'prentice to a mercer,
Began the library of Gray-friars in London,
And his executors after him did build
Whittington College, thirteen almshouses for poor men,
Repair'd Saint Bartholomew's, in Smithfield,
Glazed the Guildhall, and built Newgate.

Hob. Bones a me, then, I have heard lies ;
For I have heard he was a scullion,
And rais'd himself by venture of a cat.

Dr. Now. They did the more wrong to the gentleman.
This, Sir John Allen, mercer, and Mayor of London,
A man so grave of life, that he was made
A Privy Councillor to King Henry the Eighth.
He gave this city a rich collar of gold,
That by the Mayor succeeding should be worn ;
Of which Sir William Laxton was the first,
And is continued even unto this year.
A number more there are, of whose good deeds
This city flourish'd.

Gresh. And we may be ashamed,
For in their deeds we see our own disgrace.
We, that are citizens, are rich as they were,
Behold their charity in every street,
Churches for prayer, almshouses for the poor,
Conduits which bring us water ; all which good

We do see, and are reliev'd withal,
And yet we live like beasts, spend time and die,
Leaving no good to be remember'd by.

Lady R. Among the stories of these blessed men,
So many that enrich your gallery,
There are two women's pictures: what are they?

Dr. Now. They are two that have deserv'd a memory
Worthy the note of our posterity.
This, Agnes Forster, wife to Sir A. Forster,
That freed a beggar at the grate of Ludgate,
Was after Mayor of this most famous city,
And builded the south side of Ludgate up,
Upon which wall these verses I have read:—
“Devout souls, that pass this way,
For M. Foster, late Mayor, honestly pray,
And Agnes his wife, to God consecrate,
That of pity this house made for Londoners in Lud-gate;
So that for lodging and water here nothing they pay,
As their keepers shall answer at dreadful Doomsday.”

Lady R. Oh, what a charitable deed was this!

Dr. Now. This, Ave Gibson, who in her husband's
life,

Being a grocer and a Sheriff of London,
Founded a free school at Ratcliff,
There to instruct three score poor children;
Built fourteen almshouses for fourteen poor,
Leaving for tutors fifty pound a year,
And quarterly for every one a noble.

Lady R. Why should I not live so, that, being dead,
My name might have a register with theirs.

Gresh. Why should not all of us, being wealthy men,
And by Heaven's blessing only rais'd, but
Cast in our minds how we might them exceed
In goodly works, helping of them that need.

Hob. Bones a me, 'tis true: why should we live

To have the poor to curse us, being dead?
Heaven grant that I may live, that, when I die,
Although my children laugh, the poor may cry.

Dr. Now. If you will follow the religious path
That these have beat before you, you shall win Heaven.
Even in the mid-day walks you shall not walk the
street,

But widows' orisons, lazars' prayers, orphans' thanks,
Will fly into your ears, and with a joyful blush
Make you thank God that you have done for them;
When, otherwise, they'll fill your ears with curses,
Crying, we feed on woe, you are our nurses.
Oh! is't not better that young couples say,
You rais'd us up, than, you were our decay?
And mothers' tongues teach their first born to sing
Of our good deeds, than by the bad to wring?

Hob. No more, Master Dr. Nowell, no more.
I think these words should make a man of flint
To mend his life: how say you, Master Gresham?

Gresh. Fore God, they have started tears into my
eyes;
And, Master Dr. Nowell, you shall see
The words that you have spoke have wrought effect
in me.

Lady R. And from these women I will take a way
To guide my life for a more blessed stay.

Dr. Now. Begin, then, whilst you live, lest, being
dead,
The good you give in charge be never done.
Make your own hands your executors, your eyes over-
seers,

And have this saying ever in your mind:—

“Women be forgetful, children be unkind,
Executors be covetous, and take what they find.”

Hob. In my time I have seen many of them.

Gresh. I'll learn them to prevent them whilst I live.
The good I mean to do, these hands shall give.

Enter QUICK.

Quick. The matter you wot of is done.

Gresh. Done, knave! what's done?

Quick. He is in huckster's handling, sir; and here he commends him unto you.

Gresh. Marry, knave, dost tell me riddles? what's all this?

Quick. A thing will speak his own mind to you,
If you please but to open the lip.

Enter Clown.

Clown. By your leave, gentlemen, I am come to smell out my master here.—Your kinsman John, sir, your kinsman John.

Gresh. Oh, he has brought the hundred pound. Where is he?

Quick. It appears by this the matter is of less weight.

Gresh. What, more papers?

Fellow, what hast thou brought me here? a recantation?

Clown. It may be so, for he appears in a white sheet.

Quick. Indeed, he seems sorry for his bad life.

Gresh. Bad life! bad life, knave! what means all this?

Master Dr. Nowell, pray read it for me,
And I'll read that my kinsman John hath sent.—
Where is he, knave?

Clown. Your worship's no wiser than you should be, to keep any of that coat.

Gresh. Knave, thou meanest.

Clown. Knave? I mean, sir, but your kinsman John,
That by this time's well forward on his way.

Gresh. Heyday! what have we here? knavery as quick as eels:

We'll more of this.

Clown. You were best let me help you hold it, sir.

Gresh. Why, knave, dost think I cannot hold a paper?

Clown. Help will do no hurt; for if the knavery be as quick as an eel, it may chance to deceive you.

GRESH. (*reads.*)

“I am a merchant made by chance,
And lacking coin to venture,
Your hundred pound's gone toward France;
Your factor's in the Compter.”

Quick. No, sir; he is yet but in the tavern at Compter-gate; but he shall soon be in, if you please.

Gresh. Away, knave! let me read on:

“My father gave me a portion,
You keep away my due;
I have paid myself a part to spend:
Here's a discharge for you.”

Precious cool! here's a knave round with me.

Dr. Now. Your factor, Timothy Thinbeard, writes to you,

Who, as it seems, is arrested at your suit.

Gresh. How! at my suit?

Dr. Now. And here confesseth, by using bad company
He is run behindhand five hundred pound,
And doth entreat you would be good to him.

Gresh. How! run behindhand five hundred pound,
And by bad company? Master Dean of Paul's,
He is a fellow seems so pure of life,
I durst have trusted him with all I had.

Dr. Now. Here is so much, under his own hand.

Gresh. Ha! let me see.—Who set you to arrest him?

Quick. Why, your kinsman John, sir; your kinsman John.

Gresh. Ha, ha! in faith, I smell the knavery, then.
This knave, belike mistrusting of my kinsman,
Would come along to see the money given me:
Mad Jack, having no trick to put him off,
Arrests him with a sergeant, at my suit.
There went my hundred pound away: this Thinbeard,
then,

Knowing himself to have play'd the knave with me,
And thinking I had arrested him indeed,
Confesseth all his tricks with yea and nay.
So, here's five hundred pound come, one run away.

Hob. Bones a me, Master Gresham, is my man John
gone away with your hundred pound?

Clown. 'Faith, it appears so, by the acquittance that
I brought.

Gresh. No matter, Mr. Hobson: the charge you trust
him with

I'll see he shall discharge. I know he is wild,
Yet, I must tell you, I'll not see him sunk;
And, afore God, it hath done my heart more good,
The knave had wit to do so mad a trick,
Than if he had profited me twice so much.

Ram. He ever had the name of mad Jack Gresham.

Gresh. He's the more like his uncle.—Sir Thomas
Ramsey,

When I was young, I do remember well,
I was as very a knave as he is now.—

Sirrah, bring Thinbeard hither to me; and, Sir Thomas
Ramsey,

Your hundred pound I'll see you paid myself.
Ha, ha! mad Jack, grammerey for this slight:
This hundred pounds makes me thy uncle right.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter JOHN Tawney-coat.

Taw. Ay, sure, 'tis in this lane: I turned on the

right hand, coming from the Stocks. Nay, though there was master careless, man careless, and all careless, I'll still be honest John, and scorn to take any man's ware but I'll pay them for it. I warrant, they think me an arrant knave, for going away and not paying; and in my conscience the master cudgell'd the men, and the men the master, and all about me; when, as God save me, I did it innocently. But, sure, this is the lane: there's the Windmill; there's the dog's head in the pot; and here's the friar whipping the nun's arse. 'Tis hereabout, sure.

Enter in the shop two of HOBSON's folks, and opening the shop.

1st. Come, fellow Crack, have you sorted up those wares?

Mark'd them with 54? They must be packed up.

2nd. I have done't an hour ago. Have you seal'd up My master's letter to his factor, John Gresham? It is at Dieppe, in France, to send him matches, For he must use them at Bristow fair.

1st. Ay, and the post received it two hours since.

Taw. Sure, it is here about: the kennel was on my right hand; and I think, in my conscience, I shall never have the grace of God and good luck, if I do not pay it. God's foot, look here! look here! I know this is the shop, by that same stretch-halter.—Oh, my masters! by your leave, good fellows.

1st. You are welcome, sir; you are welcome.

Taw. Indeed, that's the common saying about London, if men bring money with them.

1st. Oh, sir, money customers to us are best welcome.

Taw. You say well; so they should be. Come, turn o'er your books: I am come to pay this same ten pound.

1st. And we are ready to receive money. What might we call your name?

Taw. Why, my name is John Goodfellow. I hope I am not ashamed of my name.

1st. Your kin are the more beholding unto you.—Fellow Crack, turn o'er the kalendar, and look for John Goodfellow.

2nd. What comes it to?

Taw. Ten pound.

1st. You will have no more wares with you, will you, sir?

Taw. Nay, prithee, not too fast: let's pay for the old, before we talk of any new.

2nd. John Goodfellow?—Fellow Nimblechaps, here's no such name in all our book.

1st. I think thou art mop-ey'd this morning: give me the book. Letter I, letter I, letter I.—When had you your ware?

Taw. I had it some ten days ago.

1st. Your name's John Goodfellow, you say.—Letter I, letter I, letter I.—You do not come to mock us, do you?—Letter I, letter I, letter I.—By this hand, if I thought you did, I would knock you about the ears, afore we parted.—Fellow Crack, get me a cudgel ready. Letter I, letter I, letter I.—'Foot! here's no such name in all our book. Do you hear, fellow? Are you drunk, this morning, to make us look for moonshine in the water?

Taw. 'Foot! art not thou drunk, this morning? Canst not receive the money that's due to thee? I tell thee, I had ten pounds' worth of ware here.

1st. And I tell thee, John Goodfellow, here's no such name in our book, nor no such ware delivered.

Taw. God's precious! there's a jest, indeed: so a man may be sworn out of himself.—Had I not ten pounds' worth of ware here?

2nd. No, goodman goose, that you had not.

Taw. Heyday ! here's excellent fellows, are able to make their master's hair grow through his hood in a month ! They can not only carelessly deliver away his ware, but also they will not take money for it, when it comes.

1st. Do you hear, hoiden ? an my master were not in the next room, I'd knock you about th' ears for playing the knave with us, ere you parted.

Taw. By the mass, I think your master had more need (if he look'd well about him) to knock you for playing the Jacks with him. There's your ten pounds ; tell it out with a wannion, and take it for your pains.

1st. 'Foot ! here's a mad slave, indeed, will give us ten pound, in spite of our teeth.

2nd. Fellow Nimblechaps, alas ! let the poor fellow alone : it appears he is beside himself.

Taw. By the mass, I think you will sooner make your master stark mad, if you play thus with everybody.

Enter old HOBSON.

Hob. Heyday ! bones a me, here's lazy knaves ! Past eight o'clock, and neither ware sorted, Nor shop swept.

Taw. Good morrow to you, sir : have you any more stomach to receive money than your men have, this morning ?

Hob. Money is welcome chaffer : welcome, good friend, welcome, good friend.

Taw. Here's Monsieur Malapert, your man, scorns to receive it.

Hob. How, knaves ! think't scorn to receive my money ?

Bones a me, grown proud, proud knaves, proud ?

1st. I hope we know, sir, you do not use to bring up your servants to receive money, unless it be due unto you.

Hob. No, bones a me, knaves, not for a million.—
Friend, come to pay me money? for what, for what?
For what come you to pay me money?

Taw. Why, sir, for ware I had some month ago,
Being pins, points, and laces,
Poking-sticks for young wives, for young wenches
glasses,

Ware of all sorts, which I bore at my back,
To sell where I come, with what do you lack?
What do you lack? what do you lack?

Hob. Bones a me, a merry knave. What's thy name?

Taw. My name, sir, is John Goodfellow,
An honest poor pedlar of Kent.

Hob. And had ten pound in ware of me a month ago?
Bones! give me the books. John Goodfellow, of Kent.

Taw. Oh, sir, *nomine et naturâ*, by name and nature.
I am as well known for a good fellow in Kent,
As your city Sumner's known for a knave.
Come, sir, will you be telling?

Hob. Tell me no tellings: bones a me! here's no such
matter.

Away, knave, away! thou owest me none. Out of my
doors!

Taw. How! owe you none, say you? This is but a
trick to try my honesty, now.

Hob. There's a groat: go, drink a pint of sack;
Comfort thyself; thou art not well in thy wits.
God forbid, pay me ten pound not due to me?

Taw. God's dickins, here's a jest, indeed! master
mad, men mad, and all mad: here's a mad household.
Do you hear, Master Hobson, I do not greatly care to
take your groat, and I care as little to spend it; yet
you shall know I am John, honest John, and will not be
outfac'd of my honesty. Here I had ten pounds' worth
of ware, and I will pay for it.

Hob. Nimblechaps ! call for help, Nimblechaps.
Bones a me, the man begins to rave.

2nd. Master, I have found out one John Tawney-coat,
Had ten pounds' worth of ware a month ago.

Taw. Why, that's I, that's I ! I was John Tawney-coat then,
Though I am John Grey-coat now.

Hob. John Tawney-coat ! Welcome, John Tawney-coat.

Taw. 'Foot ! do you think I'll be outfac'd of my honesty ?

Hob. A stool for John Tawney-coat.—Sit, good John Tawney-coat ;
Honest John Tawney-coat, welcome John Tawney-coat.

Taw. Nay, I'll assure you, we were honest, all the generation of us.
There 'tis, to a doit, I warrant it : you need not tell it after me.

'Foot ! do you think I'll be outfac'd of mine honesty ?

Hob. Thou art honest John, honest John Tawney-coat.
Having so honestly paid for this,
Sort up his pack straight worth twenty pound.
I'll trust thee, honest John ; Hobson will trust thee ;
And any time the ware that thou dost lack,
Money, or money not, I'll stuff thy pack.

Taw. I thank you, Master Hobson ; and this is the fruit of honesty.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Purs. By your leave, Master Hobson, I bring this favour to you.
My royal mistress, Queen Elizabeth,
Hath sent to borrow a hundred pound of you.

Hob. How ! bones a me, Queen know Hobson ?
Queen know Hobson,

And send but for one hundred pound? Friend, come in;
Come in, friend; shall have two; Queen shall have two.
If Queen know Hobson once, her Hobson's purse
Must be free for her; she is England's nurse.
Come in, good friend. Ha! Queen know Hobson?
Nay, come in, John; we'll dine together too.

Taw. Make up my pack, and I'll along from you,
Singing merrily on the way,
Points, pins, gloves, and purses,
Poking-sticks, and black jet rings,
Cambrics, lawns, and pretty things.
Come, maids, and buy, my back doth crack,
I have all that you want; what do you lack?
What do you lack? [*Exeunt.*

Enter GRESHAM and Sword-bearer.

Gresh. Our city's sword-bearer, and my very good
friend,

What, have our honourable Court of Aldermen
Determin'd yet? shall Gresham have a place
To erect this worthy building to his name,
May make the city speak of him for ever?

Sword. They are in earnest council, sir, about it.

Gresh. Be you my agent to and fro to them:
I know your place, and will be thankful to you.
Tell them, I wait here in the Mayor's Court;
Beneath, in the Sheriff's Court, my workmen wait,
In number full an hundred: my frame is ready;
All only stay their pleasure; then, out of hand,
Up goes my work, a credit to the land.

Sword. I shall be dutiful in your request. [*Exit.*

Gresh. Do, good Master Sword-bearer.—Now, when
This work is rais'd,
It shall be in the pleasure of my life
To come and meet our merchants at their hour,

And see them, in the greatest storm that is,
Walk dry, and in a work I rais'd for them ;
Or fetch a turn with[in] my upper walk,
Within which square I have ordered shops shall be
Of neat, but necessariest trades in London :
And in the richest sort being garnish'd out,
'Twill do me good to see shops, with fair wives
Sit to attend the profit of their husbands ;
Young maids brought up, young men as 'prentices.
Some shall prove masters, and speak in Gresham's praise,
In Gresham's work we did our fortunes raise ;
For I dare say, both country and the Court
For wares shall be beholding to this work.

Enter Sword-bearer, Lord Mayor, and Sheriffs.

Sword. Master Gresham,
Thus sends the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen.

Ram. Or rather come to bring the news ourselves.
We have determin'd of a place for you
In Cornhill, the delightful of this city,
Where you shall raise your frame. The city at their
charge

Hath bought the houses and the ground,
And paid for both three thousand, five hundred, three
and twenty pound.

Order is given the houses shall be sold
To any man will buy them, and remove them.

Sher. Which is already done, being four score house-
holds,
Were sold at four hundred, three score, and eighteen
pounds.

The plot is also planed at the city's charges,
And we, in name of the whole citizens,
Do come to give you full possession
Of this, our purchase, whereon to build a Burse,

A place for merchants to assemble in,
At your own charges.

Gresh. Master Sheriff, I'll do't; and what I spend
therein,

I scorn to lose day; neglect is a sin.—
Where be my workmen?

Enter Workmen.

Work. Here, here! with trowel and tools ready at
hand.

Enter Dr. NOWELL and HOBSON.

Gresh. Come, fellows, come:
We have a frame made, and we have room
To raise it.—But, Master Dr. Nowell and Master Hobson,
We have your presence in a happy time:
This seventh of June, we the first stone will lay
Of our new Burse.—Give us some bricks.
Here's a brick, here's a fair sovereign.
Thus I begin; be it hereafter told,
I laid the first stone with a piece of gold.
He that loves Gresham follow him in this:
The gold we lay due to the workmen is.

Work. Oh, God bless Mr. Gresham! God bless
Mr. Gresham!

Ram. The Mayor of London, Mr. Gresham, follows
you.

Unto your first this second I do fit,
And lay this piece of gold o' top of it.

Sher. So do the Sheriffs of London after you.

Hob. And, bones a me, old Hobson will be one.
Here, fellows, there's my gold; give me a stone.

Work. God forbid, a man of your credit should want
stones.

Dr. Now. Is this the plot, sir, of your work in hand?

Gresh. The whole plot, both of form and fashion.

Dr. Now. In sooth, it will be a good edifice;
Much art appears in it: in all my time,
I have not seen a work of this neat form.
What is this vaultage for, is fashion'd here?

Gresh. Stowage for merchants' ware, and strangers'
goods,
As either by exchange or other ways are vendible.

Dr. Now. Here's a middle round, and a fair space,
The round is grated, and the space
Seems open: your conceit for that?

Gresh. The grates give light unto the cellarage,
Upon the which I'll have my friends to walk,
When Heaven gives comfortable rain unto the earth,
For that I will have covered.

Dr. Now. So it appears.

Gresh. This space, that hides not heaven from us,
Shall be so still; my reason is,
There's summer's heat as well as winter's cold;
And I allow, and here's my reason for't,
'Tis better to be bleak'd by winter's breath,
Than to be stifled up with summer's heat.
In cold weather, walk dry, and thick together,
And every honest man warm one another:
In summer, then, when too much heat offends,
Take air, a' God's name, merchants or my friends.

Dr. Now. And what of this part, that is over head?

Gresh. Master Dean, in this
There is more ware there than in all the rest.
Here, like a parish for good citizens
And their fair wives to dwell in, I'll have shops,
Where every day they shall become themselves
In neat attire; that when our courtiers
Shall come in trains to pace old Gresham's Burse,
They shall have such a girdle of chaste eyes,
And such a globe of beauty round about,

Ladies shall blush to turn their visors off,
And courtiers swear they ly'd when they did scoff.

Dr. Now. Kind Master Gresham, this same work of
yours

Will be a tomb for you, after your death ;
A benefit to tradesmen, and a place
Where merchants meet, their traffic to maintain,
Where neither cold shall hurt them, heat, nor rain.

Gresh. Oh, Master Nowell, I did not forget
The troublesome storm we had in Lombard Street,
That time Sir Thomas and I were adversaries,
And you and Master Hobson made us friends.
I then did say, and now I'll keep my word,
I saw a want, and I would help afford :
Nor is my promise, given you when you show'd
That rank of charitable men to us,
That I would follow their good actions,
Forgot with me ; but that before I die
The world shall see I'll leave like memory.

[*A blazing star.*]

Fore God, my lord, have you beheld the like?
Look how it streaks ! what do you think of it ?

Sher. 'Tis a strange comet.—Master Hobson,
My time, to my remembrance, hath not seen
A sight so wonderful.—Master Dr. Nowell,
To judge of these things your experience
Exceedeth ours ; what do you hold of it ?
For I have heard that meteors in the air,
Of lesser form, less wonderful than these,
Rather foretel of dangers imminent,
Than flatter us with future happiness.

Dr. Now. Art may discourse of these things ; none
can judge

Directly of the will of Heaven in this :
And by discourse thus far I hold of it.

That this strange star appearing in the North,
And in the constellation of Cassiopy,
Which, with three fixed stars commix'd to it,
Doth make a figure geometrical,
Lozenge-wise, called of the learned rhombus,
Conducted with the hourly moon of Heaven,
And never altered from the fixed sphere,
Foretels such alteration, that, my friends,
Heaven grant with this first sight our sorrow ends.

Hob. God's will be done. Master Dean, hap what
hap will,

Death doth not fear the good man, but the ill.

Gresh. Well said, Master Hobson :
Let's live to-day, that if death come to-morrow,
He's rather messenger of joy than sorrow.

Enter a Factor.

Now, sir, what news from Barbary ?

Fact. Unwelcome news, sirs. The King of Barbary
is slain.

Gresh. Ha ! slain by treason, or by war ?

Fact. By war, in that renowned battle
Swift fame desires to carry through the world,
The battle of Alcazar, wherein two kings,
Besides the King of Barbary, were slain,
Kings of Morocco and of Portingal,
With Stukeley, that renowned Englishman,
That had a spirit equal with a king,
Made fellow with these kings in warlike strife,
Honour'd his country, and concluded life.

Gresh. Cold news, by'r Lady.—The venture, gentle-
men,
Of three score thousand pound with that dead king,
Lies in a hazard to be won or lost.
In what estate consists the kingdom now ?

Fact. In peace ; and the succeeding happy heir
Was crown'd then king, when I took ship from
thence.

Gresh. To that king, then, be messenger from us,
And by the sound of trumpet summon him.
Say that thy master, and a London merchant,
Craves due performance of such covenants,
Confirm'd by the late King unto ourself,
That for the sum of three score pound,
The traffic of his sugars should be mine.
If he refuse the former bargain made,
Then, freely claim the money that we lent :
Say that our coin did stead the former king ;
If he be kind, we have as much for him.

Hob. By the Mary God, it was a dangerous day :
Three kings, besides young Stukeley, slain !
I'll tell you, my Lord Mayor, what I have seen.
When sword and bucklers were in question,
I have seen that Stukeley beat a street before him.
He was so familiar grown in every mouth,
That if it happen'd any fighting were,
The question straight was, was not Stukeley there ?
Bones a me, he would hew it !—Now, what news with
you ?

Enter a boy.

Boy. Here's a letter sent you from John Gresham.

Hob. Oh, an answer of a letter that I sent,
To send me matches against Bristow fair,
If then any were come.

Boy. I cannot tell, sir, well what to call it ; but, instead of matches of ware, when you read your letter, I believe you will find your factor hath match'd you.

Hob. What's here ? what's here ? [*Read the letter.*

“ As near as I could guess at your meaning, I have

laboured to furnish you, and have sent you two thousand pounds' worth of match."

How? bones, knave! two thousand pounds' worth of match!

Boy. Faith, master, never chafe at it; for if you cannot put it away for match, it may be the hangman will buy some of it for halters.

Hob. Bones a me, I sent for matches of ware, fellows of ware.

Boy. And match being a kind of ware, I think your factor hath match'd you.

Hob. The blazing star did not appear for nothing. I sent to be sorted with matches of ware,
And he hath sent me naught but a commodity of match,
And in a time when there's no vent for it.
What do you think on't, gentlemen?
I little thought Jack would have serv'd me so.

Gresh. Nay, Master Hobson, grieve not at Jack's cross;
My doubt is more, and yet I laugh at loss. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Lords.

1st Lord. You have travell'd, sir: how do you like this building?
Trust me, it is the goodliest thing that I have seen;
England affords none such.

2nd Lord. Nor Christendom;
I might say, all the world has not his fellow.
I have been in Turkey's great Constantinople;
The merchants there meet in a goodly temple,
But have no common Burse: in Rome—but Rome's
Built after the manner of Frankfort and Embden—
There, where the greatest marts and meeting places
Of merchants are, have streets and pent-houses,
And, as I might compare them to themselves,
Like Lombard Street, before this Burse was built.

Enter Sir THOMAS RAMSEY.

1st Lord. I have seen the like in Bristow.

Ram. Good morrow to your honours.

2nd Lord. Thanks to my good Lord Mayor.

We are gazing here of Master Gresham's work.

Ram. I think you have not seen a goodlier frame.

2nd Lord. Not in my life; yet I have been in Venice,
In the Rialto there, called Saint Mark's;
'Tis but a bauble, if compar'd to this.

The nearest, that which most resembles this,
Is the great Burse in Antwerp, yet not comparable
Either in height or wideness, the fair cellarage,
Or goodly shops above. Oh, my Lord Mayor,
This Gresham hath much graced your city, London;
His fame will long outlive him.

1st Lord. It is reported you, Sir Thomas Ramsey,
Are as rich as he: this should incite you
To such noble works, to eternize you.

Ram. Your lordship pleases to be pleasant with me:
I am the meanest of a many men
In this fair city. Master Gresham's fame
Draws me as a spectator amongst others,
To see his cost, but not compare with it.

1st Lord. And it is cost, indeed.

2nd Lord. But when, to fit these empty rooms about
here,
The pictures graven of all the English kings
Shall be set over, and in order plac'd,
How glorious will it then be!

1st Lord. Admirable!

Ram. These very pictures will surmount my wealth.

1st Lord. But how will Master Gresham name this
place?

2nd Lord. I heard my Lord of Leicester to the Queen

Highly commend this work ; and she then promis'd
To come in person, and here christen it :
It cannot have a better godmother.
This Gresham is a royal citizen.

Ram. He feasts this day the Russian Ambassador :
I am a bidden guest ; where, if it please you——

1st Lord. Good Sir Thomas,
We know what you would say. We are his guests,
Invited too ; yet in our way we took
This wonder, worth our pains : it is our way
To Bishopsgate, to Master Gresham's house ;
Thither, so please you, we'll associate you. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter GRESHAM, leading in the Ambassador. Music,
and a banquet served in : the Ambassador sits.*

*Enter Sir THOMAS RAMSEY, the two Lords, my Lady
RAMSEY, the Waits, in Sergeants' gowns, with one In-
terpreter.*

Gresh. Lords, all at once, welcome ; welcome at
once.

You come to my new building's up-setting :
It hath been long in labour, now deliver'd,
And up ; anon, we'll have a health to it.
This Russian prince, the Emperor's ambassador,
Doth not our language understand.—Interpreter,
Say that we bid him welcome.

Inter. The Prince speaks Latin,
And in that language we'll interpret for him.
*Salutem tibi optat, et adventum tuum gravissimus
Iste Londinensis.*

Amb. *Istum libens audio, ages illi meo nomine
Ex animo gratias : funde, quod bibamus.*

Inter. He gladly thanks you for his royal welcome,
And drinks to you.

Gresh. We understand that sign.—

Come, let our full-crown'd cups o'erflow with wine.

Welcome again, fair lords.

2nd Lord. Thanks, Master Gresham:

We have been viewing of your works.

Gresh. My Burse: how do you like it, lords?

It is a pretty bauble.

2nd Lord. 'Tis a fair work:

Her Majesty intends to name the place.

Gresh. She doth her servant Gresham too much grace.

It will be pretty when my pictures come

To fill those empty rooms; if that hold,

That ship's rich freight is worth her weight in gold.

1st Lord. It will be rare and famous.

Gresh. What was it that the Russian whispered?

Inter. He ask'd me what interpreter the Queen
Would in his embassy employ.

Gresh. None: tell him none;

For, though a woman, she is a rare linguist.

Where other princes use interpreters,

She, *propria voce*,—I have some Latin too—

She of herself hears all their embassies,

And herself answers them without interpreter,

Both Spanish, Latin, French, and Greek,

Dutch, and Italian: so let him know.

My Lord of Leicester sent me word, last night,

(And I am prouder on't than on my building)

The Queen, to grace me and my works the more,

The several Ambassadors there will hear,

And them in person answer.

2nd Lord. 'Tis most true.

Enter a gentleman, whispering to Sir THOMAS RAMSEY.

Gresh. The Russian with the French.—

What would that gentleman, Sir Thomas?

Ram. He is a merchant and a jeweller:

'Mongst other stones, he saith, he hath a pearl,
Orient and round, weighing so many carats,
That it can scarce be valued: the French king
And many other dukes have, for the riches
And price, refused to buy it; now he comes
To offer it to this Ambassador.

Gresh. Show him the pearl, interpreter,
The Lord Ambassador.

*Inter. Mercator quidam et aurifex, spectendum tibi
profert*

Gemmam, domine serenissime.

*Amb. Et pulchra, et principe digna: interroga quanti
judicat.*

Inter. He commends it to be both rich and fair,
And desires to know how you value it.

Mer. My price, sir, is fifteen hundred pound.

Amb. Quanti valet?

Inter. Mille quingentis minis.

Amb. Non, non; nimis percara est ista gemma.

Inter. He saith it is too dear; he will not buy it.

Gresh. I will peruse your pearl. Is that your price?

Mer. I cannot bate one crown, and gain by it.

Gresh. We'll not be accessary to your loss;
And yet, considering all things, some may think us
To be but bare of treasure at this time,
Having disburs'd so much about our works;

Enter a Mariner.

Yet, if our ships and trade in Barbary
Hold current, we are well.—What news from sea?
How stand my ships?

Mar. Your ships, in which all the king's pictures were,
From Brute unto our Queen Elizabeth,
Drawn in white marble, by a storm at sea
Are wreck'd and lost.

Gresh. The loss, I weigh not this;
Only it grieves me, that my famous building
Shall want so rich and fair an ornament.

Lady R. It touches all the city; for those pictures
Had doubly grac'd this royal edifice.

Ram. Methinks the ship's loss most should trouble you.

Gresh. My ship's but wealth: why, we have wealth.
The pictures were the grace of my new Burse:
So I might them in their true form behold,
I car'd not to have lost their weights in gold.

Enter a Factor.

1st Lord. A noble citizen!

Gresh. Our factor! What good news from Barbary?
What says the king? Speak: didst thou summon him?
Or hast thou brought my three score thousand pound?
Or shall I have the sugars at that rate?
If so, new marble pictures we'll have wrought,
And in a new ship from beyond sea brought.

Fact. The king, that in the regal chair succeeds
The king late dead, I summon'd, and demanded
Either your money tender'd, or the sugars
After the rate propos'd. He denied both;
Alleging, though he was successive heir,
He was not, therefore, either tied to pay
The late king's debts, nor yet to stand unto
Unnecessary bargains: notwithstanding,
To gratify your love, the king hath sent you
As presents, not as satisfaction,
A costly dagger and a pair of slippers;
And there's all for your three score [thousand] pound.

Gresh. By'r lady, a dear bargain.

1st Lord. I fear me, this will plague him. A strange
cross:

How will he take this news? loss upon loss.

2nd Lord. Nay, will it not undo him? doth he not wish

His buildings in his purse?

Gresh. A dagger? that's well:

A pair of slippers?—Come, undo my shoes.

What, sixty thousand pound in sterling money,

And paid me all in slippers? Then, hautboys, play!

On slippers I'll dance all my care away.

Fit, fit! he had the just length of my foot.—

You may report, lords, when you come to Court,

You Gresham saw a pair of slippers wear,

Cost thirty thousand pound.

1st Lord. Somewhat too dear.

Gresh. Nor yet, for all this treasure we have lost,
Repents it us one penny of our cost.

2nd Lord. As royal in his virtues as his buildings!

Ram. These losses would have kill'd me.

Gresh. Jeweller,

Let's see thy pearl.—Go, pound it in a mortar;

Beat it to powder, then return it me:

What dukes and lords, and these ambassadors

Have, even before our face, refus'd to purchase,

As of too high a price to venture on,

Gresham, a London merchant, here will buy.—

What, is it broken small? Fill us some wine:

Fuller, yet fuller, till the brim o'erflows.

Here sixteen thousand pound at one clap goes.

Instead of sugar, Gresham drinks this pearl

Unto his Queen and mistress: pledge it, lords.

Who ever saw a merchant bravelier fraught,

In dearer slippers, or a richer draught?

Ram. You are an honour to all English merchants;
As bountiful, as rich and charitable.

As rich, as renowned, as any of all.

Gresh. I do not this as prodigal of my wealth;

Rather to show how I esteem that loss
Which cannot be regain'd. A London merchant
Thus treads on a king's present.—Jeweller,
My factor shall deliver you your money.
And, lords, so please you but to see my school
Of the seven learned liberal sciences,
Which I have founded here, near Bishopsgate,
I will conduct you. I will make it, Lords,
An university within itself,
And give't from my revenues maintenance.
W'are not like those that are not liberal
Till they be by dying ; what we mean to give,
We will bestow and see done whilst we live.—
Attendance ! come, th' Ambassador, guests, all,
Your welcome's great, albeit your cheer's but small.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Tawney-coat, with a spade.

Taw. Hard world, when men dig living out of stones,
As wretched, miserable I am enforc'd.
And yet there lives more pity in the earth,
Than in the flinty bosoms of her children ;
For she's content to have her aged breast
Mangled with mattocks, rent and torn with spades,
To give her children and their children bread ;
When man, more flinty than her stony ribs
That was their mother, neither by entreats,
Tears, nor complaints, will yield them sustenance.
But 'tis our age's fault ; the mightier
Tear living out of us, we out of her.

Enter HOBSON, in his gown and slippers.

Hob. Mother of me, what a thick mist is here !
I walked abroad to take the morning air,
And I am out of knowledge. Bones a me,

What meads, and what enclosure have we here?
How now, old Hobson! dote in thine old age?
A fool at three score? Whither wilt thou, wit?
I cross'd the water in my gown and slippers,
To see my rents and buildings of the Bankside,
And I am slipp'd clean out of ken, 'fore God,
A wool gathering.

Taw. Either mine ear's deceiv'd,
Or I should know that tongue. 'Tis so, indeed!
Each word he speaks makes my torn heart to bleed.

Hob. Ha, ha! I smile at my own foolery.
Now I remember mine old grandmother
Would talk of fairies and hobgoblins,
That would lead milkmaids over hedge and ditch,
Make them milk their master neighbour's kine;
And, ten to one, this Robin Goodfellow

[*Tawney-coat digs.*

Hath led me up and down the madman's maze.
I hear some company; for shame! all whist.
Sit thee down, Hobson, a right man in the mist.

Taw. 'Tis he. Alas! when the rough hand of want
Hath cast us down, it loads us with mishaps.
I broke my day with him. Oh, had that fatal hour
Broken my heart! and, villain that I was,
Never so much as write in my excuse:
And he for that default hath sued my bill,
And with an execution is come down
To seize my household stuff, imprison me,
And turn my wife and children out of doors.
What, shall I fly him? No; he's pitiful:
Then, with my tears I will importune him.—
God save you, Master Hobson.

Hob. Hobson! bones a me,
What voice is that?—Art thou a man, a friend?
Tell me if thou be that Will of the Wisp,

That lead'st me this wild morris? I conjure thee
To leave me to myself.

Taw. Oh, Master Hobson!

As ever you have been a poor man's friend,
Continue still so: insult not o'er my fortunes.

Hob. I am in the mist. What art thou? speak.

Taw. A debtor of your worship's.

Hob. A debtor of mine! mother of me, thou liest.
I know thee not, nor do I know this place.
If thou owest me any thing, pay me with thy love;
And if thou be'st acquainted in these woods,
Conduct me to some town or direct road
That leads to London, and I'll here discharge thee
Of debts and duties, and beside impart
Somewhat to cherish thee.

Taw. What should I think?

He knows me; and, for fear I should escape him,
He would entice me to the officers.—
Oh, Master Hobson! though not for mine own,
Yet for my wife and my poor children's sakes,
If your intent be to imprison me,
Upon my knees I do entreat you spare me.
The goods you trusted me withal I have not wasted
In riot and excess, but my kind heart,
Seeing my helpless neighbours in distress,
By reason of the long and extreme dearth,
Some I reliev'd, some trusted with my goods,
Whose poverty's not able to repay.
Then, bear with me a little; your rich store
Hath sav'd my life, and fed a hundred more.

Hob. Now, bones a me, another Tawney-coat!
What's thy name, knave?

Taw. John Goodfellow, sir.

Hob. Bones a me,
I thought as much. Art thou not Tawney-coat?

Taw. I am the man whom you call'd Tawney-coat.

Hob. And I the Hobson that will pity thee.

Now, bones a me, what mak'st thou with a spade?

Taw. This spade? alas! 'tis all the wealth I have.
When my poor wife and children cry for bread,
They still must cry till these have purchas'd it;
They must go naked till these harden'd hands,
When the cold breath of winter strikes on them,
Till these have earned it.

Hob. Now, alas, good soul!

It melts my heart to hear him, and mine eyes
Could weep for company.—What earn'st a day?

Taw. Little, God knows.

Though I be stirring earlier than the lark,
And at my labour later than the lamb,
Towards my wife and children's maintenance
I scarcely earn me three pence by the day.

Hob. Alas, the while, poor soul! I pity them;
And in thy words, as in a looking-glass,
I see the toil and travail of the country,
And quiet gain of cities' blessedness.
Heaven's will for all, and should we not respect it,
We were unworthy life. But, bones a me,
Dost thou think to pay me twenty pound
And keep thy charge, earning a groat a day?

Taw. God bless my labours, I hope I shall.
I have this quarter, by exceeding thrift,
Bare clothing, and spare diet, scrap'd together
Five shillings in a purse, which I lay up
Towards your worship's debt.

Hob. Give it me; somewhat hath some savour.—
And yet shall I spend that which the poor labourer
got?

No, God forbid: old Hobson ne'er will eat,
Rather than surfeit upon poor men's sweat.

Take it again, and buy thy children bread.

But soft, the mist doth break: what town is this?

Taw. Deptford, and it like your worship.

Enter TIMOTHY.

Hob. Bones a me, to Deptford came I to do charity?
I see 'twas God's appointment.—

But who comes here? Bones a me, honest Tim!—

'Twas said in London you were bound for France,

And I determin'd to have writ by you.

Tim. By yea and nay, Master Hobson, 'tis no untruth.
I was bound for France, landed in France, despatch'd
some secret business for a sister in France, and from her
have French tokens to deliver to the sisterhood whom
I shall first encounter in England.

Hob. Bones a me, Tim, so speedy in your journey!
It seems your business was of much import.

Tim. Verily it was, and it stood chiefly between two
women; and, as you know, women love to have their
business despatched.

Hob. Mother a me, Tim, I am glad of it.
But how does my factor, John Gresham, in France?

Tim. You gravely may better consider of that than I
can discourse; but withal, I pray you, think he is a wild
youth. There are taverns in France, yet I do not think
John Gresham is given to frequent them; and yet I
must remember you he is a youth, and youth may be
drawn to expenses. England's on this side, France on
that; the sea betwixt him and his master; but I do not
think him guilty, yet I could say.

Hob. Mother a me, leave off these parables,
And tell me plainly, is he not a wench?

Tim. By yea and by nay, sir, without parable, I am
no tell-tale. I have seen him in company with Madonna
such a one, or such a one: it becomes not flesh and

blood to reveal. Your worship knows he is in France, the sea betwixt him and you, and what a young youth in that case is prone unto—your gravity is wise. I'll not say so much as I saw him drinking with a French lady or lass in a tavern, because your gravity is wise ; but if I had, it had been less than, perhaps, you imagine on such a wild youth as he, no question, does deserve.

Hob. Mother a me, 'tis so. In a French tavern,
Kissing the lady, and the sea betwixt us.
I am for you, Master John ; thus in my gown and slip-
pers,

And nightcap and gown, I'll step over to France.—
Here, Tawney-coat, receive thou my seal ring :
Bear it to my factor ; bid him by that token
Sort thee out forty pounds' worth of such wares
As thou shalt think most beneficial.

Thou art a free man ; up with thy trade again :
I'll raise thee, Goodfellow, if God say, Amen.

Taw. I know not how.

Hob. Tut, bones a me, man, peace !
Hobson will do't : thou owest me but twenty pound,
I'll venture forty more. Timothy here shall be
Thy witness to my factor in this business.
To all our friends in London say I am gone
Over to France.—I am for you, Master John.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter JOHN and Courtesan.

Cour. Sweet youth, thou art too young, and yet scarce
ripe
To taste the sweetness of my mellowed love.

John. That's the reason I set thy teeth on edge thus ;
but thou know'st I promis'd to have a bout with thee
at our last parley, and I have come to perform my
word : name the weapon.

Cour. Nothing but kisses and enticing looks.

John. Then ward your lips well, or you'll ha' the first veney.

Cour. I have no ward but this : my tender sex
Have not the manly skill to break a thrust.
Oh, how I dote on thee ! I have tried, ere now,
The sweaty Spaniard and the carousing Dane,
The foggy Dutchman, and the fiery French,
The brisk Italian, and indeed what not ;
And yet of all and all, the Englishman
Shall go for me : ay, y'are the truest lovers,
The ablest last night, and the truest men
That breathe beneath the sun.

John. Why, then, the Englishman for thy money :
well, my little rogue, there's no love lost, I'll assure thee.
I am my master's factor, and thou hast a commodity
that I must needs take up, and not enter't into his cash-
book neither. Little thinks my master in England
what ware I deal withal here in France ; but since 'tis
offer'd me at the best hand, I'll venture on't, though I
be a loser by the bargain.

Cour. I would be private, lest the tell-tale air
Whisper our love. I prithee, let us in
To the inner chamber ; I am jealous
Of all eyes but mine own to look upon thee :
I would have none to see thee but myself.
In amorous arms to fold thee, but myself,
To associate, talk, discourse, or dally with thee,
Clip, grasp hands, or kiss thee, but myself.

John. Who would not be a merchant venturer, and
lay out for such a fair return ? I shall venture the
doubling of my years presently. I think I have met
with a better commodity than matches, and my master
cannot say but he hath met with his match. This 'tis
to have the land and the sea betwixt me and my master :
here can I keep my French revels, and none say so

much as black is mine eye.—Prithee, little pinkany, bestow this jewel o' me.

Cour. This jewel's a love: ask my life, 'tis thine;
But this, an English factor, whom you know,
Gave me at his departure out of Rouen,
And I have vow'd to keep it for his sake.
Any thing but this jewel.

John. But if I could get this jewel cleanly, and carry it him over at my return for a token, 'twere a jest worth laughing at.—But, an thou wilt not give me this jewel, prithee give me this same chain to wear for thy sake.

Cour. This was another countryman's of yours:
He made me swear to keep't till his return.
Ask me aught else, 'tis thine.

John. Why, then, this ring.

Cour. That you, of all the favours that I wear,
Could find out nothing but this ring! this ring,
A toy not worth the giving; yet I sooner
Would part with life than this. A dying friend
Bequeath'd it at his death. But, honey love,
What shouldst thou talk of giving? 'tis a word
Worn out of use; it sounds not well in French:
A man should still say take, take, to his wench.

John. Then, I say take: take this, and this; still take heed of me, lest I show you a slippery trick for this. 'Tis the kindest wench in Christendom, but she'll part with nothing.—Shall we have another wooing room?

Cour. What room thou pleasest, dear heart, I agree:
Where'er I go, there shall be room for thee.

John. Any? then I may chance to make you wish rather my room than my company, an you look not the better to't.
[*They withdraw.*]

Enter, at the other end of the stage, HOBSON in his gown and slippers.

Hob. I have slipp'd o'er into France; and in my
slippers,
Given all my friends the slip, to see this gallant,
My man, he that hath match'd me. Bones a me,
The knave's a prophet, else it could not be.
He's not at his lodging, yet by an English factor,
A fellow knows not me, I was directed
Unto this house. I'll know what business
The knave hath here. [*Pulsat.*

Intrat Puella.

Wench. Who's there? who's at the door?

Hob. Damsel, good day: is there not a fellow here,
an Englishman?

Wench. Here's an Englishman, but none of your
fellow, neither. I hope, sir, we are not all fellows at
foot-ball.

Hob. Nay, bones a me, girl, there's no reason we
should be fellows. But prithee, my wench, is there not
one Jack Gresham here?

Wench. No, goodman look like a goose; but there's
one Master John Gresham, an English gentleman,
here. And you know no manners, you should be taught
some.

Hob. Bones a me, goodman master, master ser-
vant!

Old goodman Hobson keeps gentlemen to his men.
Jack turn'd to Master John; marry, sir reverence!
The French maid taught me manners. Well, I hope
We shall have a sight of the gentleman.

Wench. As you use yourself, you may, and you may
not. [*Exeunt ambo.*

Enter JOHN GRESHAM, and Courtesan.

John. Thou seest this jewel well becomes mine ear,
This ring my finger, and this chain mine arm.

Cour. I'll be thy jewel: at thy lips I'll hang,
And, as this ring thy finger compasseth,
So shall these arms thy waist. These are but toys;
Let me displace them.

Intrat Puella.

Wench. Mr. John, here's a fellow below would speak
with you.

John. With me! what is he?

Wench. A simple coxcomb; I'll call him up to you.

John. Do, my sweet Buffamache. Some carrier, or
base knave, that hangs of my liberality.—I hope 'tis not
pure Tim, come for the second part of my benevolence.
Admit him in, that he may praise our fate,
And see us in our choicest pomp and state.

Wench. Here's the fellow I told you of, sir.

Intrat HOBSON.

John. Zounds! my master.

Hob. *Sancte amen!* Man John, a wenchart knave,
rack and manger knave? Bones a me, cannot a snatch
and away serve your turn, but you must lie at rack
and manger? Is this the ware you deal with, servant
John?

John. Chapman's ware, sir.

Hob. Sirrah, sirrah, the dealing with such ware
belongs not to our trade. Bones a me, knave, a
'prentice must not occupy for himself, but for his master,
to any purpose.

John. And he cannot occupy for his master without
the consent of his mistress.

Hob. Come, y'are a knave.

John. Of your own bringing up, sir.

Hob. Besides, thou canst not keep open shop here, because thou art a foreigner, by the laws of the realm.

John. Not within the liberty ; but I hope the suburbs tolerate any man or woman to occupy for themselves : they may do't in the city, too, an they be naturalized once.

Hob. Ay, but sirrah, I'll have none of my English 'prentices Frenchified. Bones a me, knave, I'll have thee deal with no such broken commodities.

John. Your worship must have such as the country yields, or none at all. But, I pray ye, sir, what's our trade?

Hob. What say'st thou, knave?

John. That your worship is a haberdasher of all wares.

Hob. Bones a me ! a haberdasher of small wares.

John. And that the worst trade in all Christendom, and especially for French women : if they know a man to be a haberdasher of small ware, they'll have no dealing with him ; and therefore, an you will have any good commodities here, you must change your copy. You never were a traveller, and therefore you know not what belongs to't. But you do clean mistake this gentlewoman, an you take her for a light wench : weigh her in equal balance, and you shall find her no such woman, no such woman, I'll assure you.

Hob. No ! what is she, then, John ?

John. Fore God, sir, I would not have you wrong the gentlewoman's repute for a world. This matressa deals for herself, and hath many sorts of ware at command : I was now bargaining with her about a certain country commodity, and, had not your coming marr'd the match, we had gone through for't. And further, should you wrong the lady's reputation here, in France,

I'll assure you they have the law of their sides. But, to confirm your good opinion of her, this is she of whom I took up your commodity of matches: be sorry for your offence, and excuse you to her for shame, master.

Hob. Bones a me, knave, I cannot speak a word of French.

John. Nor she of English. But all's one: upon her, master, and what

You cannot do in words, perform in dumb signs.—

What, in your slippers come to take me napping?

I'll give you what you come for instantly,

And, on the sudden, make you so aghast,

You will be glad to pardon what is past. [*Exit.*]

Hob. Madam, I cry you mercy for this wrong
Done to your ladyship: I did suspect you
For a bad liver, but I see you clear;
For which mistake I do remain your servant.

Cour. *Grand merci, monsieur.*

Hob. How! would you my gray mare see?
An't like your ladyship, I came by water,
And neither of mare's back, nor horse back.

Cour. *No, no point parler Français?*

Hob. No, indeed, lady, my name is not Francis; your servant, and John Hobson.

Cour. *No point.*

Hob. No points? yes, indeed, lady; I have points
at my hose, though I go untruss'd.

Cour. *No point parler.*

Hob. I have no points in my parlour, indeed; but I
have an hundred pounds' worth in my shop.

Intrat JOHN cum aliis Factoribus.

John. Tush! fear not, lads; for he knows none of you.
Do but buff out a little broken French,
And he'll never take you to be Englishmen.

Omn. Fact. We'll second the t'others, but manage it.

John. Be patient, I beseech you, gentlemen.

Though you be officers, appointed here
To search suspected places, as this is
A most notorious filthy bawdy-house,
And carry all old rusty fornicators,
Above the age of fifty, unto prison,
Yet know, this is an honest gentleman.

Hob. A search, and 'tis a bawdy-house?—Why, John!
Bones a me, knave, how comes this to pass?

1 *Fact.* *Measar mon a moy.*

Hob. How! must you have money of me? I'll know
wherefore first, by your leaves.

John. Nay, master, I would it were but a money
matter;

A cage or whipping post or so: 'tis worse.
What! an old man to chide his 'prentice hence,
As if he had some private business,
And then himself get close unto his wench!
Nay, whipping's all too good. Had you found me so,
There had been work enough; there had been news
For England, and a whole twelve months' chiding
Of my good uncle.

2 *Fact.* *Je vou stre sau amilt.*

Hob. How! must I go to prison for doing amiss?

John. To prison! nay to whipping, I am sorry;
And, to my power, I will entreat for you.
Fie, master, fie!

Hob. Bones a me, John, is not this a lady?

John. No, by my troth, master; such as in the
garden-alleys.

Joan's as good as this French lady.

Hob. Is not this gentlewoman a dealer,
And hath she not a good commodity?

John. Yes, by my faith, sir, I confess both.

Hob. Hath she not ware?

John. She hath, and at a reasonable reckoning.

Hob. And may not, then, a chapman deal with her?

John. Marry may ye, sir; and I'll send news to your wife of your dealing.

The cause of your coming to France shall be known,
And what second hand commodities you took up
Since your coming: my mistress in England shall know
What utterance you have for your small wares in France.
Pen and ink!—I'll set it down in black and white.

Hob. Bones a me, John! what, John! why, honest John!

John. "Hearty commendations—understand—reverend Master Hobson found with a whore in Rouen—place, a common bawdy-house—must be whipped."

Hob. No more, good John!

John. You have had none yet—"whipp'd about the town."

Hob. Sweet, honest John! why, bones a me, knave John!

John. "In witness whereof, all these honest gentlemen, eye-witnesses, have set to their hands."—Nay, my mistress shall know't, that's flat. Are there not wenches enow in England, but you must walk over sea in your slippers, and venture (being not shod) to come into France, a wenching? what, an old man, too? She shall know what a slippery trick you would have served her in your slippers in France.

Hob. Nay, bones a me, John; friends, sweet John, all friends;

I do confess th'ast overreach'd thy master.

Ca me, ca thee: conceal this from my wife,

And I'll keep all thy knavery from thine uncle.

John. Well sir, in hope of amendment, I am content, and yet ——

Hob. Nay, bones a me, I'll take you at your word.
Besides, I hope these honest gentlemen
Will save my credit.

John. I'll entreat for you.

Hob. 'Tis logic to me, sir ; I understand you not.

John. Marry, sir, they say if you will walk with them
to their lodgings, for my sake they invite you to dinner.

Hob. God a mercy, gentlemen ; God a mercy, John.
But, bones a me, where are their lodgings ?

John. Hard by ; for why do you ask ?

Hob. I hope they'll bring me to no more bawdy-
houses ;

I would not be taken napping again for two and one.
But, gentlemen, I'll accept of courtesy, and then, John,
You shall with me to England : we'll show France
Our backs. An you will needs deal for yourself
Afore your time, you shall do't in England.—
Will you walk, gentlemen ?

Cour. Adieu, monsieur : and, Gresham, farewell too.
No more of French love, no more French loss shall do.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir THOMAS RAMSEY, being Mayor, Sheriff,
Sword-bearer, &c.*

Sir Thos. Well said, my masters. See all things be
ready

To give her Majesty such entertain
As may grace London, and become the state
Her highness brings along. Where's the Queen now ?

Sword. She comes along the Strand from Somerset
House,

Through Temple Bar, down Fleet Street and the Cheap,
The north side of the Burse to Bishopsgate,
And dines at Master Gresham's ; and appoints
To return on the south side, through Cornhill :

And there, when she hath view'd the rooms above
And walks below, she'll give name to the Burse.

Sher. The streets are fit, and all the companies
Plac'd in their liveries 'gainst her return.
But, my Lord Mayor, shall these Ambassadors
This day have audience?

Sir Thos. Admittance, if not audience, was granted:
See, therefore, trumpets and all kinds of music
Be plac'd against her royal interview.
The steps with arras spread where she ascends;
Besides, give charge unto the shopkeepers
To make their best shows in the upper rooms,
Because the Queen intends to compass it.

Sher. 'Tis done, my lord. [*Trumpets afar off.*]

Sir Thos. The Queen hath din'd: the trumpets sound
already,
And give note of her coming.—Bid the waits
And hautboys to be ready at an instant.

*Enter, at one door, the Queen, LEICESTER, SUSSEX, Lords,
GRESHAM: at the other, CASSIMIR, the French and
Florentine Ambassadors, Sir THOMAS RAMSEY, &c.*

Queen. Leicester and Sussex, are those the Ambassadors?

Leic. They are, dread sovereign: he that foremost
stands,
The Emperor's; the second is the French;
The last is the Florentine.

Queen. We will receive them.

[*Here the Queen entertains the Ambassadors, and
in their several languages confers with them.*]

Sussex and Leicester, place the Ambassadors.
We at our Court of Greenwich will dilate
Further of these designs. Where's Gresham?

Gresh. Your humble subject and servant.

Queen. Our leisure now serves to survey your Burse.
A goodly frame, a rare proportion!
This city, our great chamber, cannot show us,
To add unto our fame, a monument
Of greater beauty.—Leicester, what say'st thou?

Leic. That I, my sovereign, have not seen the like.

Queen. Sussex, nor you?

Suss. Madam, not I. This Gresham's work of stone
Will live to him, when I am dead and gone.

Enter HOBSON.

Hob. God bless thy grace, Queen Bess!

Queen. Friend, what are you?

Hob. Knowest thou not me, Queen? then, thou
knowest nobody.

Bones a me, Queen, I am Hobson; old Hobson,
By the stocks: I am sure you know me.

Queen. What is he, Leicester? dost thou know this
fellow?—

Gresham, or you?

Gresh. May it please your Majesty,
He is a rich, substantial citizen.

Hob. Bones a me, woman, send to borrow money
Of one you do not know! there's a new trick.
Your grace sent to me by a pursuivant,
And by a privy seal, to lend your highness
An hundred pound: I, hearing that my Queen
Had need of money, and thinking you had known me,
Would needs upon the bearer force two hundred.
The Queen should have had three, rather than fail;
Ay, by this hand. Queen Bess, I am old Hobson,
A haberdasher, and dwelling by the stocks.
When thou seest money with thy grace is scant,
For twice five hundred pound thou shalt not want.

Queen. Upon my bond?

Hob. No, no, my sovereign;
I'll take thine own word, without scrip or scroll.

Queen. Thanks, honest Hobson: as I am true maid,
I'll see myself the money back repaid.
Thou without grudging lend'st, thy purse is free;
Honest as plain.

Suss. A true, well meaning man, I warrant him.

Gresh. Your Majesty promised to give the name
To my new Burse.

Queen. Gresham, we will.—A herald, and a trumpet!

Leic. A herald, and a trumpet!

Queen. Proclaim through every high street of this city,
This place to be no longer call'd a Burse,
But, since the building's stately, fair, and strange,
Be it for ever call'd the Royal Exchange.

[*A flourish here.*

And whilst this voice flies through the streets forth-
right,

Arise, Sir Thomas Gresham, now a knight.—

Be our Ambassadors conducted all

Unto their several lodgings.—This twenty-third of
January,

A thousand, five hundred, and seventy, Elizabeth
Christens this famous work. Now, to our Court
Of Greenwich.—Gresham, thanks for our good cheer.

We to our people, they to us are dear. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dr. NOWELL and Lady RAMSEY.

Lady R. What think you of my husband, Master
Dean?

Dr. Now. As of all men: we are mortal, made of clay,
Now healthful, now crazy, now sick, now well,
Now live, now dead; and then to heaven or hell.

Lady R. It cheers my heart, now, in his deep of
sickness,

He is so charitable, and so well addicted
Unto the poor's relief.

Dr. Now. It joys me, too.
Great is the number of the rich in show
About the city, but of the charitable
There are but few.

Lady R. Amongst these, I hold Hobson well de-
serves
To be rank'd equal with the bountiful'st.
He hath rais'd many falling, but especially
One Master Goodfellow, once call'd Tawney-coat,
But now an able citizen, late chosen
A master of the Hospital.

Dr. Now. I know him well ;
A good, sufficient man ; and since he purchas'd
His freedom in the city, Heaven hath bless'd
His travail with increase.

Lady R. I have known old Hobson
Sit with his neighbour Gunter, a good man,
In Christ's Church, morn by morn, to watch poor
couples
That come there to be married, and to be
Their common fathers, and give them in the church,
And some few angels for a dower to boot.
Besides, they two are call'd the common gossips,
To witness at the font for poor men's children.
None they refuse that on their help do call ;
And, to speak truth, they're bountiful to all.

Enter HOBSON.

Hob. Good morrow, Master Doctor, my good lady.
Bones a me, woman, thou look'st sad to-day :
Thou hast not drunk a cup of sack this morning.

Lady R. We have been dealing of our charity
This morning to poor soldiers, such as want.

Hob. Heaven's blessing of your heart: need must be fed.

Let us, that have it, give the hungry bread.

Enter GOODFELLOW, *alias* *Tawney-coat.*

Taw. Where's Master Hobson?

Hob. My new elected master of the Hospital,
What hasty news with you?

Taw. Oh, sir, the love I bear you makes me chary
Of your good name; your credit's dear to me.
You never were condemn'd for any thing,
Since I had first acquaintance with your name,
As now you are. You have done a deed this day,
That hath from you ta'en all good thoughts away.

Hob. Where? bones a me! Why? speak, why?

Taw. This day you have pursued the law severely
Against one Timothy, that stole from you
A hundred pound; and he's condemn'd for it,
And this day he must die.

Hob. Bones, man! 'tis not so?

Taw. He is by this half way to Tyburn gone.
The suit was follow'd in John Gresham's name;
How can you, then, avow you know it not?

Hob. A horse! a horse! cart horse, malt horse, any
thing,

To save the knave's life!—I protest, I swear,
This was the first time that I heard the knave
Hath been in any trouble. Bones a me,
'Twas done without my knowledge.

Taw. Young Gresham in his name pursued his
life.

Hob. They are knaves both.—A horse!
A hundred thousand pound cannot make a man;
A hundred shall not hang one by my means:
Men are more worth than money, Mr. Goodfellow.

Come, help me to a horse. The next I meet,
To save the knave's life, gallops through the street.

[*Exeunt HOBSON and Tawney-coat.*]

Dr. Now. Men are more worth than money—a' says
true;

'Tis said by many, but maintain'd by few.

Lady R. He is plain and honest: how many great
professors

Live in this populous city, that make show
Of greater zeal, yet will not pay so dear
For a transgressor's life. But few are found
To save a man would lose a hundred pound.

Enter Tawney-coat.

Dr. Now. So suddenly return'd?

Taw. He rid too fast for me. He hath been at
buffets

With a poor collier, and upon his horse
Is, without saddle, bridle, boots, or spurs,
Gallop'd towards St. Giles.

Dr. Now. They will take him for a madman.

Taw. All's one to him: he does not stand on bravery,
So he may do men good. Good deeds excel;
And, though but homely done, may be done well.

Lady R. Heaven prosper his intent—Now, Master
Doctor,

And Master Goodfellow, let me crave your companies
To see my crazy husband, who hath made you
One of his executors, and would use your pains
In these extremes of sickness.

Dr. Now. I am pleas'd;
I'll give him physic for a soul diseas'd. [Exeunt.]

Enter three Lords.

1st Lord. You are an early riser, my good lord.

2nd Lord. The blood of youth that traffics in the Court

Must not be sluggish; your kind remembrance.

3rd Lord. My very good lord, we, that are stars that wait

Upon the train of such a Cynthia

Under which we live, must not be tardy.

1st Lord. You have said true: we are starters in one hour,

And our attendance is to wait on such a Queen,
Whose virtue all the world——But to leave that,
Which every tongue is glad to commune with,
Since Monsieur's first arrival in the land,
The time that he was here, and the time since,
What royalty hath been in England's Court,
Both princely revelling and warlike sport!

2nd Lord. Such sports do fitly fit our nation,
That foreign eyes beholding what we are,
May rather seek our peace than wish our war.

3rd Lord. Heaven bless our sovereign from her foes' intent!

The peace we have is by her government.

Enter Dr. PARRY.

1st Lord. Master Doctor Parry.

2nd Lord. Good morrow, Master Doctor.

3rd Lord. You are an early riser, sir.

Dr. Par. My lord, my lord, my very good lord.

1st Lord. This summer morning makes us covetous
To take the profit of the pleasant air.

Dr. Par. 'Tis healthful to be stirring in a morning.

2nd Lord. It hath pleas'd the Queen to show him many favours.

3rd Lord. You say but right; and since his last disgrace,

The cause so great it had surely touch'd his life,
Had not the Queen been gracious, he seems at
Court

A man more gracious in our sovereign's eye,
Than greater subjects.

2nd Lord. She hath given him much preferment,
In greatest place grac'd him with conference,
Ask'd for him in his absence; and, indeed,
Made known to us he is one in her regard.

3rd Lord. But did you never hear the cause of his
disgrace?

2nd Lord. He did intend the murder of a gentleman,
One Mr. Hare, here, of the Inner Temple,
And so far brought his purpose to effect,
That Mr. Hare being private in his chamber,
He watching, as he thought, fit time, broke in upon
him;

But he, assaulted, so behav'd himself,
That he did guard himself, and attach'd him.
From whence he was committed unto Newgate,
And at the Sessions, by twelve honest men
Found guilty of burglary, and condemn'd to die;
And had died, had her grace not pardon'd him.

3rd Lord. She is a gracious princess unto all.
Many she raiseth, wisheth none should fall.

1st Lord. Fie, Master Doctor!
Your face bears not the habit it was wont,
And your discourse is alter'd: what's the matter?

Dr. Par. And if my brow be sad, or my face pale,
They do belie my heart, for I am merry.

1st Lord. Men being, as you are, so great in grace
With such a royal princess, have no reason.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Room, gentlemen, for my Lord High Steward!

Enter the Earl of Leicester ; and all the Lords flock after him, and Exeunt. Manet Dr. PARRY.

Dr. Par. The discontent desire to be alone :
My wishes are made up, for they are gone.
Here are no blabs but this, and this one clock
I'll keep from going with a double lock.
Yet it will strike : this day it must be done.
What must be done, what must this engine do ?
A deed of treason hath prepar'd me to.
These two, these two ; why, they had life by
her,

And shall these two kill their deliverer,
The life that makes me rise ? these once my sin
Had forfeited ; her mercy pardon'd me.
I had been eaten up with worms, ere this,
Had not her mercy given a life to this ;
And yet these hands, if I perform my oath,
Must kill that life that gave a life to both.
I have ta'en the Sacrament to do't, conferr'd
With Cardinal Como about it, and receiv'd
Full absolution from his holiness ;
Been satisfied by many holy fathers,
During my travels both in France and Italy,
The deed is just and meritorious.
And yet I am troubled, when I do remember
The excellency of her Majesty ;
And I would fain desist, but that I know
How many vows of mine are gone to Heaven,
My letters, and my promises on earth,
To holy fathers and grave Catholics,
That I would do't for good of Catholics,
Then, in the garden where this day she walks.
Her graces I will cast behind mine eyes,
And by a subject's hand a sovereign dies.

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. Clear the way, gentlemen, for the Queen!
Master Doctor Parry. [*Exit Gentleman.*]

Dr. Par. Oh, let me see a difference in this man.
Before this Queen (that I am come to kill)
Show'd [me] the gracious eye of her respect,
And gave me countenance 'mongst greatest earls,
This man was forwarder to thrust me forth,
Than now he is humble to accept me in.
If, then, her grace hath honour'd me so much,
How can this hand give her a treacherous touch?
The trumpets speak; Heaven! what shall I do?
Even what hell and my damn'd heart shall thrust me to.

Enter Queen, LEICESTER, and Lords.

Queen. Fair day, my lords. You are all larks, this morning;
Up with the sun: you are stirring early.
Leic. We are all subject to your sovereign light.
Queen. That you call duty, we accept as love,
And we do thank you; nay, we thank you all:
'Tis not to one, but 'tis in general.

Leic. The Queen would walk apart: forbear, my lords. [*They retire.*]

Dr. Par. Now, what makes me shake?
Do angels guard her, or doth Heaven partake
Her refuge?

Queen. In such a garden may a sovereign
Be taught her loving subjects to maintain.
Each plant, unto his nature and his worth
Having full cherishing, it springeth forth.
Weeds must be weeded out, yet weeded so,
Till they do hurt, let them in Heaven's name grow.

Dr. Par. Now, Queen! [*He offers to shoot.*]

Queen. Who's there? my kind friend, Master Doctor Parry?

Dr. Par. My most dread sovereign.

Queen. Why do you tremble, Master Doctor? Have you any suit to us?

Shake not at us; we do our subjects love.

Or does thy face show signs of discontent

Through any heavy want oppresseth thee?

Though at our Court of Greenwich thou wert cross'd,

In sueing to be Master of St. Katharine's,

To do thee good, seek out a better place:

She'll give thee that, the which hath given thee grace.

Dr. Par. I know your love, dread Queen.—Now!

Queen. Master Doctor, about the talk we had together

Of English fugitives that seek my life:

You told me of them; I am beholding to you.

Dr. Par. I did no more than duty.—O, happy time!

Queen. And will they still persist? do they desire my blood,

That wake, when I should sleep, to do them good?

Dr. Par. Madam!

Queen. Oh, my Maker!—Parry! villain! traitor!

What doest thou with that dag?

Dr. Par. Pardon, dread sovereign.

Queen. Pardon, thou villain, shows thou art a traitor.
Treason, my lords! treason!

Enter the Lords.

Leic. Ha! by the bless'd place of Heaven, treason,
and we so near?

A traitor with a dag! God's holy mother!—

Lords, guard the Queen.—Are you not frighten'd,
madam?

I'll play the sergeant to arrest the wretch.

Queen. Be not so rash, good Leicester: he's dead already;

Struck with remorse of that he was to do.

Pray, let me speak with him.—Say, Master Doctor,

Wherein I have deserv'd an ill of you,

Unless it were an ill in pardoning you?

What have I done toward you, to seek my life,

Unless it were in taking you to grace?

Dr. Par. Mercy, dread Queen!

Queen. I thank my God I have mercy to remit
A greater sin, if you repent for it. Arise.

Leic. My lords, what do you mean? take hence that villain.

Let her alone, she'll pardon him again.—

Good Queen, we know you are too merciful

To deal with traitors of this monstrous kind.—

Away with him to the Tower, then to death.—

A traitor's death shall such a traitor have,

That seeks his sovereign's life that did him save.

Queen. Good Leicester!

Leic. Good Queen, you must be rul'd. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter JOHN GRESHAM.

John. Nay, 'sfoot, Jack, hold on thy resolution. They say, that may happen in one hour that happens not again in seven year: an I should chance to take her in the right vein, and she kindly bestow herself upon me, why, then, there's a man made from nothing; for, before God, I have spent all, and am not worth anything. And, indeed, unless this same good old Lady Ramsey take some pity upon me, and take me for better for worse, God knows in which of the two Compters I shall keep my next Christmas in! But, by this hand, if she will accept of me in this miserable estate that I am in now—for, before God, I have neither money nor credit,

as I am an honest man—and that's more, I am afraid, than any man will believe of me—I'll forswear all women but her, and will not kiss any of my neighbours' wives for a kingdom.—Here's the house: I'll knock at the door.—What, shall I do't in the cavalier humour, with, "Who's within, there? ho!" or in the Puritan humour, with, "By your leave, good brother?" Faith, in neither; for in the one I shall be taken for a swaggering knave, and in the other, to be an hypocritical fool; but, honest Jack, in thine own honest humour. Plain dealing's a jewel, and I have used it so long, I am next door to a beggar.

Enter two Creditors.

But, God's precious! what a plague make these here? These two are two of my creditors: I must stop their mouths, fleet them from hence, or all the fat's in the fire.

1st. Master Gresham, you are well met.

John. I hope, gentlemen, you will say so anon. But you are alone, are you not?

2nd. Master Gresham, why do you ask?

John. A man hath reason to ask, being as I am, that never seeth his creditors but is afeard of the catchpole. But you are kind, my friends; and, I thank you, you will bear with me.

1st. Ay, but, Master Gresham, a man may bear till his back break.

John. Ay, porters may; but you that are substantial, honest citizens, there is no fear to be made of your breaking. You know there's no man so low, but God can raise him; and though I am now out at heels, or so, as you think, I am in the way of preferment, and hope to be able to pay every man within this hour.

1st. We should be glad to see it.

2nd. But how, pray, sir?

John. How? why, very easily, if I can compass it. The truth is, though you would little think it, I am suitor for my Lady Ramsey.

1st. But I dare swear she is no suitor to you.

Enter Lady RAMSEY and Dr. NOWELL.

John. Why, that's true, too; for if she were a suitor to me, we should be man and wife straight, and you should have your money within this half hour. But look; look where she comes: as you are good men, mum; patience, and pray for my proceedings. If I do speed, as I am partly persuaded, you shall have your own, with the advantage: if I should be cross'd, you know the worst; forbearance is no acquittance. But mum! if it prove a match, and any of you should chance to be in the Compter, you know, my marriage being spread, my word will be current then. Mum.

Dr. Now. Madam, you are welcome into Lombard Street.

Lady R. I thank your courtesy, good Master Dean.

John. See how fortunately all things chance. If it happen, as I hope it will, she taking a liking to me, here is a priest to marry us presently.—Madam——

Lady R. Would you any business with me, sir?

John. 'Faith, lady, necessary business; and, not to go far about the bush, I am come to be a suitor unto you. And you know the fashion of young men, when they come a wooing to ancient widows, the way to speed is to begin thus.

Lady R. You are very forward, sir.

John. You would say so, lady, if you knew how forward I would be. But, madam, you are rich, and by my troth, I am very poor, and I have been, as a man should say, stark naught; but he goes far that never turns; and if now I have a desire to mend, and being

in so good a way, you know how uncharitable it were in you to put me out of it. You may make an honest man of me, if it please you; and when thou hast made me one, by my troth, Mall, I'll keep myself, for I am a gentleman both by the father's side and mother's side; and, though I have not the muck of the world, I have a great deal of good love, and I prithee accept of it.

Lady R. Master Dean,

Do you know this gentleman's business with me?

Dr. Now. Not I, believe me, madam.

John. I shall have her sure.—Why, I'll tell you, sir. My lady here is a comely, ancient, rich widow, and I am an honest, proper, poor young man, remembering still I am a gentleman: now, what good her riches may do my poverty, your gravity may guess; save a soul, perhaps, Master Dean. Look you, sir: it is but giving my hand into hers, and hers into mine. Master Dean, I protest before God she hath my heart already; and with some three or four words, which I know you have by rote, make us two, my lady and I, one, till death us depart.

Lady R. This gentleman thinks that to be a matter of nothing.—But do you love me as you protest?

John. Love you, madam? I love you, by this hand.—I shall have her, sure.—Friends, you see how the business goes forward; bring me your bills to-morrow morning; or, upon the hope that I have, you may leave them with me: I shall be able to discharge.—Ha! ha! Jack.

Lady R. How will you maintain me, sir, if I should marry you?

John. Maintain! what need'st thou ask that question? 'Foot, thou hast maintenance enough for thee and I too. If I should marry you!—Friends, you see how it goes now: to-morrow, within an hour after I am married, I must take the upper hand of my uncle; and the next

Sunday, I, that was scarce worthy to sit in the belfry, the churchwardens fetch me, and seat me in the chancel.

Lady R. Master Dean, I protest, never since I was widow

Did man make so much love to me.—

Sir, for your love I am much beholding to you.

John. Do Mall, prithee do not think it so.—Be chosen one of the Common Council, or one of the Masters of the Hospital, so perhaps I shall never become it. Marry, if I should be chosen one of the Masters of Bridewell for some of my old acquaintance, 'foot, I would take it upon me: vice must be corrected, vice must be corrected.

Lady R. Fill me a large cup full of hippocras, And bring me hither twenty pound in gold.

John. And one of your husband's livery gowns. So, now you trouble yourself too much: that gold is to contract us withal.—A simple morning; friends, you cannot beat me down with your bills.—Master Dean of Paul's, I pray you stay and dine with me; you shall not say me nay: the oftener you come the more welcome.

Dr. Now. You are merry, sir.

John. I thank God, and all the world may see, I have no other cause,

That I am likely to be so well bestowed.

Lady R. Sir, you shall not say the love you show'd to me

Was entertain'd but with kind courtesy:

This for your love unto your health I drink.

Pledge me.

John. Ay, by my troth, Mall, will I, were it as deep as a well.

Lady R. Now, for your pains, there is twenty pound in gold.

Nay, take the cup, too, sir. Thanks for your love; And were my thoughts bent unto marriage,

I rather would with you, that seem thus wild,
Than one that hath worse thoughts, and seems mo mild.

John. 'Foot, will you not have me, then?

Lady R. Yes, when I mean to marry any one;
And that not whilst I live.

John. See how a man may be deceived! I thought
I should have been sure, by this time.—Well, though I
shall not have you, I shall have this with a good will.

Lady R. With all my heart; and for the love you
have shown,

Wish it to thrive with you, even as mine own.

1st. To-morrow shall we attend your worship?

2nd. Sir, here's my bill; it comes to twenty pound.

John. Friends, Plowden's proverb, "the case is
altered:" and, by my troth, I have learn'd you a lesson;
forbearance is no acquittance.

Lady R. What men are these?

John. 'Faith, madam, men that have my hand, though
not for my honesty, yet for the money that I owe them.

Lady R. What doth he owe you?

1st. Fifty pound, madam.

Lady R. What you?

2nd. A hundred marks.

Lady R. I'll pay you both.—And, sir, to do you good,
To all your creditors I'll do the like.

John. That's said like a kind wench;
And, though we never meet again,

We will have one buss more at parting.—

And now, faith, I have all my wild oats sown,

And if I can grow rich by the help of this,

I'll say I rose by Lady Ramsey's kiss.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

From fifty-eight, the first year of her reign,
We come to eighty-eight, and of her reign

The thirtieth year. This Queen inaugurated,
 And strongly planted in her people's heart,
 Was in her youth solicited in marriage
 By many princely heirs of Christendom,
 Especially by Philip, King of Spain,
 Her sister's husband ; who, to achieve his ends,
 Had got a dispensation from the Pope :
 But, after many treats and embassies,
 Finding his hopes in her quite frustrated,
 Aims all his stratagems, plots, and designs,
 Both to the utter ruin of our land,
 And our religion. But th'undaunted Queen,
 Fearing no threats, but willing to strike first,
 Sets forth a fleet of one-and-twenty sail
 To the West Indies, under the conduct
 Of Francis Drake and Christopher Carlisle ;
 Who set on Cape de Verd, then Hispaniola,
 Setting on fire the towns of St. Anthony
 And St. Dominique. The proud Spaniard,
 Enraged at this affront, sends forth a fleet,
 Three whole years in preparing, to subvert,
 Ruin, and quite depopulate this land.
 Imagine you now see them under sail,
 Swell'd up with many a proud, vainglorious boast,
 And newly enter'd in our English coast. [Exit,

*Enter the Duke of Medina, Don PEDRO, JOHN MARTINUS,
 RICARDUS, and other Spaniards.*

Med. We are where we long wish'd to be at last ;
 And now this elephant's burden, our Armada,
 Three years an embryo, is at length produc'd,
 And brought into the world to live at sea.
Non sufficit orbis, our proud Spanish motto
 By th' English mock'd, and found at Carthagena,
 Shall it not now take force ?

Can England satisfy our avarice,
That worlds cannot suffice? What thinks Don Pedro?

Ped. Alphonsus Perez Gusman,
Duke of Medina and Sidonia,
And royal general of our great Armada,
I think we come too strong. What's our design
Against a petty island govern'd by a woman?
I think, instead of military men,
Garnish'd with arms and martial discipline,
She, with a feminine train
Of her bright ladies, beautifull'st and best,
Will meet us in their smocks, willing to pay
Their maidenheads for ransom.

Med. Think'st thou so, Don Pedro?

Ped. I therein am confident;
And partly that our King of Spain
Hath been at charge of such a magazine,
When half our men and ammunition
Might have been spar'd.

Med. Thou putt'st me now in mind
Of the Grand Signior, who, (some few years since)
When as the great Ambassador of Spain
Importun'd him for aid against the land
Styl'd by the title of the Maiden Isle,
Calls for a map: now, when the Ambassador
Had show'd him th' Indies, all America,
Some parts of Asia, and Europa too,
Climes that took up the greatest part o' th' card,
And finding England but a spot of earth,
Or a few acres, if at all, compar'd
To our so large and spacious provinces,
Denies him aid, as much against his honour
To fight with such a centuple of odds;
But gave him this advice: "Were I," said he,
"As your great King of Spain, out of my kingdoms

I'd press or hire so many pioneers,
As with their spades and mattocks should dig up
This wart of earth, and cast it in the sea."
And well methought he spake.

Ped. We have shown ourselves,
But are as yet unfought with.

Med. All their hearts
Are dead within 'em; we, I fear, shall find
Their seas unguarded, and their shores unmann'd,
And conquer without battle.

Rical. All their honours
And offices we have dispos'd already.
There's not a noble family in Spain,
In Naples, Portugal, nay, Italy,
That hath not in our fleet some eminent person
To share in this rich booty.

Med. John Martinus Ricaldus, you, our prime navigator,
Since fam'd Columbus or great Magelhaens,
Give us a brief relation of the strength
And potency of this our great Armada,
Christen'd, by th' Pope, the Navy Invincible.

Rical. Twelve mighty galleons of Portingal;
Fourteen great ships of Biscay, of Castile;
Eleven tall ships of Andalusia;
Sixteen galleons, fourteen of Guipuscoa;
Ten sail that run by th' name o' th' Eastern fleet;
The ships of Urcas, Zaibras, Naples; galleys,
Great galliasses, fly boats, pinnaces,
Amounting to the number of an hundred
And thirty tight, tall sail; the most of them
Seeming like castles built upon the sea.

Med. And what can all their barges, cockboats,
oars,
Small vessels (better to be said to creep

Than sail upon the ocean) do 'gainst these?

They are o'ercome already.

Rical. All their burdens,

Fifty-seven thousand, eight hundred, sixty-eight, ton;
In them, nineteen thousand, two hundred, ninety-five,
soldiers,

Two thousand, eight hundred, and eighty, galley slaves,

Eight thousand, six hundred, and fifty, mariners,

Two thousand, six hundred, and thirty, piece of ord-
nance,

Culverin, and cannon.

Med. Half these would suffice;

Nor have we need of such surplusage,

Against their petty fly boats.

Enter a Spaniard.

Span. We have discover'd,

Riding along the coasts of France and Dunkirk,

An English navy.

Med. Of what strength? what force?

Span. Their number small, yet daring, as it seems:

Their ships are but low built, yet swift of sail.

Whether their purpose be to fight, I know not;

They bear up bravely with us.

Ped. Cast our fleet

Into a wide and semicircled moon;

And, if we can but once encompass them,

We'll make the sea their graves, and themselves food
For the sea worm call'd haddock.

Med. Let's sail on

Towards the Thames' mouth, and there disburden us
Of our land soldiers;

And if the Prince of Parma keep his appointment,

Who (with a thousand able men-at-arms,

Old soldiers, and of most approved discipline)

Lies garrison'd at Dunkirk, we at once
Will swallow up their nation, and our word
Be from henceforth Victoria!

Omnes. Victoria! Victoria! [Exeunt.

Med. Had we no other forces in our fleet,
Nor men, nor arms, nor ammunition,
Powder, nor ordnance, but our empty bottoms,
Ballast with the Pope's blessing, and our navy
Christen'd by him the Navy Invincible,
We had enough: what's more's unnecessary.
Nor think we threaten England all in vain;
'Tis ours, and we here christen it New Spain.

Omnes. Victoria! Victoria!

Drum and colours. Enter the Earl of Leicester, Sir
ANTHONY BROWN, the Earl of Hunsdon, bearing the
standard, Queen ELIZABETH, completely armed, and
Soldiers.

Queen. A stand!—From London thus far have we
marched;

Here pitch our tents. How do you call this place?

Leic. The town you see, to whom these downs
belong,

Gives them to name the plains of Tilbury.

Queen. Be this, then, styl'd our camp at Tilbury;
And the first place we have been seen in arms,
Or thus accoutred, here we fix our foot,
Not to stir back, were we sure here t'encounter
With all the Spanish vengeance threaten'd us,
Came it in fire and thunder. Know, my subjects,
Your Queen hath now put on a masculine spirit,
To tell the bold and daring what they are,
Or what they ought to be; and such as faint,
Teach them, by my example, fortitude.
Nor let the best prov'd soldier here disdain

A woman should conduct a host of men,
To their disgrace or want of precedent.
Have you not read of brave Zenobia,
An Eastern queen, who fac'd the Roman legions,
Even in their pride and height of potency,
And in the field encounter'd personally
Aurelianus Cæsar? Think in me
Her spirit survives, Queen of this western isle,
To make the scorn'd name of Elizabeth
As frightful and as terrible to Spain
As was Zenobia's to the State of Rome.
Oh! I could wish them landed, and in view,
To bid them instant battle, ere march farther
Into my land. This is my vow, my rest;
I'll pave their way with this my virgin breast.

Leic. But, madam, ere that day come,
There will be many a bloody nose, ay, and crack'd
crown:

We shall make work for surgeons.

Queen. I hope so, Leicester.—For you, Sir Anthony
Brown,
Though your religion and recusancy
Might, in these dangerous and suspicious times,
Have drawn your loyalty into suspense,
Yet have you herein amply clear'd yourself,
By bringing us five hundred men, well arm'd,
And your own self in person.

Sir Antho. Not only those, but all that I enjoy,
Are at your highness' service.

Queen. Now, Lord Hunsdon,
The Lord-Lieutenant of our force by land
Under our general, Leicester, what thinkest thou
Of their Armada, christen'd by the Pope
The Navy Invincible?

Huns. That there's a power above both them and us,

That can their proud and haughty menaces
Convert to their own ruins.

Queen. Thinkest thou so, Hunsdon?
No doubt it will.—Let me better survey my camp.
Some wine, there!—A health to all my soldiers.

[*Flourish of trumpets.*

Methinks I do not see, 'mongst all my troops,
One with a courtier's face, but all look soldier-like.—

[*A peal of shot within.*

Whence came this sound of shot?

Leic. It seems, the navy
Styl'd by the Pope the Navy Invincible,
Riding along the coast of France and Dunkirk,
Discover'd first by Captain Thomas Fleming,
Is met and fought with by your admiral.

Queen. Heaven prosper their defence!
Oh! had God made us man-like, like our mind,
We'd not be here fenc'd in a mure of arms,
But have been present at these sea alarms. [Horn.

Enter First Post.

Make way, there!—What's the news?

1st Post. Heaven bless your Majesty!
Your royal fleet bids battle to the Spaniard,
Whose number, with advantage of the wind,
Gains them great odds; but the undaunted worth
And well known valour of your admiral,
Sir Francis Drake, and Martin Furbisher,
John Hawkins, and your other English captains,
Takes not away all hope of victory.

Queen. Canst thou describe the manner of the fight,
And where the royal navies first encounter'd?

Post. From Dover cliff we might discern them join
'Twixt that and Calais; there the fight began.
Sir Francis Drake, Vice-Admiral, was first

Gave an onset to this great Armada of Spain ;
The manner thus. With twenty-five sail,
Those ships of no great burden, yet well mann'd,
For in that dreadful conflict few or none
Of your ships royal came within the sight,
This Drake, I say, (whose memory shall live
While this great world, he compass'd first, shall last)
Gave order that his squadrons, one by one,
Should follow him some distance, steers his course,
But none to shoot till he himself gave fire.
Forward he steer'd, as far before the rest
As a good musket can well bear at twice,
And, as a spy, comes to survey their fleet,
Which seem'd like a huge city built on the sea.
They shot, and shot, and emptied their broadsides
At his poor single vessel: he sails on,
Yet all this while no fire was seen from him.
The rest behind, longing for action,
Thought he had been turn'd coward, that had done
All this for their more safety. He now finding
Most of their present fury spent at him,
Fires a whole tier at once, and having emptied
A full broadside, the rest came up to him,
And did the like, undaunted. Scarce the last
Had pass'd by them, but Drake had clear'd the
sea ;

For, ere th' unwieldy vessels could be stirr'd,
Or their late emptied ordnance charg'd again,
He takes advantage both of wind and tide,
And the same course he took in his progress
Doth in his back return keep the same order,
Scouring along, as if he would besiege them
With a new wall of fire, in all his squadrons
Leaving no charge that was not bravely mann'd :
Insomuch, that blood as visibly was seen

To pour out of their portholes, in such manner
As, after showers i' th' city, spouts spill rain.
And thus Drake bade them welcome: what after
 happen'd,
Such a huge cloud of smoke environ'd us,
We could not well discover.

Queen. There's for thy speed;
And England ne'er want such a Drake at need.

Enter the Second Post.

Th' art welcome: what canst thou relate,
Touching this naval conflict?

2nd Post. Since Drake's first onset, and our fleet
 retir'd,

The Spanish navy, being link'd and chain'd
Like a half moon or to a full bent bow,
Attend advantage; where, amongst the rest,
Sir Martin Frobisher, blinded with smoke,
By chance is fallen into the midst of them,
Still fighting 'gainst the extremity of odds,
Where he, with all his gallant followers,
Are folded in death's arms.

Queen. If he survive, he shall be nobly ransom'd;
If he be dead,
Yet he shall live in immortality.
How fares our admiral?

2nd Post. Bravely directs,
And with much judgment. England never bred
Men that a sea fight better managed.

Queen. It cheers my blood; and if so Heaven be
 pleas'd,
For some neglected duty in ourself,
To punish [us] with loss of these brave spirits,
His will be done; yet will we pray for them.—
What says valiant Leicester?

Thou wilt not leave us, wilt thou? look'st thou pale?
What says old Hunsdon? nay, I'll speak thy part:
Thy hand, old lord; I'm sure I have thy heart.

Huns. Both hand and heart.

Enter the Third Post.

Queen. Before thou speak'st, take that: if he be
dead,
Our self will see his funeral honoured.

3rd Post. I then proceed thus: when the great
galleons
And galliasses had environ'd them,
The undaunted Frobisher, though round beset,
Cheer'd up his soldiers, and well mann'd his fights,
And standing barehead bravely on the deck,
When murdering shot, as thick as April's hail,
Sung by his ears, he wav'd his warlike sword,
Firing at once his tiers on either side
With such a fury that he brake their chains,
Shatter'd their decks, and made their stoutest ships
Like drunkards reel, and tumble side to side.
Thus, in war's spite and all the Spaniards' scoff,
He brought both ship and soldiers bravely off.

Queen. War's spite, indeed; and we, to do him
right,
Will call the ship he fought in the War's-spite.
Now, countrymen, shall our spirits here on land
Come short of theirs so much admir'd at sea?
If there be any here that harbour fear,
We give them liberty to leave the camp,
And thank them for their absence.
A march! lead on! we'll meet the worst can fall:

[*A march within.*]

A maiden Queen is now your general.

As they march about the stage, Sir FRANCIS DRAKE and Sir MARTIN FROBISHER meet them, with Spanish ensigns in their hands, and drum and colours before them.

Queen. What mean those Spanish ensigns in the hands

Of English subjects?

Drake. Gracious Queen,

They show that Spaniards' lives are in the hands
Of England's sovereign.

Queen. England's God be praised !

But, prithee, Drake (for well I know thy name,
Nor will I be unmindful of thy worth)
Briefly rehearse the danger of the battle :
Till Frobisher was rescued we have heard.

Drake. We then retir'd; and after council call'd,
We stuff'd eight empty hoys with pitch and oil,
And all the ingredients aptest to take fire,
And sent them where their proud Armada lay.
The Spaniard, now at anchor, thought we had come
For parley, and so rode secure ; but when
They behold them flame like so many bright bonfires,
Making their fleet an Etna like themselves,
They cut their cables, let their anchors sink,
Burying at once more wealth within the sea,
Than th' Indies can in many years restore.
Now, their high built and large capacious bottoms
Being by this means unaccommodated,
Like to so many rough, unbridled steeds,
Command themselves, or rather are commanded
And hurried where th' inconstant winds shall please.
Some fell on quicksands, others brake on shelves :
Medina, their great grand and general,
We left unto the mercy of the sea ;

Don Pedro, their high admiral, we took,
With many knights and noblemen of Spain,
Who are by this time landed at St. Margaret's,
From whence your admiral brings them up by land,
And at St. James's means to greet your grace.

Queen. Next under Heaven your valours have the
praise!

But prithee, Drake, give us a brief relation of those ships,
That in this expedition were employ'd
Against the Spanish forces?

Drake. The Elizabeth Jonas, Triumph, the White
Bear,

The Mer Honora, and the Victory;
Ark Raleigh, Due Repulse, Garland, War's-spite,
The Mary Rose, the Bonaventure, Hope,
The Lion, Rainbow, Vanguard, Nonpareil,
Dreadnought, Defiance, Swiftsure, Anspach,
The Whale, the Scout, Achates, the Revenge.

Queen. Drake, no more.—

Where'er this navy shall hereafter sail,
Oh, may it with no less success prevail!
Dismiss our camp, and tread a royal march
Toward St. James's, where in martial order
We'll meet and parley our Lord Admiral.
As for those ensigns, let them be safely kept,
And give commandment to the Dean of Paul's
He not forget, in his next learned sermon,
To celebrate this conquest at Paul's cross;
And to the audience in our name declare
Our thanks to Heaven, in universal prayer.
For though our enemies be overthrown,
'Tis by the hand of Heaven, and not our own.—
One sound a call.—Now, loving countrymen, [*Call.*
And fellow soldiers, merited thanks to all.
We here dismiss you, and dissolve our camp.

Omnes. Long live, long reign our Queen Elizabeth!

Queen. Thanks, general thanks:

Towards London march we to a peaceful throne;

We wish no wars, yet we must guard our own.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

FINIS.

NOTES AND VARIOUS READINGS

TO THE SECOND PART OF

IF YOU KNOW NOT ME, YOU KNOW NOBODY.

Page 69, line 6, Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.] This is the only mark of an act or scene in the whole play, but the divisions are usually pretty evident, from the course of the incidents, or from the progress of the dialogue. In our notes, wherever it seemed at all necessary, we have pointed out the changes of scenes; but, of course, the separation of the different acts could only be a matter of conjecture, which, as heretofore, is left to the reader. We must suppose this first scene to occur in Gresham's warehouse.

Page 70, line 28, Exit.] The *exit* of the Barbary merchant is not marked in the old copies.

Page 71, line 19, For twice the sum.] "Meaning his cash," in the margin of the old copies.

Page 71 line 34, London will yield you *partners* enow.] In this line, "partners" is to be read as a trisyllable; and such was formerly the case with various words now used as dissyllables.

Page 72, line 3, You to *Portingal*.] The common name of Portugal at that date.

Page 72, line 22, *Ofter* than once or twice.] *Oftener*, edit. 1632.

Page 73, line 11, A gown of a strumpet.] *i.e.*, on a strumpet. Prepositions, in Heywood's time, and before and afterwards, were often used in a way not employed in our day: Shakespeare affords innumerable instances.

Page 73, line 15, And [if] deeds of mercy, &c.] Where words necessary to the sense of the author have been omitted in the old editions, we, as usual, insert them between brackets.

Page 73, line 29, My morning exercise shall be at Saint Antlin's.] "A new morning prayer and lecture, the bells for which began to ring at five

in the morning, was established at St. Antholin's, in Budge Row, 'after Geneva fashion,' in September, 1559:" Cunningham's Handbook of London, 2nd edit., p. 15: where see also other information as to the puritanical character of the preachings at St. Antolin's, or St. Anthony's.

Page 74, line 10, I'll beat *linen-bucks*.] Linen was of old carried to the wash in buck-baskets, and here by "linen-bucks" John Gresham seems to intend the linen that was contained in the bucks, and which was to be beaten in the water to make it clean. "This 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets."—"Merry Wives of Windsor," act iii., sc. 5.

Page 74, line 22, Now, afore God.] Now, *as I live*, edit. 1632.

Page 74, line 30, I'll give you leave to call me *cut*.] See this expression explained in a subsequent note to p. 90, line 28.

Page 74, line 33, Enter Hobson's 'Prentices, and a Boy.] The scene here changes to Hobson's shop.

Page 75, line 4, The Dagger, in Cheap.] The Dagger Tavern was in Cheapside; and hence, as appears afterwards, Dagger-pies, often mentioned by our old writers. In vol. ii. of "Extracts from the Stationers' Registers," p. 171, is mentioned the publication of "A fancie on the fall of the Dagger in Cheap," which may mean either that the house, or the sign which it bore, fell down: probably the latter, although the Editor, in his note on the entry, supposed that the word "fall" applied to the house. There was also a Dagger Tavern in Holborn: see Cunningham's Handbook of London, 2nd edit., p. 152.

Page 75, line 7, *Exeunt*.] The departure of the 'Prentices, leaving the shop to take care of itself, as Hobson found it, and their subsequent return, (both necessary stage-directions) are not mentioned in the old copies.

Page 75, line 19, And lay't not on their *jacks*.] A "jack" was originally used for a coat of mail, subsequently for a buff jerkin, and afterwards for nearly any kind of jacket worn by men and women. As early as Skelton's time, a "jack" meant an ordinary part of dress:—

"So new facioned jackes,
With brode flappes in the neckes,
And so gay new partlettes
Sawe I never."

Ballads, printed for the Percy Society, 1840, p. 7.

Page 76, line 1, Your punks and *cockatrices*.] A cockatrice was the old cant name for a prostitute. See Ben Jonson's Works, by Gifford, ii., 9, (not 19, as given in the Index) and 39.

Page 76, line 7, Enter Pedlar *with tawney coat*.] *i.e.*, Enter a Pedlar *in a tawney coat*. The old copies print it, "Enter Pedlar, with Tawney-

coat," as if they were two persons, and the second speech is assigned to Pedlar, and the fourth to Tawney-coat. They were the same person; and it appears afterwards very clearly why the Pedlar is described as wearing a *tawney coat*.

Page 76, line 26, As white as bears' teeth.] Possibly, these words apply to the white money the Pedlar puts down, "to pay the old debt," before he contracts a new one.

Page 76, line 27, Bones a God, knaves!] Bones a *me*, knaves! edit. 1632.

Page 77, line 12, And 'tis thought yellow will grow a custom.] It did so; and, in fact, it was so when Heywood wrote, as he informs us, though the "custom" afterwards became almost universal. See "Dodsley's Old Plays," last edit., vii., 132, &c.

Page 79, line 16, The *hot-houses* in Dieppe.] A "hot-house" was then a very common name for a brothel.

Page 81, line 10, Enter Doctor Nowell, &c.] The scene here changes to Lombard Street.

Page 81, line 16, Take you the *cause* in hand.] Take you the *course* in hand, edit. 1632. Five lines lower, the same edition has "*their* persuasion" for "*fair* persuasion," the old and true reading.

Page 82, line 7, Enter Sir Thomas Ramsey.] In the old copies his entrance is marked four lines earlier: possibly, he came in behind, while Lady Ramsey and Dean Nowell were talking.

Page 84, line 19, And violent passions *do* sweep the soul, &c.] This is the reading of edit. 1632, and it seems preferable to that of edit. 1606—

"Why is't that force
Are violent passions to sweep the soul," &c.

Page 85, line 35, Fore God, 'tis true.] *Indeed* 'tis true, edit. 1632. We have not thought it necessary elsewhere to note variations of this kind, occasioned by the greater strictness of the law subsequent to the publication of edit. 1606.

Page 87, line 2, I'll have a *mansion* built.] So the later copies; but the first reads—

"I'll have a *roof* built, and such a roof," &c.

Page 87, line 29, Here, John, take this *seal* ring.] *Seal'd* ring, in the old copies, both here and afterwards.

Page 88, line 17, Enter Timothy and John Gresham.] It is hardly necessary to mention that the scene is here removed to Gresham's Ware-house.

Page 88, line 24, I hope, John, you fear God.] I hope, John, you fear *what you ought to fear*, edit. 1632.

Page 90, line 10, Yet proves a Judas often in his *payings*.] Edit. 1606 has *dealings* for "payings" of the later copies.

Page 90, line 28, Let me be called *cut*.] A term of contempt or abuse which has occurred before, p. 74, and is used by Shakespeare. See "Twelfth Night," act ii., sc. 3, (Edit. Collier, iii., 359) where it is sufficiently explained, and its antiquity established.

Page 90, line 29, Enter Honesty, the Sergeant, and Quick.] The scene here changes to a street, as is obvious from the course of the dialogue.

Page 91, line 17, The miching slave.] "Miching" means *stealing*. See Shakespeare, edit. Collier, vii., 271, where it is also stated that "mal-lecho," in "Hamlet," is probably meant for the Spanish word *malhecho*—a suggestion recently made, in "Notes and Queries," as if it were a new discovery by the late Dr. Macginn.

Page 92, line 28, A trick to *catch* a fool.] Edit. 1606 has, A trick to *chaste* a fool—clearly wrong.

Page 94, line 1, Enter Dr. Nowell, &c.] In his own house, near St. Paul's, to which the scene is transferred.

Page 94, line 21, This was the picture, &c.] In edit. 1606 only, this speech has no prefix.

Page 96, line 10, That freed *a beggar* at the grate of Ludgate.] That freed *from begging* at the grate at Ludgate, edit. 1632, which, from the story, seems to be the true reading. Stow, in his "Survey of London," 1599, p. 33, gives the name Stephen Forster.

Page 96, line 21, This, Ave Gibson, &c.] Edit. 1606 has no prefix to this speech; and that of 1632 prints the name *Ann* Gibson.

Page 97, line 3, Although my children laugh, the poor may cry.] So edit. 1606: but edit. 1632 gives the line thus:—

"The poor may laugh, although my children cry;" which may be the better reading.

Page 97, line 16, Than by *the* bad to wring.] Edit. 1632 reads, perhaps preferably, "Than by *your* bad to wring."

Page 97, line 34, And take what they find.] And take what they *can* find, edit. 1632.

Page 98, line 6, He is in huckster's handling.] Edit. 1606 omits *He*, before this proverbial saying.

Page 100, line 34, Enter John Tawney-coat.] The scene changes to a street into which Hobson's shop opens. The Pedlar is still called John Tawney-coat, but he now wears a grey coat.

Page 101, line 1, Coming from the *Stocks*.] The Stocks, as it was called, stood on the ground now occupied by the Mansion House. (Cunningham's Handbook of London, p. 473, 2nd edit.) The signs of the houses mentioned by Tawney-coat form a curious note of locality: they were, no doubt, the very signs existing there in Heywood's time.

Page 101, line 19, At Bristow fair.] Bristol was then usually written and printed *Bristow*.

Page 103, line 2, Their master's hair grow through his *hood*.] Through his *head*, edit. 1606.

Page 103, line 6, Do you hear, *hoiden*?] Gifford (Jonson's Works, vi., 171) says that hoiden is "confined to designate some romping girl;" but, in fact, it was applied to both sexes, and here we have it addressed to the Pedlar.

Page 103, line 12, Tell it out with a *wannion*.] i.e., with a *vengeance*, of which one may possibly be a corruption of the other: the etymology of "*wannion*" is very doubtful.

Page 103, line 16, It appears he is beside himself.] It appears the poor fellow is besides himself, edit. 1632.

Page 104, line 18, As your city *Sumner*.] Or *Summoner*. In edit. 1606 it stands, "your city *Summer*," which could hardly be right, unless it referred to Will Summer, or Summers, who had long been dead, having been jester to King Henry VIII: besides, he was anything but "known for a *knave*," in the sense in which Tawney-coat uses the word.

Page 105, line 13, *Sit*, good John Tawney-coat.] *Welcome*, John Tawney-coat, edit. 1632.

Page 107, line 3, Or fetch a turn with[in] my upper walk.] The old copies have *with* for "within:" the change was required by the sense as well as by the measure.

Page 107, line 26, To any man will buy them, and remove them.] Stow (*Annales*, 1615, p. 1117) speaks as follows of this undertaking and its completion:—"Certain houses in Cornhill being first purchased by the citizens of London, at their charges, for certain thousands of pounds, were in the month of February cried by the Bellman, and afterwards sold to such persons as should take them down and carry them from thence; which was done in the months of April and May next following. And then, the ground being made plain, at the charges also of the city, (having cost them, one way and other, more than five thousand pound) possession thereof was by certain Aldermen, in the name of the whole citizens, given to the right worshipful Sir Thomas Gresham, knight, agent to the Queen's highness, there to build a place for merchants to assemble in, at

his own proper charges; who on the seventh of June laid the first stone of the foundation, (being brick) and forthwith the workmen followed upon the same with such diligence, that by the month of November, in the year of our Lord 1567, the same was covered with slate. And on the 22 day of December, in the year of our Lord, 1568, the merchants of London left their meetings in Lombard Street, at such times as they had accustomed there to meet, and this day came into the new Burse, builded by Sir Thomas Gresham, as is afore showed."

Page 107, line 34, Of this, our *purchase*.] So edit. 1606: edit. 1632 substitutes *purpose* for "purchase."

Page 109, line 1, In sooth, it will be a *good* edifice.] Edit. 1632, a *goodly* edifice.

Page 109, line 8, And a *fair* space.] And a *farre* space, edit. 1632.

Page 109, line 9, The round is *grated*.] The old copies have *greater*, but we have ventured to alter it to *grated*, in conformity with what follows, where Sir T. Gresham explains the use of the "grates." *Greater* hardly makes sense of the passage.

Page 109, line 29, Here, like a *parish* for good citizens.] Perhaps we ought to read *parvis* for "parish;" but the old copies are uniform.

Page 109, line 33, Shall come in trains to *pace* old Gresham's Burse.] To *trace* old Gresham's Burse, edit. 1632.

Page 109, line 35, And such a *globe* of beauty round about.] *i.e.*, circle of beauty: Heywood was perhaps thinking of the Globe Theatre, which was circular.

Page 110, line 20, A *blazing star*.] This blazing star, mentioned in the margin, may have easily been rendered visible to the audience by artificial means.

Page 111, line 14, Let's *live* to-day.] So edit. 1632: edit. 1606 reads, Let's *have* to-day.

Page 111, line 23, The battle of Alcazar.] The incidents relating to this battle had been brought upon the stage by George Peele, (at least, the play has in modern times been plausibly imputed to him) in a drama entitled "The Battle of Alcazar, fought in Barbary, between Sebastian, King of Portugal, and Abdelmelec, King of Morocco. With the death of Captain Stukeley," &c., 4to., 1594. See Peele's Works, edit. Dyce, ii., 82. A play in which Stukeley figured was performed by Henslowe's company in 1596: see Henslowe's Diary, p. 77. Whetstone, in his "English Myrror," 1586, p. 84, gives a narrative of the battle, but does not mention Stukeley.

Page 111, line 28, *Made* fellow with these kings.] *Mad* fellow with these kings, edit. 1606—an epithet not undeserved by Stukeley.

Page 112, line 1, And the succeeding happy *heir*.] The necessary word "heir," omitted in edit. 1606, is from the later impressions.

Page 113, line 6, It may be the hangman will buy some of it for halters.] Hobson had sent for matches of goods, or pieces of similar pattern and fabric; and John Gresham had bought for him two thousand pounds' worth of such *match* as was of old used by soldiers for setting fire to gunpowder and other combustibles: it was made of tow, like rope.

Page 113, line 19, My *doubt* is more.] Possibly, "doubt" is misprinted for *debt*; but "doubt" is intelligible, and all the old copies concur in that word.

Page 114, line 27, The *pictures* graven of all the English kings.] By "pictures" was sometimes, of old, meant *statues*—perhaps, because statues were formerly often painted. This should be borne in mind in reading the last scene of "The Winter's Tale." The word "rooms," in the preceding line, means merely *places*, or niches.

Page 114, line 30, Admirable!] So edit. 1606; that of 1632 has, "Very admirable, and worthy praise."

Page 115, line 13, Leading in the Ambassador.] *i.e.*, the Russian Ambassador. In the next line, the old copies have, "the ambassadors set," which may refer to other ambassadors, accompanying the Russian Ambassador; but it seems more likely to be only a misprint. The scene, of course, here changes to the residence of Gresham.

Page 115, line 16, The *waits* in Sergeants' gowns.] The *waits* were the city musicians, and they were perhaps dressed "in Sergeants' gowns," for greater state. For with "*one* Interpreter," we should, perhaps, read, "with *an* Interpreter." The waits are again mentioned, on p. 135.

Page 115, line 22, And up.] These words, required by the metre, seem to have dropped out, in the first edition, and are adopted from later impressions.

Page 116, line 12, That ship's rich *freight*.] Edit. 1606 omits "freight."

Page 116, line 28, The several Ambassadors *there* will hear.] *Then* will hear, edit. 1606.

Page 117, line 24, And yet, *considering* all things.] And yet, *consider* all things, edit. 1606.

Page 117, line 33, Drawn in white marble.] Here we see that the "pictures" of the Kings and Queens of England, intended by Gresham for the "rooms" in his Burse, were not painted, but of white marble.

Page 118, line 32, This will *plague* him.] This will *plunge* him, edit. 1632.

Page 119, line 5, *Undo* my shoes.] *Unto* my shoes, edit. 1606.

Page 119, line 12, Cost *thirty thousand* pound.] *i.e.*, each slipper cost him £30,000. Six lines above, edit. 1606 has "thirty thousand" for "sixty thousand pound."

Page 119, line 27, Here *sixteen thousand pound* at one clap goes.] So the old copies, which we reprint; but the sum claimed by the jeweller (see p. 117) was only £1,500.

Page 119, line 34, As rich, as renowned, as any of all.] Edit. 1632 omits this line, and assigns the whole speech to Lady Ramsey.

Page 120, line 3, Thus treads on a king's present.] "Meaning the slippers," are explanatory words inserted in the margin.

Page 120, line 17, Enter Tawney-coat, with a *spade*.] With a *speed*, edit. 1606. Tawney-coat is the Pedlar, John Goodfellow, called, as we have seen, Tawney-coat from the dress he wears early in the play. He has been reduced to extreme poverty, and the scene here must be understood to represent the neighbourhood of Deptford, not very far from the Bankside. We must bear in mind that even the immediate vicinity of the Bankside, especially towards Newington Butts, was then all open fields and marshy grounds, much covered with wood, and not, as now, consisting merely of streets and houses.

Page 120, line 21, Than in the *flinty* bosoms of her children.] Than in the *flint-bosoms* of her children, edit. 1606.

Page 121, line 3, Whither wilt thou, wit?] A proverbial exclamation of frequent occurrence, and used by Shakespeare in "As You Like It:" see edit. Collier, iii., 76.

Page 121, line 15, Make them milk their *master* neighbour's kine.] Printed "their M. neighbour's kine," in the old copies.

Page 122, line 33, John *Goodfellow*, sir.] By an error of the transcriber, or printer, or by the forgetfulness of the poet, John Goodfellow, as Tawney-coat has been hitherto called, is here named John Rowland, in the old editions of this play. Of course, it has been necessary to observe consistency in this respect, and we have therefore changed Rowland to Goodfellow. Robin Goodfellow, the sprite, has been mentioned on the preceding page, and possibly the confusion has been occasioned by this circumstance.

Page 124, line 22, *You gravely* may better consider of that.] So edit. 1606; and it is so intelligible, that it is not necessary to substitute "*Your gravity* may consider of that," as in the edition of 1632.

Page 124, line 29, Yet I could say.] So edit. 1606: that of 1632 adds, "But I do not speak what I think, and yet I think more at this time than I mean to speak."

Page 125, line 7, As he, no question, does deserve.] Does deserve *something*, edit. 1632. Other minor variations, or corruptions, occur in this part of the scene.

Page 125, line 18, I'll raise thee, Goodfellow.] Here, again, we have been obliged to substitute Goodfellow for Rowland, but to the injury of the verse. Perhaps the name ought to have been Rowland throughout; but the manner in which Hobson's 'prentices sought for the name of John Goodfellow in their master's books, near the opening of the play, will not have been forgotten.

Page 125, line 26, Enter John and Courtesan.] The scene here shifts to France; and the license allowed to old dramatists, and the loud calls they made upon the imaginations of their auditors, are shown by the incident that Hobson first wanders to Deptford, and then proceeds to France in his nightcap, gown, and slippers, in order to detect John Gresham in his pranks.

Page 126, line 1, You'll ha' the first *veney*.] *Veney*, or *venie*, was a fencing term, from the French, and signified the touch or blow with the foil: "the first veney" is the first *hit*.

Page 126, line 13, Why, then, the Englishman for thy money.] This expression was proverbial, and a play was written by William Haughton, and printed in 1616, under the title of "Englishmen for my Money, or a Woman will have her Will." It was popular, and was republished in 1626 and 1631, the last time under the title of "A Woman will have her Will."

Page 128, line 1, Enter, at the other end of the stage, Hobson.] John and the Courtesan withdraw from one room into another, and, immediately, the stage is supposed to represent the outside of a house. Hobson knocks at a door, and is answered by *Puella*, (as she is called, in the stage-direction) probably from the balcony, which then was to be taken for a window.

Page 128, line 16, Here's an Englishman.] This speech is without the prefix "Wench," in edit. 1606.

Page 129, line 1, Enter John Gresham and Courtesan.] "Fact. Curtiz." is the imperfect stage-direction in the first edition; but the scene was rendered more intelligible afterwards. Still, in the then condition of the stage, it is not always easy to understand how this part of the play was managed, as regards the exits and entrances of the performers.

Page 129, line 8, *Intrat Puella*.] There seems no sufficient reason for putting these stage-directions in Latin; but, as they have been so given,

in the old copies, and are not unintelligible, there seems no sufficient reason for altering them in our reprint.

Page 129, line 13, Do, my sweet Buffamache.] Buffalmaco is the name of a hero in Boccaccio, (Day viii., nov. 3) and he was brought upon the English stage by Marston; but why that name, or any corruption of it, should have been applied to this wench, may be doubted.

Page 130, line 6, Any man or woman to *occupy* for themselves.] So edit. 1606, but later impressions here (though not in the former instance) substitute *deal* for "occupy," and thus sacrifice a double meaning of the word, then well understood. Possibly, it was excluded by the Master of the Revels, in a very scrupulous humour, as in "Henry IV.," Part II., act ii., sc. 4. See Shakespeare, edit. Collier, iv., 384.

Page 130, line 17, A haberdasher of *small* wares.] John says, "of *all* wares," for the sake of his pretended excuse, and Hobson corrects him; but edit. 1632 has *all* in both places, by which the joke, such as it is, is sacrificed.

Page 131, line 13, Exit.] This necessary stage-direction is wanting in the first edition.

Page 131, line 31, *Intrat* John, *cum aliis Factoribus*.] Abridged in the old copies thus, *Intrat Joh. cum aliis fact*.

Page 132, line 11, *Measar mon a moy*.] This, and some of the gibberish that follows, could hardly be intended by Heywood for French, but merely for something that sounded like it. We print it as it stands in the original.

Page 132, line 30, Such as in the garden-alleys.] Such as *be* in the garden-alleys, in the later impressions; but the addition is not necessary.

Page 133, line 13, Hearty commendations.] John calls for "pen and ink," and here writes, and says aloud fragments of what he scribbles. It would have been more intelligible to have inserted *writes* in the margin, but the business of the scene seemed clear enough, without this interpolation.

Page 134, line 5, 'Tis logic to me, sir.] We are to imagine, here, that one of the Factors, pretended Frenchmen, jabbars something to Hobson, which he does not understand, and which he therefore says is logic to him.

Page 134, line 20, No more of French love, no more French loss shall do.] This is not very clear, and edit. 1632 substituted "No more of French, no more French craft shall do."

Page 134, line 22, Enter Sir Thomas Ramsey, &c.] After the preceding highly comic and well managed, though not very probable, scene, the stage now again represents part of the city of London. The first

words of Sir Thomas Ramsey's speech afford another out of innumerable instances where "well *said*" is to be taken for well *done*.

Page 137, line 17, And whilst this voice flies through the *streets* forth-right.] So edit. 1632: that of 1606 has *city* for "streets," to the injury of the metre, and no improvement of the passage, as, there is little doubt, the poet wrote it.

Page 137, line 26, Exeunt.] There is no notice of the departure of the Queen, her Courtiers, Citizens, &c., in edit. 1606. The true date of this royal opening of the Exchange was 23 January, 1570-1, and so it is given by Stow (*Annales*, 1615, p. 1131). It is unnecessary to quote the terms he employs, as Heywood closely follows them.

Page 137, line 27, Enter Dr. Nowell and Lady Ramsey.] The precise interval supposed to occur between this scene and the last is not known, as no authority that we have been able to consult gives the date of the last illness and death of Sir Thomas Ramsey. The stage now represents his house.

Page 138, line 12, A master of the Hospital.] *i.e.*, Christ's Hospital. Above, Tawney-coat is again called Rowland, instead of Goodfellow, his real name; at least, that he was first called by in this play. It does not suit the measure here so well as Rowland.

Page 139, line 4, Enter *Goodfellow*, *alias* Tawney-coat.] "Enter *Rowland*, *alias* Tawney-coat," old edits.

Page 141, line 7, Must not be *tardy*.] Printed *tarde*, and in italic, in the old copies, as if it were some strange word. It is singular how corruptions of the kind could be repeated in so many impressions. The place of action here is Greenwich.

Page 141, line 11, Whose virtue all the world——] A sentence, we may suppose, purposely left incomplete; but in some of the later editions the blank is filled up by, "Whose virtue *is unmatched*."

Page 143, line 31, That I would do't for good of Catholics.] This line is omitted in edit. 1632. It will be remembered that vol. iii. of our Society's Papers contains the copy of an unique tract by Philip Stubbes, on the attempt of Dr. Parry to assassinate the Queen. Heywood follows the ordinary narratives.

Page 144, line 8, This man was *forwarder*, &c.] Edit. 1632 thus corrupts and spoils this and the next line:—

"This man was *forward* to thrust me forth,
Than now he is humble to accept *in me*."

Page 144, line 23, *They retire*.] Not in the old copies, but necessary.

Page 145, line 8, Through any heavy want oppresseth thee.] Opposite these words, in the margin of edit. 1632, we read as follows:—"As she turns back, he offers to shoot, but, returning, he withdraws his hand."

Page 145, line 24, What doest thou with that *dag*.] A *dag* is a pistol, to which Parry referred, in the opening of his long soliloquy, p. 143. Respecting the word "dag," see "Dodsley's Old Plays," last edition, iii., 143; v., 302; ix., 188. It is needless to quote authorities. This incident, as our readers are aware, did not happen until many years after the Queen had christened the Royal Exchange.

Page 145, line 25, Pardon, thou villain, shows thou art a traitor.] Referring to the impunity the Queen had granted him for his attempt on the life of Hare, before mentioned. Edit. 1632 gives the line, "Pardon, thou villain, *that* shows thou art a traitor."

Page 146, line 11, *Arise*.] We doubt if this word were not meant for a stage-direction. We may conclude that Parry fell upon his knees, and that the Queen's speech ended with the close of the couplet.

Page 146, line 22, Enter John Gresham.] The scene is transferred to London. In the old copies, he is called "*Jack* Gresham," in the stage-direction, and "John" in the prefixes to his speeches.

Page 149, line 15, *Do my* poverty.] Edit. 1606 has, "*Do her* poverty."

Page 149, line 20, Till death us *depart*.] This is the old and true word in the marriage ceremony: in modern times, when the meaning of to "depart," as to *separate*, was forgotten, *do part* has been substituted for *depart*.

Page 151, line 2, And seems *mo* mild.] Some later impressions very needlessly alter "*mo*" to *more*.

Page 151, line 32, Enter Chorus.] The editions of this play, in 1606 and 1623, have no part of this Chorus, which is first found in edit. 1632. From that impression we have reprinted all the rest of this play, since it varies importantly from the earlier copies. The mode in which the drama imperfectly concludes in the first, and in some subsequent editions, may be seen at the close of our Introduction.

Page 152, line 16, Christopher *Carlisle*.] In the old copies, the name is misprinted *Carlake*.

Page 152, line 26, Enter the Duke of Medina, Don Pedro, &c.] This scene is on ship-board, in the Channel, as we find by the text.

Page 153, line 28, Climes that took up the greatest part o' th' *card*.] "Card" was then the ordinary term for *map*: hence, "to steer by the card;" and, figuratively, "to talk by the card," in reference to exactness and safety of discourse.

Page 156, line 3, *Exeunt.*] The stage-direction, in the old copies, is *Exit*, and others perhaps went out with the Spaniard who brought the news that the English fleet had been descried.

Page 156, line 7, *Ballast* with the Pope's blessing.] *i.e.*, as we now say, *ballasted* with the Pope's blessing. So in the "Comedy of Errors," act ii., sc. 3, "Who sent whole armadoes of carracks to be *ballast* at her nose."

Page 156, line 13, Drum and colours. Enter the Earl of Leicester, &c.] The scene now becomes the famous camp near Tilbury; but we may be said to have no means of deciding how far the stage itself and its appurtenances accorded with these changes. Perhaps little more was done than what was effected by the appearance of the persons and their accoutrements, and the mention, very early in the dialogue, of the supposed place of action. "Drum and colours" may show that one drum and one pair of colours answered the purpose.

Page 161, line 16, *Sung* by his ears.] *Swung* by his ears, edit. 1632.

Page 161, line 25, Will call the ship he fought in the War's-spite.] A name, we believe, preserved in the British navy ever since.

THE END.

F. Shoberl, Jun., Printer, Rupert Street, Haymarket.

THE
GOLDEN AND SILVER AGES.

TWO PLAYS

BY

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

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INTRODUCTION.

It is only necessary to say a few words, by way of preface to the following plays.

Heywood wrote four dramas connected in subject and founded upon the mythology of the ancients; viz. :—

1. “The Golden Age,” which came from the press in 1611, 4to;

2. “The Silver Age,” which came from the press in 1613, 4to;

3. “The Brazen Age,” which also came from the press in 1613, 4to.; and

4. “The Iron Age,” which did not come from the press until 1632, 4to.

The two first are comprised in our present volume; and, as none of them were reprinted, these have been the sole copies consulted, in our re-impression. All have the name of the author upon the title-page.

The three first probably were in existence when “The Silver Age” appeared; but “The Iron Age” seems to have been of later composition, and to have been called for by the success of its predecessors. The characters in all were extremely numerous; and

in the address "to the Reader," before "The Iron Age," the Author states that, for their due representation, it had been necessary to unite two companies of performers. It will be obvious, also, that the stage-appliances of the time must have been severely taxed; and we may, perhaps, wonder, in some scenes, that, in the simplicity of our early theatres, adequate means of exhibition could have been afforded.

The popularity of the works is undoubted, and is testified, among other things, by the Author himself.

Our next issue, in pursuance of our design to republish the whole of Heywood's dramatic works, will be the Brazen and Iron Ages. The last consists of two parts.

The Shakespeare Society is indebted to the Duke of Devonshire for the use of the old editions of these Plays in his Grace's library.

J. P. C.

THE
G O L D E N A G E :

OR,

The liues of Jupiter and Saturne, with
the defining of the Heathen Gods.

As it hath beene sundry times acted at the Red
Bull, by the Queenes Maiesties Seruants.

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *William Barrenger*, and are to be sold at his
Shop neare the great North-doore of *Pauls*. 1611.

To the Reader.

This Play coming accidentally to the Press, and at length having notice thereof, I was loth (finding it mine own) to see it thrust naked into the world, to abide the fury of all weathers, without either title for acknowledgment, or the formality of an Epistle for ornament. Therefore, rather to keep custom than any necessity, I have fixed these few lines in the front of my book; neither to approve it, as tasteful to every palate, nor to disgrace it, as able to relish none; only to commit it freely to the general censure of readers, as it hath already passed the approbation of auditors. This is the *Golden Age*, the eldest brother of three *Ages* that have adventured the Stage, but the only yet, that hath been judged to the press. As this is received, so you shall find the rest; either fearful further to proceed, or encouraged boldly to follow.

Yours ever,

T. H.

THE NAMES OF PERSONS PRESENTED IN THE PLAY.¹

HOMER.

SATURN }
TITAN } two Brothers.

Two Lords of Crete.

VESTA, Mother of SATURN.

SIBYLLA, Wife to SATURN.

LYCAON, Son to TITAN.

CALISTO, Daughter to LYCAON.

JUPITER.

JUNO.

MELLISEUS, King of Epire.

ARCHAS, Son to CALISTO and JUPITER.

DIANA.

ATLANTA.

EGEON }
ENCELADUS } Sons to TITAN.

NEPTUNE, }
PLUTO } Brothers to JUPITER.

ACRISIUS, King of Arges.

DANAE, Daughter to ACRISIUS.

King TROOS.

GANIMEDE.

A Lord of Arges.

Two Lords of Pelasgia.

Four Beldams.

Clown.

Satyrs, Nurse, Nymphs.

¹ This is as the list of characters stands in the old copy, with the exception, that the spelling of some of the names is corrected.

THE GOLDEN AGE;
WITH
THE LIVES OF JUPITER AND SATURN.

ACTUS I. SCÆNA I.

Enter old HOMER.

The Gods of Greece, whose deities I raised
Out of the earth, gave them divinity,
The attributes of sacrifice and prayer,
Have given old Homer leave to view the world,
And make his own presentment. I am he
That by my pen gave heaven to Jupiter;
Made Neptune's trident calm the curled waves;
Gave Æolus lordship o'er the warring winds;
Created black-hair'd Pluto King of Ghosts,
And regent o'er the kingdoms fix'd below.
By me Mars wars, and fluent Mercury
Speaks from my tongue: I plac'd divine Apollo
Within the Sun's bright chariot: I made Venus
Goddess of Love, and to her winged son
Gave several arrows, tipp'd with gold and lead.
What hath not Homer done to make his name
Live to eternity? I was the man
That flourish'd in the world's first infancy,
When it was young, and knew not how to speak,

I taught it speech and understanding both,
Even in the cradle. Oh ! then further me,
You that are in the world's decrepit age,
When it is near his universal grave,
To sing an old song ; and in this Iron Age
Show you the state of the first golden world.
I was the Muses' patron, learning's spring,
And you shall once more hear old Homer sing. [*Exit.*]

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* The old Uranus, son of the Air and Day,
Is dead, and left behind him two brave sons,
Titan and Saturn.

2 *Lord.* Titan is the eldest,
And should succeed by the true right of birth.

1 *Lord.* But Saturn hath the hearts of all the people,
The kingdom's high applause, his mother's love:
The least of these are steps unto a crown.

2 *Lord.* But how will Titan bear him in these
troubles,
Being by nature proud and insolent,
To see the younger seated in his throne,
And he, to whom the true right appertains
By birth and law of nations, quite cast off?

1 *Lord.* That either power or steel must arbitrate:
Causes best friended have the best event.
Here Saturn comes.

Enter SATURN and VESTA, with Attendants.

Sat. Behold, what nature scanted me in years
And time, below my brother, your applause
And general love fully supplies me with,
And makes me to his crown inheritable.
I choose it as my right, by gift of Heaven,
The people's suffrage, the dead king's bequest,

And your election.—Our fair mother Queen,
Against all these what can twelve moons of time
Prevail with Titan to disherit us?

Vesta. The Cretan people with shrill acclamations
Pronounce thee sovereign o'er their lands and lives.
Let Titan storm and threaten strange revenge,
We are resolv'd thy honour to maintain.

1 *Lord.* Titan thy ruin shall attempt in vain:
Our hearts adhere with Vesta's, our late Queen,
According to our sovereign's late bequest,
To kneel to Saturn.

Sat. We accept your loves,
And we will strive by merit to exceed you
In just requital of these favours done.

[*A noise of tumult within.*]

Vesta. Arm, lords! I hear the voice
Of Titan, storming at this strange election.

Enter TITAN, LYCAON, and others.

Titan. Descend, proud upstart, trick'd up in stolen
weeds,
Deck'd in usurped state and borrow'd honours.
Resign them to the owner—that's to me.

Sat. Titan, keep off. I charge thee, near me not,
Lest I thy bold presumption seal with blood.

Titan. A crown's worth tugging for, and I will ha't,
Though in pursuit I dare my ominous fate.

Lyc. Down with the usurper!

Vesta. Saturn here shall stand
Immoveable, upheld by Vesta's hand.

Titan. Am I not eldest?

Vesta. Ay, but young'st in brain.
Saturn the crown hath seiz'd, and he shall reign.

Titan. Am I a bastard, that my heritage
Is wrested from me by a younger birth?

Hath Vesta played the aduress with some stranger?
If I be the eldest from Uranus' loins,
Your maiden issue, why am I debarred
The law of nations? Am I Vesta's son?
Why doth not Vesta, then, appear a mother?
Was younger Saturn bedded in your womb
Nearer your heart than I, that he's affected,
And I despis'd? If none of these, then, grant me
What justice wills, my interest in the crown.
Or if you will make me an outcast, if my mother
Forget the love she owes, I shall abandon
The duty of a son. If Saturn prove
Unnatural I'll be no more a brother,
But, maugre all that have my right withstood,
Revenge my wrongs, and make my way through blood.

Sat. Titan, we both acknowledge thee a brother,
And Vesta's son, which we'll express in love:
But since, for many virtues, growing in me
That have no life in you, the Queen, the peers,
And all the people, with loud suffrages
Have shrill'd their aves high above the clouds,
And styl'd me king, we should forget their loves,
Not to maintain their strange election.
Advise you, therefore, since this bold adventure
Is much above your strength, to arm yourself
In search of future honours with our love;
For what can Titan do against a people?

Vesta. Saturn adviseth well: list to his counsel.

Titan. If my own land prove thus unnatural,
I'll purchase foreign aid.

1 *Lord.* Rather compound.

Sat. Let Titan make demand of any thing,
Saving our crown, he shall enjoy it freely.

Vesta. Titan, your brother offers royally;
Accept his love.

Titan. To lose a crown includes
The loss of all things.—What should I demand?

Lyc. This grant him, Saturn, since thy insinuation
Hath wrought him quite out of the Cretans' hearts,
That Titan's warlike issue may succeed thee.

Titan. Lycaon, well advis'd: he during life
Shall reign in peace, no interruption
Shall pass from Titan to disturb his reign,
So to our giant race thou wilt assure
The crown, as due by right inheritance.

Sat. To cut off all hostile effusion
Of human blood, which by our difference
Must needs be spilt upon the barren earth,
We'll swear to this accord.

Titan. Condition'd thus;
That to deprive all future enmity
In our succeeding issue, thy male children
Thou in their cradle strangle.

Sat. Kill my sons!

Titan. Or swear to this, or all our warlike race,
Dispers'd in several kingdoms, I'll assemble
To conquer thee, and from thy ambitious head
Tear that usurped crown.

Sat. Titan, thy friendship
We'll buy with our own blood: all our male children
(If we hereafter shall have any born)
Shall perish in their births. To this we swear,
As we are King and Saturn.

Titan. I the like,
As I am Titan and Uranus' son.
This league confirm'd, all my allies I'll gather,
Search foreign climes in which I'll plant my kin,
Scorning a seat here, where I am despised,
To live a subject to a younger birth,
Nor bow to that which is my own by due.

Saturn, farewell: I'll leave to thee thy state,
Whilst I in foreign kingdoms search my fate.
Think on thy oath.

Sat. First stay with us and feast.

Titan this day shall be King Saturn's guest. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Clown and a Nurse.

Clown. There is no dallying: you must come with all speed, for Madame Sibylla is grown a great woman.

Nurse. That is without question, for she is now a queen.

Clown. Nay, she is greater than many queens are; for though you may think she is with ancient folks, yet I can assure you she is with child. You may imagine, being now but morning, she is new risen, yet 'tis thought that ere noon she will be brought a-bed. I never heard she was committed to prison, yet 'tis looked every hour when she shall be delivered; and therefore, Nurse, I was sent to you in all haste.

Nurse. Is she so near her time?

Clown. Yes; and yet 'tis thought she will notwithstanding hold out, because she is groaning.

Nurse. Your reason.

Clown. Because you know the proverb—a grunting horse and a groaning wife never deceive their master.—Say, will you make haste, Nurse?

Nurse. What's the best news abroad?

Clown. The best news abroad is, that the Queen is likely to keep at home; and is it not strange that half an hour's being abroad should make a woman have a month's mind to keep in? But the worst news is, that if the King have a young prince, he is tied to kill it by oath: but if his majesty went drunk to bed and got a girl, she hath leave to live till she die, and die when she can live no longer.

Nurse. That covenant was the most unnatural
That ever father made. One lovely boy
Hath felt the rigour of that strict decree;
And if this second likewise be a son,
There is no way but death.

Clown. I can tell you more news. The King hath
sent to the Oracle, to know whether my lady be with
child of a boy or a girl, and what their fortunes shall
be. The Lord that went is looked for every day to
return with his answer. It is so gossipped in the
Queen's chamber, I can tell you. Oh, Nurse! we have
the bravest King, if thou knewest all.

Nurse. Why, I pray thee?

Clown. Let his virtues speak for himself. He hath
taught his people to sow, to plough, to reap corn, and
to scorn acorns with their heels; to bake and to brew.
We that were wont to drink nothing but water, have
the bravest liquor at court as passeth. Besides, he
hath devised a strange engine called a bow and arrow,
that a man may hold in his hand, and kill a wild beast
a great way off, and never come in danger of his clutches.
I'll tell you a strange thing, Nurse. Last time the
King went a-hunting, he killed a bear, brought him
home to be baked and eaten. A gentlewoman of the
court, that fed hungerly upon this pie, had such a
rumbling and roaring in her guts, that her entrails were
all in a mutiny, and could not be appeased: no physic
would help her. What did the King but caused an ex-
cellent mastiff to be knocked in the head, and dressed,
gave it to the gentlewoman, of which when she had well
eaten, the flesh of the mastiff worried the bear in her
belly, and ever since her guts have left wambling. But
come, come; I was sent in haste: the Queen must
needs speak with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter SATURN, with wedges of gold and silver, models of ships and buildings, bow and arrows, &c. His Lords with him.

Sat. You shall no more be lodg'd beneath the trees,
Nor chamber underneath the spreading oaks.
Behold ! I have devis'd you forms for tools
To square out timber, and perform the art
Of architecture, yet unknown till now.
I'll draw you forms of cities, towns, and towers,
For use and strength : behold the models here.

1 *Lord.* Saturn's inventions are divine, not human.
A godlike spirit hath inspir'd his reign.

Sat. See, here, a second art of husbandry,
To till the earth, to plough, to sow, to plant,
Devis'd by Saturn. Here is gold, refin'd
From grosser metals ; silver, brass, and tin,
With other minerals extract from earth.
I likewise have found out to make your brooks,
Rivers, and seas, by practice navigable.
Behold a form to make your craes and barks
To pass huge streams in safety, dangerless.

2 *Lord.* Saturn is a god.

Sat. The last, not least, this use of archery ;
The stringed bow and nimble-feather'd shaft.
By this you may command the flying fowl
And reach her from on high : this serves for war,
To strike and wound thy foeman from afar.

[A loud shout within.]

What means this acclamation ?

1 *Lord.* 'Tis thy people,
Divinest Saturn, furnish'd with these uses,
(More than the gods have lent them) by thy means,
Proclaim to thee a lasting deity,
And would have Saturn honour'd as a god.

Sat. We'll study future profits for their use,
And in our fresh inventions prove divine.
But gods are never touch'd with my suspires,
Passions, and throbs: their godlike issue thrive,
Whilst I, unmanlike, must destroy my babes.
Oh, my strict oath to Titan! which confounds
All my precedent honours. One sweet babe,
My youngest Ops, hath felt the bloody knife,
And perish'd in his swathing; and my Queen
Swells with another infant in her womb,
Ready to taste like rigour.—Is that lord
Return'd from Delphos yet?

2 Lord. He is.

Sat. Admit him.

Enter a Lord.

Now, what doth the Oracle
Speak by the Delphian priest?

3 Lord. Thus, mighty Saturn.
After our ceremonious rites performed,
And sacrifice ended with reverence,
A murmuring thunder hurried through the temple,
When fell a pleasant shower, whose silver drops
Fill'd all the altar with a roseate dew.
In this amazement thus the Delphian God
Spake from the incens'd altar—Lord of Crete,
Thus say to Saturn. Sibyll, his fair wife,
Is great with a young prince of noble hopes,
That shall his father's virtues much excel,
Seize on his crown, and drive him down to hell.

Sat. The gods (if there be any 'bove ourself)
Envy our greatness, and of one that seeks
To bear himself 'bove man, makes me more wretched
Than the most slavish brute. What! shall my Sibyll
Bring me a son that shall depose me, then?

He shall not: I will cross the deities;
I'll tomb th' usurper in his infant blood.
I'll keep my oath: Prince Titan shall succeed.
Maugre the envious gods the brat shall bleed.

Enter VESTA, sad.

I Lord. Way for the dowager Queen!

Sat. How fares our mother?

How is't with fair Sibylla, our dear Queen?

Vesta. Your Queen's delivered.

Sat. Of some female birth,

You deities, I beg. Make me, oh, heavens!

No more inhuman in the tragic slaughter

Of princely infants: fill my decreed number

With virgins, though in them I lose my name,

And kingdom. Either make her barren ever,

Or else all generative power and appetite

Deprive me, lest my purple sin be styled

Many degrees 'bove murder!—What's her birth?

Vesta. She's the sad mother of a second son.

Sat. Be ever dumb: let everlasting silence

Tongue-tie the world: all human joy henceforth

Turn to confus'd and undistinguish'd sound

Of barking hounds, hoarse bears, and howling wolves,

To stop all rumour that may fill the world

With Saturn's tyrannies against his sons.

Vesta. Ah! did but Saturn see yon smiling babe,

He'd give it life, and break ten thousand oaths,

Rather than suffer the sweet infant die.

His very look would beg a quick reprieve

Even of the tyrant Titan: saw the uncle

With what a graceful look the infant smiles,

He'd give it life, although he purchas'd it

With loss of a great kingdom.

Sat. Then, spare the lad: I did offend too much

To kill the first. Tell Sibyll he shall live.—
I'll be no more so monstrous in my rigour,
Nor with the blood of princes buy my crown.
No more their cradles shall be made their tombs,
Nor their soft swathes become their winding-sheets.
How can my subjects think I'll spare their lives,
That to my own can be so tyrannous.—
Tell Sibyll he shall live.

Vesta. Vesta will be that joyful messenger.

Sat. Stay! let me first reward the Oracle.
It told me Sibyll should produce a son,
That should his father's virtues much excel,
Seize on my crown, and drive me down to hell.
Must I, then, give an infant traitor life,
To sting me to the heart? The brat shall bleed.

Vesta. Sweet son!

1 Lord. Dear sovereign!

Sat. He that next replies,
Mother or friend, by Saturn's fury dies.
Away! Fetch me his heart. Brim me a bowl
With his warm blood.—Titan, my vow I'll keep:
Life newly waken'd shall as newly sleep.

Vesta. Worse than a brute, for brutes preserve their
own;

Worse than the worst of things is Saturn grown.

Sat. Command the child to death.

Vesta. Tyrant, I will.

Tigers would save whom Saturn means to kill. [*Exit.*]

Sat. It is my son whom I command to death;
A prince that may succeed me in my throne,
And to posterity revive my name.
Call Vesta back, and bid her save the babe.

1 Lord. I'll do't, my lord.

Sat. Yet stay!—The lad to kill
I save my oath and keep my kingdom still.—

Post after, and charge them on their lives
Send me the babe's blood in a cup of gold,
A present which I'll offer to the gods.
Delay not; be it our mother or our wife,
Forfeits her own to save the infant's life.

1 *Lord.* I shall inform them so.

Sat. Is this a deity,
To be more wretched than the worst on earth?
To be depriv'd that comfort of my issue,
Which even the basest of my land enjoy?
I'll henceforth for my rigour hate myself,
Pleasures despise, and joys abandon quite:
The purest blood that runs within my veins
I'll dull with thick and troubled melancholy.
I'll war with comfort, be at odds with solace,
And league with nothing but distemperature.
Henceforth my unkemb'd locks shall knot in curls;
Razor, nor any edge shall kiss my cheek,
Until my chin appear a wilderness,
And make me wild in knowledge to the world.
Perpetual care shall cabin in my heart.
My tyranny I'll punish in myself,
And save the gods that labour.—
Saturn's disturbance to the world shall be
That planet that infuseth melancholy. [Exeunt.]

*Enter SIBYLLA, lying in child-bed, with her child lying
by her, and her Nurse, &c.*

Sib. Is not our mother, Vesta, yet return'd,
That made herself th' unwilling messenger,
To bring the King news of his new-born son?

Nurse. Madam, not yet.

Sib. Mother, of all that mothers were
Most wretched, kiss thy sweet babe ere he die,
That hath life only lent to suffer death.

Sweet lad, I would thy father saw thee smile,
Thy beauty and thy pretty infancy
Would mollify his heart, were't hew'd from flint,
Or carv'd with iron tools from the Corsic rock.
Thou laugh'st to think thou must be kill'd in jest.
Oh! if thou needs must die, I'll be thy murd'ress,
And kill thee with my kisses, pretty knave.
And canst thou laugh to see thy mother weep,
Or art thou in thy cheerful smiles so free,
In scorn of thy rude father's tyranny?

Nurse. Madam, the King hath slain his first-born son,
Whom, had he seen alive, he'd not have given
For ten such kingdoms as he now enjoys.
The death of such a fair and hopeful child
Is full as much as Titan can demand.

Sib. He shall spare this sweet babe.—I'll ransom thee
With my own life: the knife that pierceth thee
Will wound thy mother's side, and I shall feel
The least sharp stroke from his offensive steel.

Nurse. The mother Queen's return'd?

Enter VESTA.

Sib. How looks she, Nurse?
Let her not speak, but yet a little longer
My hopes hold in suspense.—Oh me, most wretched!
I read my lord's harsh answer in her eye;
Her very looks tell me the boy must die.—
Say, must he? must he? Kill me with that word,
Which will wound deeper than King Saturn's sword.

Vesta. The boy must die.—

Sib. Oh!

Nurse. Look to the Queen! she faints.

Vesta. Oh! let's not lose the mother with her infant:
The loss of one's too much.

Sib. Oh! where's my child?—

I'll hide thee in my bed, my bosom, breast.
The murderer shall not find my little son.
Thou shalt not die : be not afraid, my boy.—
Go, tell the King he's mine as well as his,
And I'll not kill my part. One he hath slain
In which I had like interest ; this I'll save,
And every second son keep from the grave.

Enter the First Lord.

Vesta. Forbear, sir ; for this place is privileged,
And only free for women.

1 Lord. Yet is the King's command 'bove your decree,
And I must play th' intruder 'gainst my will.
The King upon your lives hath charged you
To see that infant lad immediately
Receive his death : he stays for his warm blood
To offer to the gods. To think him slain,
Said partner of your sorrows I remain. [*Exit.*]

Nurse. Madam, you hear the King doth threat our
lives :
Let's kill him, then.

Sib. Is he inexorable ?
Why should not I prove as severe a mother,
As he a cruel father ? Since the King
Hath doom'd him, I, the Queen, will do't myself.
Give me the fatal engine of his wrath ;
I'll play the horrid murd'ress for this once.
I'll kiss thee ere I kill thee.—For my life,
The lad so smiles I cannot hold the knife.

Vesta. Then, give him me ; I am his grandmother,
And I will kill him gently : this sad office
Belongs to me, as to the next of kin.

Sib. For Heaven's sake, when you kill him, hurt him
not.

Vesta. Come, little knave, prepare your naked throat.

I have not heart to give thee many wounds;
My kindness is to take thy life at once.—Now!—
Alack, my pretty grandchild, smil'st thou still?
I have lust to kiss, but have no heart to kill.

Nurse. You may be careless of the King's command,
But concerns me, and I love my life
More than I do a suckling's. Give him me;
I'll make him sure: a sharp weapon lend,
I'll quickly bring the youngster to his end.—
Alack! my pretty knave, 'twere more than sin
With a sharp knife to touch thy tender skin.—
Oh, madam! he's so full of angel grace,
I cannot strike, he smiles so in my face.

Sib. I'll wink and strike. Come; once more reach
him hither,
For die he must; so Saturn hath decreed.—
'Las! for a world I would not see him bleed.

Vesta. Ne shall he do; but swear me secrecy,
The babe shall live and we be dangerless.

Sib. Oh! bless me with such happiness.

Vesta. Attend me.

The King of Epire's daughters, two bright maids,
Owe me for many favours the like love.
These I dare trust: to them I'll send this babe,
To be brought up; but not as Saturn's son.
Do but provide some trusty messenger,
My honour for his safety.

Sib. But by what means shall we delude the King?

Vesta. A young kid's heart, swimming in reeking
blood,

We'll send to the King, and with such forged grief
And counterfeit sorrow shadow it,
That this imposture never shall be found.

Sib. Oh, twice my mother! you bestow on me
A double life, thus to preserve my boy.

Nurse. Give me the child. I'll find a messenger
Shall bear him safe to Melliseus' court.

Vesta. The blood and heart I'll presently provide,
T'appease the rage of Saturn.

Sib. First, let's swear
To keep the secret from King Saturn's ear.

Vesta. We will; and if this plot pass undiscovered,
By like device we will save all your sons.
About our tasks: you some choice friend to find,
I with my feigned tears the King to blind.

ACTUS II. SCÆNA I.

Enter HOMER.

What cannot women's wits? they wonders can,
When they intend to blind the eyes of man.
Oh! lend me what old Homer wants, your eyes,
To see th' event of what these Queens devise.

[*The dumb show sound.*]

*Enter the Nurse and Clown: she swears him to secrecy,
and to him delivers the child, and a letter to the daughters
of King MELLISEUS: they part. Enter, at one door,
SATURN, melancholy, with his Lords: at the other,
VESTA and the Nurse, who with counterfeit passion
present the King a bleeding heart upon a knife's point,
and a bowl of blood. The King departs one way in
great sorrow; the Ladies the other way in great joy.*

This pass'd so current, that the third son born,
Call'd Neptune, was by like device preserved,
And sent to Athens, where he liv'd unknown,
And had in time command upon the seas.
Pluto, the young'st, was sent to Tartary,
Where he in process a strange city built,
And call'd it Hell: his subjects, for their rapine,

Their spoils and theft, are devils term'd abroad.
Thus melancholy Saturn hath surviving
Three noble sons in several confines placed,
And yet himself thinks sonless: one fair daughter,
Hight Juno, is his sole delight on earth.
Think, kind spectators, seventeen summers past,
Till these be grown to years, and Jupiter,
Found in a cave by the great Epire king,
Where by his daughters he before was hid.
Of him and of his fortunes we proceed.
My journey's long, and I my eyesight want:
Courteous spectators, lest blind Homer stray,
Lend me your hands to guide me on the way.

*Enter LYCAON with his Lords; JUPITER with other Lords
of Epire.*

Lyc. After long war and tedious differences
Betwixt King Melliseus and ourself,
What crave the Epire lords?

Jup. This, King Lycaon.
Since truce and hostage hath ta'en up these broils,
And ended them in peaceful amity,
Since all the damage by the Epirians done
Is on our part abundantly made good,
We come, Lycaon, to demand the like
Of thee and of thy kingdom; and for proof
That all our malice is extinct and dead,
We bring thy hostage back, demanding ours.

Lyc. Receive him, lords.—A banquet instantly!—
You shall this day, brave Epire, feast with us,
And to your board your hostage shall be brought,
There to receive him freely. Meantime sit,
And taste the royal welcomes of our court.

Jup. Lycaon's just in keeping these conditions.
So strictly with a reconciled foe.

Lyc. But, fair prince, tell me whence you are derived.
I never heard King Melliseus had
A prince of your perfections.

Jup. This demand
Startles my blood, being born I know not where :
Yet that I am of gentry, at the least,
My spirit prompts me, and my noble thoughts
Give me approved warrant. Being an infant,
Two beauteous ladies found me in a cave,
Where, from their voluntary charity,
Bees fed me with their honey : for that cause
The two bright ladies call'd me Jupiter,
And to their father Melliseus brought me,
My foster-father, who hath train'd my youth
In feats of arms and military prowess ;
And as an instance of his dearest love
Hath honour'd me with this late embassy.

*[A banquet brought in with the limbs
of a man in the service.]*

Lyc. We are satisfied.—Princes, sit round and feast.
You are this day Lycaon's welcom'st guest.

Jup. This meat distastes me. Doth Lycaon feast us
Like cannibals? feed us with human flesh?
Whence is this portent?

Lyc. Feed, Epirians; eat:
Lycaon feasts you with no common meat.

Jup. But where's the Epire lord we left as hostage?

Lyc. Behold him here. He's at the table with you :
This is the Epire's head, and these his limbs.
Thinks Melliseus, that Lycaon can
(Descended of the valiant Titanois)
Bury his hatred, and entomb his spleen,
Without revenge? Blood in these wars was shed,
And for that blood your hostage lost his head.

Jup. Bear wrong that list, and those can brook it best :

I was not born to suff'rance. Thoughts, mount high :
A king hath wrong'd me, and a king shall die.

Lyc. Treason ! treason !

Jup. Down with the tyrant, and that hateful crew,
And in their murderous breasts your blades imbrue.

Lyc. Our guard !

[*A confused fray and alarum. JUPITER and the Epirians beat off LYCAON and his followers.*

Jup. Lycaon's fled. Make good the palace gates,
And to th'amazed city bear these limbs,
So basely by the tyrant massacred.
Haply, his subjects, by our words prepared,
May shake their bondage off, and make this war
The happy means to rid a tyrant thence.
Bear in your left hands these dismember'd limbs,
And in your right your swords, with which make way.
Courage, brave Epires, and a glorious day ! [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. LYCAON makes head again, and is beaten off
by JUPITER and the Epirians. JUPITER seizeth the
room of LYCAON.

Jup. Lycaon's once more fled. We, by the help
Of these his people, have confin'd him hence.
To whom belongs this crown ?

1 *Lord.* To Jupiter.

2 *Lord.* None shall protect our lives but Jupiter.

All. A Jupiter ! A Jupiter !

Jup. Nay, we are far from such ambition, lords,
Nor will we entertain such royalty.

1 *Lord.* Fair prince, whom heaven hath sent by miracle
To save us from the bloodiest tyrannies
That e'er were practis'd by a mortal prince,
We tender thee our fortunes. Oh ! vouchsafe
To be our lord, our governor, and king,
Since all thy people jointly have agreed,
None of the tyrant's issue shall succeed.

All. A Jupiter ! a Jupiter !

Jup. We not refuse the bounty of the heavens,
Express'd in these your voices : we accept
Your patronage, and 'gainst Lycaon's tyrannies
Henceforth protect you. But our conquest yet
Is all uncertain : second us, dear subjects,
To assure our conquests. First, we must provide
Our safety, ere attempt the helm to guide. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter CALISTO.

Cal. What mean these horrid and these shrill alarms,
That fright the peaceful court with hostile cries ?
Fear and amazement hurry through each chamber ;
Th' affrighted ladies light the darkest rooms
With their bright beauties. Whence, oh ! whence, ye
 gods,

Are all yon groans, cries, and inhuman sounds
Of blood and death ? Lycaon, where is he ?
Why, in this dire and sad astonishment,
Appears not he to comfort my sad fears,
And cheer me in this dull distemperature ?

*Enter, in a hurry, with weapons drawn, JUPITER and his
 soldiers.*

Jup. The iron-barr'd doors, and the suspected vaults,
The barricadoed gates, and every room
That boasted of his strength, is forc'd to obey
To our free entrance : nothing can withstand
Our opposite fury. Come, let's ransack farther.—
But stay ! what strange dejected beauty's this,
That on the sudden hath surpris'd my heart,
And made me sick with passion ?

Cal. Hence, away !

When we command, who dares presume to stay ?

Jup. Bright lady——

Cal. You affright me with your steel.

Jup. These weapons, lady, come to grace your beauty,
And these my arms shall be your sanctuary
From all offensive danger. Cheer your sorrow,
Let your bright beauty shoot out of this cloud
To search my heart, as it hath daz'd my eyes.
Are you a queen enthron'd above the elements,
Made of divine composure, or of earth,
Which I can scarce believe?

Cal. I am myself.
Uncivil stranger, you are much too rude,
Into my private chamber to intrude.—
Go, call the King my father.

Jup. Are you, then,
Lycaon's daughter? (wonder without end,
That from a fiend an angel should descend!)
Oh, Love! till now I never felt thy dart,
But now her painted eye hath pierc'd my heart.
Fair, can you love?

Cal. To be alone I can.

Jup. Women, fair queen, are nothing without men;
You are but ciphers, empty rooms to fill,
And till men's figures come, uncounted still.
Shall I, sweet lady, add unto your grace,
And but for number's sake supply that place?

Cal. You're one too many; and of all the rest,
That bear men's figure, we can spare you best.
What are you, sir?

Jup. We are Pelasgia's king,
And these our subjects.

Cal. These did of late belong
To King Lycaon.—Oh, injurious wrong!

Jup. Oh, suit your pity with your angel-beauty,
And live Pelasgia's queen.

Cal. Give me a funeral garland, to lament,
That best becomes my wretched discontent.

Jup. The sunshine of my smiles and jocund love
Shall from your brows, bright azure elements,
Disperse all clouds. Behold, my crown is yours,
My sword, my conquest. I am of myself
Nothing without your soft compassionate love;
For proof, ask what the heaven, earth, air, or sea,
Can yield to men by power or orison,
And it is yours.

Cal. Sir, I shall prove your love.

Jup. Pray use me, lady.

Cal. You'll grant it me, my lord?

Jup. By all my honours, and by all the sweets
I hope for in your love's fruition,
Your will's your own.

Cal. You'll not revoke your word?

Jup. Be't to invest whom I did late degrade,
I'll do't for you, bright and divinest maid.

Cal. This only; freedom to your captive give,
That I a nun and profess'd maid may live.

Jup. More cruel than the tyrant that begat thee!
Hadst thou ask'd love, gold, service, empery,
This sword had purchas'd for Calisto all.
Oh, most unkind! in all this universe
There's but one jewel that I value high,
And that, unkind, you will not let me buy.
To live a maid, what is't? 'tis to live nothing;
'Tis like a covetous man to hoard up treasure,
Barred from your own use, and from others' pleasure.
Oh, think, fair creature, that you had a mother;
One that bore you, that you might bear another.
Be you as she was, of an infant glad,
Since you from her have all things that she had.
Should all affect the strict life you desire,
The world itself should end when we expire.
Posterity is all; heaven's number fill,

Which by your help may be increased still.
What is it when you lose your maidenhead,
But make your beauty live, when you are dead,
In your fair issue?

Cal. Tush! 'tis all in vain.—

Dian, I am now a servant of thy train.

Jup. Her order is mere heresy, her sect
A schism, 'mongst maids not worthy your respect.
Men were got to get, you born others to bear:
Wrong not the world so much—nay, sweet, your ear—
This flower will wither, not being cropp'd in time.
Age is too late; then, do not lose your prime:
Sport whilst you may, before your youth be past;
Lose not this mould that may such fair ones cast.
Leave to the world your like for face or stature,
That the next age may praise your gifts of nature.
Calisto, if you still grow thus precise,
In your strict vow succeeding beauty dies.

Cal. I claim your oath. All love with men adieu;
Diana's cloister I will next pursue. [*Exit CALISTO.*]

Jup. And there all beauty shall be kept in jail,
Which with my sword, ay, with my life, I'd bail.
What's that Diana?

2 *Lord.* She is the daughter of an ancient king
That swayed the Attic sceptre; who, being tempted
By many suitors, first began this vow,
And leaving court, betook her to the forests.
Her beauteous trains are virgins of best rank,
Daughters of kings and princes, all devoted
To abandon men and choose virginity.
All these, being first to her strict orders sworn,
Acknowledge her their queen and empress.

Jup. By all my hopes Calisto's love to gain,
I'd wish myself one of Diana's train.

1 *Lord.* Concerning your State business?

Jup. Well remembered.

Posts of these news shall be to Epire sent

Of us, and of our new establishment.

Next for Calisto; but of that no more.—

We must take firm possession of this state

Our sword hath won, Lycaon lost so late. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter with music, before DIANA and CALISTO, six Satyrs; after them all their Nymphs, garlands on their heads, and javelins in their hands, their bows and quivers. The Satyrs sing:

Hail, beauteous Dian, queen of shades,
That dwells beneath these shadowy glades,
Mistress of all those beauteous maids

That are by her allowed.

Virginity we all profess,
Abjure the worldly vain excess,
And will to Dian yield no less,
Than we to her have vowed.

The shepherds, satyrs, nymphs, and fawns,
For thee will trip it o'er the lawns.

Come, to the forest let us go,
And trip it like the barren doe;
The fawns and satyrs still do so,
And freely thus they may do.
The fairies dance and satyrs sing,
And on the grass tread many a ring,
And to their caves their ven'son bring,

And we will do as they do.
The shepherds, &c.

Our food is honey from the bees,
And mellow fruits that drop from trees.
In chase we climb the high degrees
Of every steepy mountain.

And when the weary day is past,
We at the evening hie us fast,
And after this, our field repast,
We drink the pleasant fountain.
The shepherds, &c.

Diana. These sports, our fawns, our satyrs, and ourselves,

Make, fair Calisto, for your entertain ;
Pan, the great God of shepherds, and the nymphs
Of meads and fountains that inhabit here,
All give you welcome with their rural sports,
Glad to behold a princess of your birth
A happy citizen of these meads and groves.
These satyrs are our neighbours, and live here,
With whom we have confirm'd a friendly league,
And dwell in peace. Here is no city-craft,
Here's no court flattery ; simpleness, and sooth,
The harmless chase, and strict virginity
Is all our practice. You have read our orders,
And you have sworn to keep them.
Fair Calisto,
Speak, how esteem thou them ?

Cal. With reverence.

Great queen, I am sequester'd from the world,
Even in my soul hate man's society,
And all their lusts, suggestions : all court pleasures,
And city curiosities are vain,
And with my finer temper ill agree,
That now have vow'd sacred virginity.

Diana. We will not of your sorrows make recital,
So lately suffered by the hand of Chance ;
We are from the world, and the blind goddess, Fortune,
We dare to do her worst, as living here
Out of her reach : us she of force must spare ;
They can lose nothing that for nothing care.

Cal. Madam, devotion drew me to your service,
And I am now your handmaid.

Diana. Where's Atlanta?

Atl. Madam.

Diana. Is there no princess in our train,
As yet unmatched, to be her cabin fellow,
And sleep by her?

Atl. Madam, we all are coupled
And twinn'd in love, and hardly is there any
That will be won to change her bedfellow.

Diana. You must be single till the next arrive:
She that is next admitted of our train,
Must be her bed-companion; so 'tis 'lotted.
Come, fawns, and nymphs, and satyrs, gird us round,
Whilst we ascend our state, and here proclaim
A general hunting in Diana's name.

Enter JUPITER, like a nymph, or a virago.

Jup. There I strode too wide; that step was too large for one that professeth the straight order. What a pitiful coil shall I have to counterfeit this woman; to lisp, forsooth, to simper, and set my face like a sweet gentlewoman's, made out of gingerbread. Shall I venture or no? My face I fear not, for my beard, being in the nonage, durst never yet look a barber in the face; and for my complexion, I have known as brown lasses as myself have gone for current. And for my stature, I am not yet of that giant size, but I may pass for a *bona roba*, a rounceval, a virago, or a good manly lass. If they should put me to spin or to sew, or any such gentlewomanlike exercise, how should I excuse my bringing up? Tush! the hazard is nothing compared with the value of the gain. Could I manage this business with art, I should come to a hundred pretty sights in a year; as in the summer, when we come to flea our

smocks, &c. I hope Diana doth not use to search her maids before she entertains them. But, howsoever, Be my loss certain, and my profit none, 'Tis for Calisto's love, and I will on.

Diana. We'll chase the stag, and with our bugles shrill

The neighbouring forests with loud echoes fill.

Jup. Is this a heaven terrestrial, that contains So many earthly angels? Oh, amazement! Diana, with these beauties circled round, Paled in with these bright faces, bears more state Than Gods have lent them by the power of fate. I am descried.

Diana. Soft! what intruder's that? Command her hither.

Jup. Hail, divinest queen. I come to do thee service.

Diana. A manly lass, a stout virago. Were all our train proportion'd to thy size, We need not fear men's subtle treacheries. Thy birth and fortunes?

Jup. Madam, I derive My birth from noble and high parentage. Report of your rare beauty, with my love, And zeal I still bear to a virgin's life, Have drawn me to your service.

Diana. Welcome, lady. Her largeness pleaseth me: if she have courage proportioned with her limbs, she shall be champion to all our wronged ladies. You, Atlanta, present her oath.

[*Her oath is given on DIANA's bow.*]

Atl. Madam, you must be true To bright Diana and her virgin crew.

Jup. To bright Diana and her train I'll stand. [*Aside.*]

Diana. What can you do?

Jup. More than the best here can.

Atl. You shall vow chastity.

Jup. That's more than I can promise.—Well, proceed.

Atl. You never shall with hated man atone,
But lie with woman, or else lodge alone.

Jup. Make my oath strong, my protestation deep,
For this I vow by all the Gods to keep.

Atl. With ladies only you shall sport and play,
And in their fellowship spend night and day.

Jup. I shall.

Atl. Consort with them at board and bed,
And swear no man shall have your maidenhead.

Jup. By all the powers, both early and divine,
If e'er I lose't, a woman shall have mine!

Diana. Now you're ours you're welcome; kiss our
hand.

You promise well; we like you, and will grace you:
And if with our election yours agree,
Calisto, here, your bedfellow shall be.

Jup. You Gods, you will eternize me your choice.
Madam, I seal both with my soul and voice.

Diana. Then, hand each other, and acquaint your-
selves.

And now let us proceed in the pursuit
Of our determined pastimes, dedicate
To the entertainment of these beauteous maids.
Satyrs and fawns, ring out your pleasing quire;
This done, our bugles shall to heaven aspire. [*Exeunt.*

*Horns winded; a great noise of hunting. Enter DIANA,
all her nymphs in the chase; JUPITER pulling CALISTO
back.*

Diana. Follow! pursue! the stag hath took the
mountain.

Come, let us climb the steep cliffs after him.

Let through the air your nimble javelins sing,
And our free spoils home with the evening bring.

All. Follow, follow, follow !

Wind horns. Enter the Satyrs as in the chase.

Satyr. The nimble ladies have outstripp'd us quite :
Unless we speed we shall not see him fall.
We are too slow in pursuit of our game ;
Let's after, though. Since they outstrip our eyes,
Run by the notes that from their bugles rise.

Wind horns. Enter JUPITER and CALISTO.

Cal. Haste, gentle lady, we shall lose our train,
And miss Diana's pastime in the chase ;
Hie, then, to stain our javelins' gilded points
In blood of yon swift stag, so hot pursued.
Will you keep pace with me ?

Jup. I am tired already ;
Nor have I yet been to these pastimes breathed.
Sweet, shall we here repose ourselves a little ?

Cal. And lose the honour to be first at fall ?

Jup. Fear not, you shall come time enough to fall.—
Either you must be so unkind to me,
As leave me to these deserts solitary,
Or stay till I have rest, for I am breathless,
And cannot hold it out : behold a place
Remote, an harbour seated naturally,
Trimm'd by the hand of nature for a bower,
Screen'd by the shadowy leaves from the sun's eye.
Sweet, will you sit, or on the verdure lie ?

Cal. Rather than leave you, I will lose the sport.

Jup. I'll find you pastime, fear not. Oh, my angel,
Whither wilt thou transport me ? grant me measure
Of joy before I surfeit on this pleasure.

Cal. Come, shall's lie down a little?

Jup. Sooth, I will.—

I thirst in seas, and cannot quaff my fill;
Behold before me a rich table spread,
And yet poor I am forc'd to starve for bread:
We be alone, the ladies far in chase,
And may I die an eunuch by my vow,
If, bright Calisto, you escape me now.—
Sweet bedfellow, your hand.—What have I felt,
Unless blanch'd snow, of substance not to melt?

Cal. You gripe too hard.

Jup. Good sooth, I shall not rest
Until my head be pillowed on thy breast.

Cal. Lean on me, then.

Jup. So shall I wrong mine eyes,
To leave your face to look upon the skies.
Oh, how I love thee! come, let's kiss and play.

Cal. How?

Jup. So a woman with a woman may.

Cal. I do not like this kissing.

Jup. Sweet, sit still.

Lend me thy lips, that I may taste my fill.

Cal. You kiss too wantonly.

Jup. Thy bosom lend,

And by thy soft paps let my hand descend.

Cal. Nay, fie! what mean you?

Jup. Prithee, let me toy.

I would the Gods would shape thee to a boy,
Or me into a man.

Cal. A man! How then?

Jup. Nay, sweet, lie still, for we are far from men:
Lie down again. Your foot I oft have praised,
Ay, and your leg: nay, let your skirt be raised,
I'll measure, for the wager of a fall,
Who hath the greatest great, or smallest small.

Cal. You are too wanton, and your hand too free.

Jup. You need not blush to let a woman see.

Cal. My bareness I have hid from sight of skies,
Therefore, may bar it any lady's eyes.

Jup. Methinks you should be fat; pray, let me
feel.

Cal. Oh, God! you tickle me.

Jup. Lend me your hand,
And freely taste me: note how I will stand;
I am not ticklish.

Cal. Lord, how well you woo!

Jup. We maids may wish much, but can nothing do.

Cal. I am weary of this toying.

Jup. Oh! but I
In this elysium could both live and die.—
I can forbear no longer: though my rape
Be punish'd with my head, she shall not 'scape.—
Say, sweet, were I a man?

Cal. Thus would I rise,
And fill the dales and mountains with my cries.
A man? Oh, heaven! to gain elysium's bliss,
I'd not be said that I a man should kiss.
Come, let's go wound the stag.

Jup. Stay, ere you go;
Here stands one ready that must strike a doe,
And thou art she. I am Pelasgia's king,
That thus have singled thee: mine thou shalt be.

Cal. Gods, angels, men, help all a maid to free!

Jup. Maugre them all, th'art mine.

Cal. To do me right,
Help, fingers, feet, nails, teeth, and all to fight.

Jup. Not they, nor all Diana's angel train,
Were they in sight, this prize away should gain.

[*He carries her away in his arms.* [*Exit.*]

ACTUS III. SCÆNA I.

Enter HOMER.

Homer. Young Jupiter doth force this beauteous
maid,

And after would have made her his bright queen ;

But, discontent, she in the forest stayed,

Loth of Diana's virgins to be seen.

Oft did he write, oft send ; but all in vain,

She never will return to court again.

Eight moons are fill'd and waned, when she grows
great,

And young Jove's issue in her womb doth spring.

This day Diana doth her nymphs entreat

Unto a solemn bathing, where they bring

Deflower'd Calisto : note how she would hide

That which time found, and great Diana spied.

A dumb show. Enter DIANA and all her nymphs, to bathe them ; she makes them survey the place : they unlace themselves, and unloose their buskins ; only CALISTO refuseth to make her ready. DIANA sends ATLANTA to her, who, perforce unlacing her, finds her great belly, and shows it to DIANA, who turns her out of her society, and leaves her. CALISTO likewise in great sorrow forsakes the place.

Her crime thus found, she's banished from their crew,

And in a cave she childs a valiant son,

Called Archas ; who doth noble deeds pursue,

And by Jove's gift Pelasgia's seat hath won,

Which after by his worth and glorious fame,

He hath trans-styl'd Arcadia by his name.

But we return to Titan, who, by spies,

Hath learn'd that Saturn hath kept sons alive.

He now assembles all his strange allies,
And for the crown of Crete intends to strive.
Of their success and fortunes we proceed,
Where Titan's sons by youthful Jove must bleed.

[*Exit.*]

Enter TITAN, LYCAON, ENCELADUS, ÆGEON *in arms,*
drum, colours, and attendants.

Titan. Now we are strong: our giant issue grown,
Our sons in several kingdoms we have planted,
From whence they have deriv'd us brave supplies
From Sicily, and from th' Ægean Sea,
That of our son Ægeon bears the name.
We have assembled infinites of men
To avenge us on proud Saturn's perjury.

Lyc. What I have said to Titan I'll make good.
'Tis rumour'd Melliseus' foster-child,
He that expuls'd me from Pelasgia's crown,
And in my high tribunal sits enthroned,
Is Saturn's son, and styled Jupiter,
Besides my daughter by his lust deflowered;
On us, the poor distressed Tytanois,
He hath committed many outrages.

Æg. All which we'll punish on King Saturn's head.
I that have made th' Ægean confines shake,
And with my powerful voice affrighted heaven,
From whose enraged eyes the darken'd skies
Have borrowed lustre and Promethean fire,
Will fright from Crete the proud Saturnian troop,
And thousand hack'd and mangled soldiers bring
To entomb the glories of the Cretan King.

Enc. That must be left to great Enceladus,
The pride and glory of the Titan's host.
I that have curl'd the billows with a frown,
And with a smile have made the ocean calm;
Spurn'd down huge mountains with my armed foot,

And with my shoulders lift the valleys high,
Will, in the wrinkles of my stormy brow,
Bury the glories of the Cretan King,
And on his slaughter'd bulk brain all his sons.

Æg. And what shall I do, then ?

Enc. Do thou stand still,
Whilst I the foes of Titan pash and kill.
Am I not the eldest from great Titan's loins,
The Saturnists' hereditary scourge ?
Leave all these deeds of horror to my hand ;
I, like a trophy, o'er their spoils will stand.

Lyc. Why breathe we, then ?

Enc. Come, arm your sinewy limbs ;
With rage and fury fright pale pity hence,
And drown him in the sweat your bodies still.
With hostile industry toss flaming brands
About your fleecy locks, to threat their cities
With death and desolation ; let your steel,
Glist'ring against the sun, daze their bright eyes,
That with the dread of our astonishment
They may be sunk in Lethe, and their grave
May be the dark vault call'd oblivion's cave.

Titan. Are our ambassadors to Saturn gone,
To let him know whence this our war proceeds ?

Lyc. Your message hath by this startled th' usurper.

Enc. Set on them, waste their confines as we march,
And let them taste the rage of sword and fire.
Th' alarum's given, and hath by this arrived
Even at the walls of Crete, the citadel
Where the cathedrall'd Saturn is enthroned.

Titan. Warlike Ægeon and Enceladus,
Noble Lycaon, lend us your assistance
To forage as we march : plant desolation
Through all this fertile soil. Be this your cry :
Revenge on Saturn for his perjury ! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter SATURN, with hair and beard overgrown; SIBYLLA,
JUNO: his lords, drum, colours, and soldiers.*

Sat. None speak: let no harsh voice presume to jar
In our distressed ear. I am all sadness,
All horror and affrightment, since the slaughter
And tragic murder of my first born Ops,
Continued in the unnatural massacre
Of three young princes. Not a day hath pass'd me
Without distaste; no night but double darkened
With terror and confused melancholy:
No hour but hath had care and discontent
Proportion'd to his minutes; not an instant
Without remorse and anguish. Oh, you crowns!
Why are ye made and metalled out of cares?
I am overgrown with sorrows, circumvolved
With multiplicity of distemperatures,
And Saturn is a king of nothing else
But woes, vexations, sorrows, and laments.
To add to these the threat'nings of red war;
As if the murder of my princely babes
Were not enough to plague an usurpation,
But they must add the rage of sword and fire,
To affright my people. These are miseries
Able to be compris'd in no dimension.

Juno. My father shall not macerate himself:
I'll dare to interrupt his passions,
Although I buy it dearly with his hate.—
My lord, you are a king of a great people,
Your power sufficient to repulse a foe
Greater than Titan. Though my brothers' births
Be crown'd in blood, yet I am still reserved
To be the hopeful comfort of your age.

Sat. My dearest Juno, beautiful remainder
Of Saturn's royal issue, but for thee

I had ere this, with these my fingers, torn
A grave out of the rocks, to have entombed
The wretched carcase of a caitiff King :
And I will live, be 't but to make thee queen
Of all the triumphs and the spoils I win.—
Speak : what's the project of their invasion ?

1 *Lord.* That the King of Crete
Hath not, according to his vows and oaths,
Slain his male issue.

Sat. Have I not their bloods
Already quaff'd to angry Nemesis ?
Have not these ruthless and remorseless eyes,
Unfatherlike, beheld their panting hearts
Swimming in bowls of blood ? Am I not sonless ?
Nay, childless too, save Juno whom I love ?
And dare they then ? Come ; our continued sorrow
Shall into scarlet indignation turn,
And my sons' blood shall crown their guilty heads
With purple vengeance.—Valiant lords, set on,
And meet them to their last destruction.

1 *Lord.* March ! forward !

Sat. Stay ! Because we'll ground our wars
On justice, fair Sibylla on thy life
I charge thee tell me, and dissemble not,
By all the hopes in Saturn thou hast stored,
Our nuptial pleasures and affairs of love,
As thou esteem'st our graee, or vengeance fearest,
Resolve me truly—hast thou sons alive ?

[SIBYLLA *kneels.*

These tears, and that dejection on thy knee,
Accompanied with dumbness, argue guilt.
Arise and speak.

Sib. Let Saturn know I am a woman, then ;
And more, I am a mother. Would you have me
A monster, to exceed in cruelty

The savagest of savages? Bears, tigers, wolves,
All feed their young: would Saturn have his queen
More fierce than these? Think you Sibylla dare
Murder her young, whom cruel beasts would spare?
Let me be held a mother, not a murderess;
For, Saturn, thou hast living three brave sons.
But where? rather than to reveal to thee,
That thou may'st send their guiltless blood to spill,
Here seize my life, for them thou shalt not kill.

Sat. Amazement! war, the threatening oracle,
All muster strange perplexions 'bout my brain,
And rob me of the true ability
Of my direct conceivements. Doubt and war,
Titan's invasion, and my jealousy
Make me unfit for answer.

1 *Lord.* Royal Saturn,
'Twas pity in the queen so to preserve them.
Your strictness slew them: they are dead in you,
And in the pity of your queen survive.

Sat. Divine assistance plunge me from these troubles!
Mortality here fails me. I am wrapt
In millions of confusions.

Enter a second Lord.

2 *Lord.* Arm, arm, great Saturn!
Thy cities burn; a general massacre
Threatens thy people! The big Titanois
Plough up thy land with their invasive steel.
A huge unnumber'd army is at hand
To set upon thy camp.

Sat. All my disturbances
Convert to rage, and make my spleen as high
As is their topless fury, to encounter
With equal force and vengeance.—Go, Sibylla,
Convey my beauteous Juno to the place

Of our best strength, whilst we contend in arms
For this rich Cretan wreath. The battle done,
And they confin'd, we'll treat of these affairs.
Perhaps our love may with this breach dispense;
But first to arms, to beat th' intruders hence. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Enter TITAN, LYCAON, ENCELADUS, ÆGEON.

Titan. Saturn gives back, and 'gins to leave the field.

Lyc. Pursue him then unto that place of strength,
Which the proud Cretans hold impregnable.

Enc. This gigantomachia be eternized
For our affright and terror. If they fly,
Toss rocks and tops of mountains after them
To stumble them, or else entomb them quick.

Æg. They have already got into the town,
And barricadoed 'gainst us their iron gates.
What means, then, shall we find to startle them?

Enc. What but to spurn down their offensive mures,
To shake in two their adamantine gates?
Their marble columns by the groundsils tear,
And kick their ruin'd walls as high as heaven.

Titan. Pursue them to their gates, and 'bout the city
Plant a strong siege.—Now, Saturn, all my suffrances
Shall on thy head fall heavy. We'll not spare
Old man or babe: the Titans all things dare. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Enter SATURN, SIBYLLA, JUNO, *with Lords*
of the Court.

Sat. The heavens have, for our barbarous cruelty,
Done in the murder of our first born Ops,
Pour'd on our head this vengeance. Where, oh, where
Shall we find rescue?

Sib. Patience, royal Saturn.

Sat. Bid wolves be mild, and tigers pitiful;
Command the Lybian lions abstinence;

Teach me to mollify the Corsic rock,
Or make the Mount Chimera passable.
What monarch, wrapp'd in my confusions,
Can tell what patience means?

Juno. Oh, royal father!

Sat. Oh! either teach me rescue from these troubles,
Or bid me everlastingly, ay, ever
Sink in despair and horror.

Sib. Oh, my lord!

You have from your own loins issue reserved
That may redeem all these calamities.

Sat. Issue from us?

Sib. From Saturn and Sibylla.

That royal prince, King of Pelasgia,
And famous Melliseus' foster-child,
Whom all the world styles by the noble name
Of Jupiter, he is King Saturn's son.

Sat. Thou hast, Sibylla, kept that son alive,
That only can redeem me from this thralldom.
Oh! how shall we acquaint young Jupiter
With this his father's hard success in arms?

Sib. My care did ever these events foresee,
And I have sent to your surviving son
To come unto your rescue. Then, great Saturn,
In your wife's pity seem to applaud the heavens,
That make me their relentless minister
In the repairing of your downcast state.

Sat. If royal Jupiter be Saturn's son,
We shall be either rescued or revenged.
And now I shall not dread those Titanois
That threaten fire and steel.

Sib. Trust your Sibylla.

Sat. Thou art my anchor, and the only column
That supports Saturn's glory.—Oh, my Jupiter!
On thee the basis of my hopes I erect,

And in thy life King Saturn's fame survives.—
Are messengers despatch'd to signify
My son of our distress?

Sib. As far as Epire,

Where, as we understand, Jove now remains.

Sat. Then Titan and the proud Enceladus,
Hyperion, and Ægeon, with the rest
Of all the earth-bred race, we weigh you not.
Threaten your worst: let all your eyes spark fire,
Your flaming nostrils like Avernus smoke,
Your tongues speak thunder, and your armed hands
Fling trisule lightning. Be you Gods above,
Or come you with infernal hatred armed,
We dread you not: we have a son survives
Shall calm your tempests.—Beauteous Juno, comfort;
And cheer Sibylla: if he undertake
Our rescue, we from danger are secure.
We in his valour all our lives assure. [Exeunt.

A flourish. Enter JUPITER and MELLISEUS, with attendants.

Mel. Fair prince, for less by your deserts and honour
You cannot be, your fortunes and your birth
Are both unknown to me. My two fair daughters
As a swath'd infant brought you to my court,
But whence, or of what parents you proceed,
I am merely ignorant.

Jup. Then, am I nothing;
And till I know whence my descent hath been,
Or from what house deriv'd, I am but air,
And no essential substance of a man.

Enter CALISTO, pursued by her young son ARCHAS.

Cal. Help! help! for Heaven's sake, help! I am pursued,
And by my son, that seems to threat my life.

Jup. Stay that bold lad.

Cal. What's he? false Jupiter?

Jup. Calisto, or I much deceive myself.

Cal. Oh, thou most false, most treacherous, and unkind!

Behold Calisto by her son pursued;
Indeed, thy son. This little savage youth
Hath liv'd 'mongst tigers, lions, wolves, and bears,
And since his birth partakes their cruelty;
Archas his name. Since I Diana left,
And from her chaste train was divorc'd, this youth
I child'd in a cave remote and silent:
His nurture was amongst the savages.
This day I by misfortune mov'd his spleen,
And he pursued me with revenge and fury,
And had I not forsook the shades and forests,
And fled for rescue to these walled towns,
He had slain me in his fury. Save me, then:
Let not the son the mother sacrifice,
Before the father's eye.

Jup. Archas, my son,
My young son Archas, Jupiter's first-born,
Oh! let me hug thee, and a thousand times
Embrace thee in mine arms. Lycaon's grandchild,
Calisto's son.—Oh! will you, beauteous lady,
Forsake the forests and yet live with us?

Cal. No, thou false man. For thy perjurious lusts
I have abandon'd human subtleties.
There, take thy son, and use him like a prince,
Being son unto a princess. Teach him arts
And honour'd arms: for me, I have abjured
All peopled cities, and betook myself
To solitary deserts. Jove, adieu;
Thou proving false, no mortal can be true. [Exit.

Arc. Since she will needs be gone, be pleased, then,
Wearied with beasts, I long to live 'mongst men.

Jup. Yet stay, Calisto : why wilt thou outrun
Thy Jupiter?—She gone, welcome, my son ;
My dear son Archas, whom, if fortune smile,
I will create lord of a greater style.

Enter the Clown, with letters.

Clown. Save you, sir : is your name King Melliseus?

Mel. We are Melliseus, and the Epire King.

Clown. Then, this letter is for you. But is there not
one here in your court, called (let me see)—have you
never a gibbet-maker ?

Jup. Sirrah, here's one called Jupiter.

Clown. Ay, Jupiter ; that's he that I would speak
with. Here's another letter to you, but ere you read
it, pray let me ask you one question.

Jup. What's that?

Clown. Whether you be a wise child, or no?

Jup. Your reason?

Clown. Because I would know whether you know
your own father : but if you do not, hoping you are in
good health, as your father scarce was at the making
hereof, these are to certify you.

Jup. News of a father ! never could such tidings
Have glutted me with gladness. *[He reads.]*

Clown. For mine own part, though I know not what
belongs to the getting of children, yet I know how to
father a child ; and because I would be loth to have this
parish troubled with you, I bring you news where you
were born. I was the man that laid you at this man's
door, and if you will not go home quietly, you shall be
sent from constable to constable, till you come to the
place where you were begot. Read further, and tell me
more.

Mel. Is Jupiter, then, mighty Saturn's son?

Jup. I am the son of Saturn, King of Crete.—

My father battled by the Titanois ?
May all my toward hopes die in my birth,
Nor ever let me worthily inherit
The name of royalty, if by my valour
I prove me not descended royally.

Clown. I was the man that took pains with you. 'Twas
I that brought you in the hand-basket.

Jup. Should I have wish'd a father in the world,
It had been Saturn ; or a royal mother,
It had been fair Sibylla, Queen of Crete.—
Great Epire's King, peruse these tragic lines,
And in thy wonted bounty grant supplies,
To free my noble father.

Mel. Jupiter, as I am Melliseus, Epire's King,
Thou shalt have free assistance.

Jup. Come, then ; arm !
Assemble all the powers that we can levy.—
Archas, we make thee of Pelasgia King,
As King Lycaon's grandchild, and the son
Of fair Calisto. Let that clime henceforth
Be called Arcadia, and usurp thy name.
Go, then, and press th' Arcadians to the rescue
Of royal Saturn. This great king and I
Will lead the Epirians. Fail me not to meet,
To redeem Saturn, and to rescue Crete.

[*Exeunt. Manet Clown.*]

Clown. I have no mind to this buffeting : I'll walk
after fair and softly, in hope that all the buffeting may
be done before I come. Whether I had better go home
by land or by sea ? If I go by land and miscarry, then
I go the way of all flesh : if I go by sea and miscarry,
then I go the way of all fish. I am not yet resolved. But,
howsoever, I have done my message so cleanly, that they
cannot say the messenger is bereaved of anything that
belongs to his message. [Exit.]

Alarum. Enter TITAN, LYCAON, ENCELADUS; with SATURN, JUNO, and SIBYLLA, prisoners.

Titan. Down, treacherous lord, and be our foot-pace now,

To ascend our high tribunal. Where's that godhead
With which the people ave'd thee to heaven?

Enc. 'Tis sunk into the deep abysm of hell.
Tear from his head the golden wreath of Crete:
Tread on his captive bulk, and, with thy weight,
Great Titan, sink him to the infernal shades
So low, that with his trunk his memory
May be extinct in Lethe.

Sat. More than tyrannous
To triumph o'er the weak, and to oppress
The low dejected. Let your cruelty
Be the sad period of my wretchedness;
Only preserve my lovely Juno's life,
And give Sibylla freedom.

Enc. By these gods
We neither fear nor value, but contend
To equal in our actions, both shall die:
There shall no proud Saturnian live, to brave
The meanest of the high-born Titanois.

Lyc. Raze from the earth their hateful memory,
And let the blood of Titan sway the earth.—
Speak, are the ports and confines strongly armed
'Gainst all invasions?

Titan. Who dares damage us?—
Let all the passages be open left;
Unguarded let our ports and havens lie.
All danger we despise; mischance or dread
We hold in base contempt.

Enc. Conquest is ours,
Maugre divine or base terrestrial powers. [Alarum.

Enter ÆGEON.

Æg. Arm, royal Titan ! Arm, Enceladus !
A pale of brandish'd steel hath girt thy land :
From the earth's caverns break infernal fires,
To make thy villages and hamlets burn.
Tempestuous ruin, in the shape of war,
Clouds all thy populous kingdom. At my heels
Confusion dogs me, and the voice of death
Still thunders in mine ears.

Titan. Is't possible ?—Bear Saturn first to prison ;
We'll after parley them.

Enc. Come angels arm'd, or devils clad in flames,
Our fury shall repel them : come they girt
With power celestial or infernal rage,
We'll stand their fierce opposure.—Royal Titan,
Ægeon, and Hyperion, d' on your arms :
Bravely advance your strong orbicular shields,
And in your right hands brandish your bright steel.
Drown your affrightments in th' amazed sounds
Of martial thunder, diapason'd deep.
We'll stand them, be they Gods ; if men, expel
Their strengthless force, and stound them low as hell.

*A flourish. Enter, marching, King MELLESEUS,
JUPITER, ARCHAS ; drum and Soldiers.*

Titan. Whence are you that intrude on our confines,
Or what portend you in these hostile sounds
Of clamorous war ?

Jup. Titan's destruction,
With all the ruin of his giant race.

Titan. By what pretence or claim ?

Jup. In right of Saturn,
Whom against law the Titans have deposed.

Titan. What art thou speak'st it ?

Jup. I am Jupiter,
King Saturn's son, immediate heir to Crete.

Enc. There pause: that word disturbs all thy claim,
And proves that Titan seats him in his own.

Titan. If Saturn, as thou say'st, hath sons alive,
His oath is broken, and we are justly seized
Of Creta's crown by his late forfeiture.

Æg. Thy tongue hath spoke thy own destruction,
Since whom King Saturn spar'd our swords must kill,
And he is come to offer up that life,
Which hath so long been forfeit.

Jup. Tyrants, no:
The heavens preserv'd me for a farther use;
To plague your offspring that afflict the earth,
And with your threatenings spurn against the Gods.

Lyc. Now shalt thou pay me for Calisto's wrong,
Exiling me, and for dishonouring her.

Jup. Are you there, cannibal? man-eating wolf?
Lycaon, thou art much beholding to me:
I woman'd first Calisto, and made thee
A grandfather. Dost not thank me for't?
See, here's the boy: this is Arcadia's king;
No more Pelasgia now, since thy exile.

Titan. To thee that styl'st thyself King Saturn's son,
Know thou wast doom'd before thy birth to die,
Thy claim disabled; and in saving thee
Thy father hath made forfeit of his crown.

Jup. Know, tyrant, I was born free as my father,
Nor had he power to take that life away
That the Gods freely gave me.—Tyrants, see
Here is that life you by indenture claim:
Seize it and take it; but, before I fall,
Death and destruction shall confound you all.

Enc. Destruction is our vassal, and attends
Upon the threatening of our stormy brows.—

We trifle hours: arm all your fronts with horror,
Your hearts with fury, and your hands with death;
Thunder meet thunder, tempests storms defy;
Saturn and all his issue this day die.

Alarum. The battles join: TITAN is slain, and his party repulsed. Enter ÆGEON.

Æg. Where's now the high and proud Enceladus,
To stop the fury of the adverse foe,
Or stay the base flight of our dastard troops?
Titan is slain, Hyperion strews the earth,
And thousands by the hands of Jupiter
Are sent into black darkness. All that stand
Sink in the weight of his high jovial hand;
To shun whose rage, Ægeon, thou must fly.
Crete, with our hoped conquests, all adieu.
We must propose new quests, since Saturn's son
Hath by his puissance all our camp o'errun. [*Exit.*

Alarum. Enter ENCELADUS, leading his army; JUPITER leading his. They make a stand.

Enc. None stir. Be all your arms cramp'd and diseased,
Your swords unuseful; may all your steely glaves
Command your hands, and not your sinews them,
Till I by single valour have subdued
This murderer of my father.

Jup. Here he stands,
That must for death have honour at thy hands.—
None interrupt us: singly we'll contend,
And 'twixt us two give these rude factions end.

Enc. Two royal armies, then, on both sides stand,
To view this strange and dreadful monomachy.—
Thy fall, Saturnian, adds to my renown,
For by thy death I gain the Cretan crown.

Jup. Death is thy due: I find it in thy stars,
Whilst our high name gives period to these wars.

[*Alarum.* They combat with javelins first; after
with swords and targets. JUPITER kills ENCEL-
ADUS, and enters with victory. JUPITER, SATURN,
SIBYLLA, JUNO, MELLISEUS, ARCHAS, with the
Lords of Crete.

Sat. Never was Saturn deified till now,
Nor found that perfectness the gods enjoy.
Heaven can assure no greater happiness,
Than I attain in sight of Jupiter.

Sib. Oh, my dear son! born with my painful throes,
And with the hazard of my life preserved,
How well hast thou acquitted all my travails,
In this thy last and famous victory.

Jup. This tells me that yon royal King of Crete
My father is, and that renowned queen
My mother: all which proves by circumstance
That 'tis but duty that by me's achieved.
Only yon beauteous lady stands apart
I know not how to style.

Sat. 'Tis Juno, and thy sister.

Jup. Oh, my stars!
You seek to make immortal Jupiter.

Juno. Juno is only happy in the fortunes
Of her renowned brother.

Jup. Royal Saturn,
If ever I deserv'd well as a victor,
Or if my warlike deeds, yet bleeding new,
And perfect both in eyes and memory,
May plead for me: oh! if I may obtain
As one that merits, or entreat of you
As one that owes, being titled now your son,
Let me espouse fair Juno.—And, bright lady,
Let me exchange the name of sister with you,

And style you by a nearer name of wife.

Oh ! be my spouse, fair Juno.

Juno. 'Tis a name

I prize 'bove sister, if these grace the same.

Sat. What is it I'll deny my Jupiter?

She is thy own. I'll royalize thy nuptials

With all the solemn triumphs Crete can yield.

Mel. Epire shall add to these solemnities,

And with a bounteous hand support these triumphs.

Arc. So all Arcadia shall.

Sat. Then, to our palace

Pass on in state. Let all the deities

Shower down from heaven a largess, that these bridals

May exceed mortal pomp. March! march, and leave
me

To contemplate these joys, and to devise

How with best state this night to solemnize.

[*They all march off, and leave SATURN alone.*]

Sat. Saturn at length is happy by his son,

Whose matchless and unrivall'd dignities

Are without peer on earth. Oh, joy! Joy? Corsive

Worse than the throes of child-birth, or the tor-
tures

Of black Cimmerian darkness. Saturn, now

Bethink thee of the Delphian Oracle:

He shall his father's virtues first excel,

Seize Crete, and after drive him down to hell.

The first is past; my virtues are exceeded:

The last I will prevent by force or treason.

I'll work his ruin ere he grow too high;

His stars have cast it, and the boy shall die.

More sons I have; more crowns I cannot win:

The Gods say he must die, and 'tis no sin.

[*Exit.*]

ACTUS IV. SCÆNA I.

Enter HOMER.

Homer. Oh! blind ambition and desire of reign,
What horrid mischief wilt thou not devise?
The appetite of rule and thirst of reign
Besot the foolish and corrupt the wise.
Behold a king, suspicious of his son,
Pursues his innocent life, and without cause.
Oh! blind ambition, what hast thou not done
Against religion, zeal, and nature's laws?
But men are born their own fates to pursue;
Gods will be gods, and Saturn finds it true.

A dumb show. Enter JUPITER, JUNO, MELLISEUS, ARCHAS, as to revels. To them SATURN; draws his sword to kill JUPITER, who only defends himself; but being hotly pursued, draws his sword, beats away SATURN, seizeth his crown, and swears all the Lords of CRETE to his obeisance: so Exit.

Saturn against his son his force extended,
And would have slain him by his tyrannous hand,
Whilst Jupiter alone his life defended;
But when no prayers his fury could withstand,
He us'd his force, his father drove from Crete,
And, as the Oracle before had told,
Usurp'd the crown. The lords kneel at his feet,
And Saturn's fortunes are to exile sold.
But leaving him, of Danae, that bright lass,
How amorous Jove first wrought her to his power;
How she was closed in a fort of brass,
And how he scal'd it in a golden shower,
Of these we next must speak. Courteous and wise,
Help with your hands, for Homer wants his eyes.

[*Exit.*]

A flourish. Enter JUPITER, JUNO, the Lords of Crete, MELLISEUS, ARCHAS, NEPTUNE, and PLUTO.

Jup. Our unkind father, double tyrannous
To prosecute the virtues of his son,
Hath sought his own fate, and by his ingratitude
Left to our head the imperial wreath of Crete,
Which gladly we receive.—Neptune from Athens,
And Pluto from the Lower Tartary,
Both welcome to the Cretan Jupiter.
Those stars that govern'd our nativity,
And stripp'd our fortunes from the hand of death,
Shall guard us and maintain us.

Nep. Noble Saturn,
Famous in all things, and degenerate only
In that inhuman practice 'gainst his sons,
Is fled us, whom we came to visit freely,
And filial duties to express. Great Athens,
The nurse and fostress of my infancy,
I have instructed in the seaman's craft,
And taught them truly how to sail by stars.
Besides, the unruly jennet I have tamed,
And train'd him to the saddle for my practice.
The horse to me is solely consecrate.

Pluto. I from the bounds of Lower Tartary
Have travell'd to the fertile plains of Crete;
Nor am I less in lustre of my fame,
Than Neptune or renowned Jupiter.
Those barren kingdoms I have rich'd with spoils,
And not a people traffics in those worlds
For wealth or treasure, but we custom them,
And they enrich our coffers: our arm'd guards
Prey on their camels and their laden mules,
And Pluto's through the world renown'd and fear'd.
And since we miss'd of Saturn, lately fled,

It glads me yet I freely may survey
The honours of my brother Jupiter.

Nep. And beauteous Juno, empress of all hearts,
Whom Neptune thus embraceth.

Pluto. So doth Pluto.

Juno. All divine honours crown the royal temples
Of my two famous brothers.

Jup. King Melliseus, welcome them to Crete:
Archas, do you the like.

Mel. Princes, your hands.

Arc. You are my royal uncles.

Jup. Nay, hand him, lords; he is your kinsman, too:
Archas, my son, of fair Calisto born.—
I hope, fair Juno, it offends not you:
It was before your time.

Juno. She was a strumpet.

Jup. She shall be a star;
And all the queens and beauteous maids on earth,
That are renown'd for high perfections,
We'll woo and win. We were born to sway and rule;
Nor shall the name of wife be curb to us,
Or snaffle in our pleasures. Beauteous Io
And fair Europa have, by our transhapes
And guiles of love, already been deflowered;
Nor lives she that is worthy our desires,
But we can charm with courtship.—Royal brothers,
What news of note is rumour'd in those realms
Through which you made your travels?

Nep. Have you heard
Of great Acrisius, the brave Argos king,
And of his daughter Danae?

Jup. His renown
And her fair beauty oft have pierc'd our ears;
Nor can we be at peace, till we behold
That face fame hath so blaz'd on. What of her?

Nep. Of her enclosure in the Darreine tower,
Girt with a triple mure of shining brass,
Have you not heard?

Jup. But we desire it highly.
What marble wall, or adamantine gate,
What fort of steel, or castle forg'd from brass,
Love cannot scale, or beauty not break through?
Discourse the novel, Neptune.

Nep. Thus it was.
The Queen of Argos growing great, the King
Sends (as the custom is) to th' Oracle
To know what fortunes shall betide the babe.
Answer's return'd by Phœbus and his priests,
The Queen shall child a daughter beautiful,
Who, when she grows to years, shall then bring forth
A valiant princely boy; yet such a one,
That shall the king, his grandsire, turn to stone.
Danae is born, and as she grows to ripeness,
So grew her father's fear; and to prevent
His ominous fate, pronounc'd by th' Oracle,
He moulds this brazen tower, impregnable
Both for the seat and guard, yet beautiful
As is the gorgeous palace of the sun.

Jup. Ill doth Acrisius to contend and war
Against th' unchanging fates.—I'll scale that tower,
Or rain down millions in a golden shower.
I long to be the father of that babe,
Begot on Danae, that shall prove so brave,
And turn the dotard to his marble grave.
'Tis cast already. Fate, be thou my guide,
Whilst for this amorous journey I provide.

Mel. But is the lady there immur'd and closed
From all society and sight of man?

Nep. So full of jealous fears is King Acrisius,
That, save himself, no man must near the fort.

Only a guard of beldams, past their lusts,
Insensible of love or amorous pity,
Partly by bribes hir'd, partly curb'd with threats,
Are guard unto this bright imprison'd dame.

Pluto. Too pitiless, and too obdure's the King,
To cloister beauty from the sight of man.
But this concerns not us.

Jup. That fort I'll scale,
Though, in attempting it, be death to fail.—
Brothers and princes; all our court's rarities
Lie open to your royall'st entertainment:
Yet pardon me, since urgency calls me hence
To an enforced absence.—Nay, Queen Juno,
You must be pleas'd: the cause imports us highly.
Feast with these princes till our free return.—
Attendance, lords!—We must descend in gold,
Or yon imprison'd beauty ne'er behold. [*Exeunt.*

Enter four old Beldams, with other women.

1 *Beld.* Here's a coil to keep fire and tow asunder!
I wonder the King should shut his daughter up so
close: for any thing I see, she hath no mind to a
man.

2 *Beld.* Content yourself; you speak according to
your age and appetite. We that are full fed may
praise fast: we that in our heat of youth have drunk
our bellyfuls, may deride those that in the heat of their
bloods are athirst. I measure her by what I was, not
by what I am. Appetite to love never fails an old
woman, till the cracking of nuts leaves her. When
Danae hath no more teeth in her head than you and I,
I'll trust a man in her company, and scarce then; for if
we examine ourselves, we have, even at these years,
qualms, and rheums, and devices come over our sto-
machs, when we but look on a proper man.

1 *Beld.* That's no question; I know it by myself, and whilst I stand sentinel I'll watch her for that, I warrant her.

2 *Beld.* Have we not reason, considering the penalty?

1 *Beld.* If any stand sentinel in her quarters, we shall keep quarter here no longer. If the princess miscarry, we shall make gunpowder; and they say an old woman is better for that than saltpetre.

[*The 'larum bell rings.*

3 *Beld.* The 'larum bell rings. It should be King Acrisius, by the sound of the clapper.

4 *Beld.* Then, clap close to the gate, and let him in.

Enter ACRISIUS.

Acr. Ladies, well done. I like this providence
And careful watch o'er Danae. Let me find you
Faithless, you die; be faithful, and you live
Eterniz'd in our love. Go, call her hither;
Be that your charge.

[*Exit Beldam.*]

The rest keep watchful eye
On your portcullicid entrance, which forbids
All men, save us, free passage to this place.

Enter DANAË and Beldam.

See, Danae is descended.—Fair daughter,
How do you brook this palace?

Dan. Like a prison.

What is it else? You give me golden fetters,
As if their value could my bondage lessen.

Acr. The architecture's sumptuous, and the building
Of cost invaluable: so rich a structure,
For beauty or for state, the world affords not.
Is not thy attendance princely, like a queen's?
Are not all these thy vassals to attend?
Are not thy chambers fair and richly hung?

The walks within this barricadoed mure
Full of delight and pleasure? For thy taste
And curious palate all the chiefest cates
Are from the farthest verges of the earth
Fetch'd to content thee. What distastes thee, then?

Dan. That which alone is better than all these—
My liberty. Why am I cloister'd thus,
And kept a prisoner from the sight of man?
What hath my innocence and infancy
Deserv'd, to be immur'd in brazen walls?
Can you accuse my faith, or modesty?
Hath any loose demeanour in my carriage
Bred this distrust? Hath my eye play'd the rioter?
Or hath my tongue been lavish? Have my favours,
Unvirginlike, to any been profuse,
That it should breed in you such jealousy,
Or bring me to this durance?

Acr. None of these.
I love my Danae; but when I record
The Oracle, it breeds such fear in me,
That makes this thy retainment.

Dan. The Oracle!
Wherein unto the least of all the gods
Hath Danae been unthankful or profane,
To bondage me, that am a princess free,
And votaress to every deity?

Acr. I'll tell thee, lady. The unchanging mouth
Of Phœbus hath this Oracle pronounc'd,
That Danae shall in time child such a son,
That shall Acrisius change into a stone.

Dan. See your vain fears! What less could Phœbus
say?
Or what hath Danae's fate deserv'd in this?
To turn you into stone? that's to prepare
Your monument and marble sepulchre.

The meaning is that I a son shall have,
That when you die shall bear you to your grave.
Are you not mortal? Would you ever live?
Your father died, and to his monument
You, like a mourner, did attend his hearse:
What you did to your father, let my son
Perform to you—prepare your sepulchre.
Or shall a stranger bear you to your tomb,
When from your own blood you may store a prince
To do those sacred rites. Or shall vain fears
Cloister my beauty, and consume my years?

Acr. Our fears are certain, and our doom as fixed
As the decrees of gods. Thy durance here
Is with limit endless. [*Exit* DANAÆ.]

Go: attend her

Unto her chamber, there to live an anchoress,
And changeless virgin to the period
Of her last hour. [*Exit* Woman.]

And you, to whom this charge
Solely belongs, banish all womanish pity:
Be deaf unto her prayers, blind to her tears,
Obdure to her relenting passions.
Should she (as Heaven and the Oracle forbid!)
By your corrupting lose that precious gem
We have such care to keep and lock safe up,
Your lives are doom'd. Be faithful, we desire,
And keep your bodies from the threaten'd fire.

[*Exit.*

1 *Beld.* Heaven be as chary of your highness'
life,

As we of Danae's honour.

Now, if she be a right woman, she will have a mind
only to lose that, which her father hath such care to
keep. There is a thing that commonly sticks under a
woman's stomach.

2 *Beld.* What do we, talking of things? There must be no meddling with things in this place. Come; let us set our watch, and take our lodgings before the princess' chamber. [Exit.]

Enter JUPITER, like a Pedlar; the Clown, his man, with packs at their backs.

Jup. Sirrah, now I have sworn you to secrecy, attend your charge.

Clown. Charge me to the mouth, and till you give fire I'll not off.

Jup. Thou knowest I have stuffed my pack with rich jewels, to purchase one jewel worth all these.

Clown. If your precious stones were set in that jewel, it would be brave wearing.

Jup. If we get entrance, sooth me up in all things; and if I have recourse to the princess, if at any time thou seest me whisper to her, find some trick or other to blind the beldams' eyes.

Clown. She that hath the best eyes of them all, I have a trick to make her nose stand in her light.

Jup. No more King Jupiter, but goodman Pedlar; remember that.

Clown. I have my memorandums about me. As I can bear a pack, so I can bear a brain. And now I talk of a pack, though I know not of the death of any of your friends, I am sorry for your heaviness.

Jup. Love and my hopes do make my load seem light:

This wealth I will unburden in the purchase
Of yon rich beauty. Prithee, ring the bell.

Clown. Nay, do you take the rope in hand, for luck's sake. The moral is, because you shall ring all in.

Jup. I care not if I take thy counsel.

[*He rings the bell.*]

Enter the four Beldams.

1 *Beld.* To the gate, to the gate; and know who 'tis, ere you open.

2 *Beld.* I learn'd that in my youth, still to know who knocked before I would open.

Jup. Save you, gentle matrons. May a man be so bold as ask what he may call this rich and stately tower?

3 *Beld.* Thou seemest a stranger, to ask such a question; for where is not the tower of Darreine known?

Clown. It may be called the tower of barren, for aught I see, for here are none but are past children.

4 *Beld.* This is the rich and famous Darreine tower, Where King Acrisius hath enclos'd his daughter, The beauteous Danae, famous through the world For all perfections.

Jup. Oh! then, 'tis here, ay, here I must unload. Coming through Crete, the great King Jupiter Entreated me to call here, at this tower, And to deliver you some special jewels Of high-priz'd worth; for he would have his bounty Renown'd through all the earth.—Down with your pack, For here we must unload.

1 *Beld.* Jewels to us?

2 *Beld.* And from Jupiter?

Jup. Now, gold, prove thy true virtue: thou canst all things, And therefore this.

3 *Beld.* Comes he with presents, and shall he unpack at the gate?—Nay, come into the porter's lodge, good pedlars.

Clown. That lady hath some manners: she hath been well brought up, I warrant her.

4 *Beld.* And I can tell thee, pedlar, thou hast that courtesy never any man yet found but the King Acrisius.

Jup. You shall be paid well for your courtesy.
Here's first for you, for you, for you, for you.

1 *Beld.* Rare !

2 *Beld.* Admirable !

3 *Beld.* The best that e'er I saw.

4 *Beld.* I'll run and show mine to my lady.

1 *Beld.* Shut the gate, for fear the King come, and if he ring, clap the pedlars into some of yon old rotten corners.—And hath King Jupiter been at all this cost ? He's a courteous prince, and bountiful.—Keep you the pedlar company ; my lady shall see mine, too.

Jup. Mean you the princess, Danae ? I have tokens from Jupiter to her, too.

1 *Beld.* Run, run, you that have the best legs, and tell my lady.—But have you any more of the same ?

Clown. Have we, quoth ha ! we have things about us we have not shewed yet, and that every one must not see, would make those few teeth in your head water. I would have you think I have ware, too, as well as my master.

Enter, in state, DANAË, with the Beldams, looking upon their several jewels.

1 *Beld.* Yonder's my lady.—Nay, never be abashed, pedlar. There's a face will become thy jewels as well as any face in Crete or Argos either. Now, your token.

Jup. I have lost it : 'tis my heart.—Beauty of angels, Thou art o'ermatch'd ! earth may contend with heaven. Nature, thou hast, to make one complete creature, Cheated even all mortality. This face Hath robb'd the morning of her blush, the lily Of her blanch'd whiteness, and like theft committed Upon my soul. She is all admiration ! But in her eyes I ne'er saw perfect lustre.

There is no treasure upon earth, but yonder !

She is—Oh ! I shall lose myself.

Clown. Nay, sir, take heed you be not smelt out.

Jup. I am myself again.

Dan. Did he bestow these freely ? Danae's guard
Are much indebted to King Jupiter.

If he have store, we'll buy some for our use

And wearing : they are wondrous beautiful.

Where's the man that brought them ?

1 *Beld.* Here, forsooth, lady.—Hold up your head,
and blush not : my lady will not hurt thee, I warrant
thee.

Jup. This jewel, madam, did King Jupiter
Command me to leave here for Danae.
Are you so styl'd ?

Dan. If sent to Danae,
'Tis due to me. And would the King of Crete
Knew with what gratitude we take his gift !

Jup. Madam, he shall.—Sirrah, ope your pack,
And what the ladies like, let them take freely.

Dan. Much have I heard of his renown in arms,
His generousness, his virtues, and his fulness
Of all that nature can bequeath to man.
His bounty I now taste ; and I could wish
Your ear were his, that I might let him know
What interest he hath in me to command.

Jup. His ear is mine : let me command you, then.
Behold ! I am the Cretan Jupiter,
That rate your beauty above all these gems.
What cannot love ? What dares not love attempt ?
Despite Acrisius and his armed guards,
Hither my love hath brought me, to receive
Or life or death from you, only from you.

Dan. We are amaz'd ; and the large difference
Betwixt your name and habit, breeds in us

Fear and distrust. Yet if I censure freely,
I needs must think that face and personage
Were ne'er deriv'd from baseness; and the spirit
To venture and to dare to court a queen,
I cannot style less than to be a king's.
Say that we grant you to be Jupiter,
What thence infer you?

Jup. To love Jupiter.

Dan. So far as Jupiter loves Danae's honour,
So far will Danae love Jupiter.

2 Beld. We wait well on my lady.

Jup. Madam, you have not seen a clearer stone
For colour or for quickness.—Sweet, your ear.

Dan. Beware your ruin, if yon beldams hear.

Jup. Sirrah, show all your wares, and let those ladies
best please themselves.

Clown. Not all at these years.—I spy his knavery.
Now would he have me keep them busied, whilst he
courts the lady.

3 Beld. Doth my lady want nothing?

[*She looks back.*

Clown. As for example, here's a silver bodkin. This
is to remove dandriff, and dig about the roots of your
silver-hair'd fur. This is a tooth-picker, but you having
no teeth, here is for you a coral to rub your gums.
This is called a mask.

1 Beld. Gramercy for this: this is good to hide my
wrinkles. I never see of these afore.

Clown. Then, you have one wrinkle more behind.
You that are dim-eyed, put this pitiful spectacle on
your nose.

Jup. As I am son of Saturn, you have wrong
To be coop'd up within a prison strong.
Your father, like a miser, cloisters you
But to save cost: he's loth to pay your dower,

And therefore keeps you in this brazen tower.
What are you better to be beautiful,
When no man's eye can come to censure it?
What are sweet cates untasted? gorgeous clothes
Unworn, or beauty not beheld. Yon beldams,
With all the furrows in their wrinkled fronts,
May claim with you like worth; ay, and compare;
For eye to censure you none can, none dare.

Dan. All this is true.

Jup. Oh! think you I would lie—
With any save Danae?—Let me buy
This jewel your bright love, though rated higher
Than Gods can give, or men in prayers desire.

Dan. You covet that, which, save the prince of Crete,
None dares.

Jup. That shows how much I love you, sweet.
I come this beauty, this rare face to save,
And to redeem it from this brazen grave.
Oh! do not from man's eye this beauty screen,
These rare perfections, which no earthly queen
Enjoys, save you: 'twas made to be admired.
The Gods, the fates, and all things have conspired
With Jupiter this prison to invade,
And bring it forth to that for which 'twas made.
Love Jupiter, whose love with yours shall meet,
And having borne you hence, make at your feet
Kings lay their crowns, and mighty emperors kneel.
Oh! had you but a touch of what I feel,
You would both love and pity.

Dan. Both I do;
But all things hinder: yet were Danae free,
She would affect the Cretan.

Jup. Now, by thee,
(For what I most affect, by that I swear)
I from this prison will bright Danae bear,

And in thy chamber will this night fast seal
This covenant made.

Dan. Which Danae must repeal.

Jup. You shall not, by this kiss.

1 *Beld.* 'Tis good to have an eye. [*She looks back.*

Clown. Your nose hath not had these spectacles on
yet.

Dan. Oh, Jupiter!

Jup. Oh, Danae!

Dan. I must hence;

For if I stay, I yield. I'll hence: no more.

Jup. Expect me, for I come.

Dan. Yon is my door:

Dare not to enter there. I will to rest.—

Attendance!

Jup. Come I will.

Dan. You had not best. [*Exit* DANAË.

2 *Beld.* My lady calls. We have trifled the night
till bed-time. Some attend the princess; others see
the pedlars packed out of the gate.

Clown. Will you thrust us out to seek our lodging
at midnight? We have paid for our lodging, a man
would think: we might have lain cheaper in any inn in
Argos.

Jup. This castle stands remote: no lodging near.
Spare us but any corner here below,
Be't but the inner porch, or the least staircase,
And we'll be gone as early as you please.

2 *Beld.* Consider all things, we have no reason to
deny that. What need we fear? Alas! they are but
pedlars, and the greatest prince that breathes would be
advised, ere he durst presume to court the princess
Danae.

1 *Beld.* He court the Princess! He looks not with
the face.—Well, pedlars, for this night take a nap upon

some bench or other, and in the morning be ready to take thy yard in hand to measure me some stuff, and so begone before day. Well, good night: we must attend our princess. *[Exeunt Beldams.]*

Jup. Gold and reward, thou art mighty, and hast power
O'er aged, young, the foolish and the wise,
The chaste and wanton, foul and beautiful:
Thou art a god on earth, and canst all things.

Clown. Not all things, by your leave. All the gold
in Crete cannot get one of yon old crones with child.
But shall we go sleep?

Jup. Sleep thou, for I must wake for Danae.—
Hence, cloud of baseness: thou hast done enough

[He puts off his disguise.]

To blear yon beldams.—When I next appear
To you, bright goddess, I will shine in gold,
Deck'd in the high imperial robes of Crete,
And on my head the wreath of majesty;
For ornament is a prevailing thing,
And you, bright queen, I'll now court like a king.

[Exeunt.]

*Enter the four old Beldams, drawing out DANAË's bed;
she in it. They place four tapers at the four corners.*

Dan. Command our eunuchs, with their pleasing'st
tunes,

To charm our eyes to rest. Leave us; all leave us.
The god of dreams hath with his downy fan
Swept o'er our eyelids, and sits heavy on them.

1 Beld. Heigho! Sleep may enter in at my mouth,
if he be no bigger than a twopenny loaf.

Dan. Then, to your chambers; and let wakeless
slumbers

Charm you in depth of silence and repose.

All. Good night to thee, fair Danae.

Dan. Let music through this brazen fortress sound,
Till all our hearts in depth of sleep be drown'd.

[*Exeunt Beldams.*]

Enter JUPITER, crowned, with his imperial robes.

Jup. Silence, that now hath empire through the
world,

Express thy power and pryncedom. Charming sleep,
Death's younger brother, show thyself as still-less
As death himself. None seem this night to live,
Save Jove and Danae; but that goddess won,
Give them new life, breath'd with the morning sun.
Yon is the door, that, in forbidding me,
She bade me enter. Women's tongues and hearts
Have different tunes; for where they most desire,
Their hearts cry on, when their tongues bid retire.
All's whist. I hear the snorting beldams breathe
Soundness of sleep. None wakes save love and we,
Yon bright imprison'd beauty to set free.
Oh, thou, more beauteous in thy nakedness
Than ornament can add to!—

How sweetly doth she breathe! how well becomes
Imaginary deadness! But I'll wake her
Unto new life. This purchase I must win:
Heaven's gates stand ope, and Jupiter will in.
Danae! [*He lies upon her bed.*]

Dan. Who's that?

Jup. 'Tis I; King Jupiter.

Dan. What mean you, prince? How dare you enter
here,

Knowing if I but call, your life is doomed,
And all Crete's treasure cannot guard your person?

Jup. You tell me now how much I rate your beauty,
Which to attain I cast my life behind me,
As lov'd much less than you.

Dan. I'll love you, too,
Would you but leave me.

Jup. Repentance I'd not buy
At that high rate, ten thousand times to die.
You are mine own; so all the fates have said,
And by their guidance come I to your bed.
The night, the time, the place, and all conspire
To make me happy in my long desire.
Acisius' eyes are charm'd in golden sleep.
Those beldams that were plac'd your bed to keep,
All drown'd in Lethe: save your downy bed,
White sheets, and pillow where you rest your head,
None hears or sees; and what can they devise,
When they, heaven knows, have neither ears nor
eyes.

Dan. Beshrew you, sir, that for your amorous pleasure
Could thus sort all things, person, place, and leisure.
Exclaim I could, and a loud uproar keep,
But that you say the crones are all asleep:
And to what purpose should I raise such fear,
My voice being soft, they fast and cannot hear?

Jup. They are deaf in rest: then, gentle sweet, lie
further:

If you should call, I thus your voice would murder,
And strangle with my kisses.

Dan. Kisses? Tush!
I'll sink into my sheets, for I shall blush.
I'll dive into my bed.

Jup. And I behind?
No: were 't the ocean, such a gem to find
I would dive after.

[JUPITER puts out the lights, and makes unready.]

Dan. Good my lord, forbear.
What do you mean? Oh, heaven! Is no man
near?

If you will needs, for modesty's sweet law,
Before you come to bed, the curtains draw.
But do not come: you shall not, by this light.
If you but offer 't, I shall cry outright.
Oh, God! how hoarse am I, and cannot! fie!
Danae thus naked, and a man so nigh?
Pray, leave me, sir.—He makes unready still.—
Well, I'll even wink, and then do what you will.

[*The bed is drawn in.*]

Enter the Clown, new-waked.

Clown. I would I were out of this tower of brass, and from all these brazen-faced beldams! If we should fall asleep, and the King come and take us napping, where were we? My lord stays long, and the night grows short. The thing you wot of has cost him a simple sort of jewels; but if, after all, the thing you wot of would not do? if the pedlar should show himself a piddler, he hath brought his hogs to a fair market. Fie upon't! what a snorting, forward and backward, these beldams keep. But let them sleep: some in the house, I am sure, are awake and stirring, too, or I miss my aim. Well, here must I sit, and wait the good hour 'till the gate be open, and suffer my eyes to do that which I am sure my cloak never will—that is, to take nap. [Exit.

Enter JUPITER, and DANAË in her night-gown.

Dan. Alas! my lord, I never lov'd till now;
And will you leave me?

Jup. Beauteous queen, I must;
But thus condition'd—to return again,
With a strong army, to redeem you hence,
In spite of Argos, and Acrisius
That dooms you to this bondage.

Dan. Then, farewell :
No sooner meet but part. Remember me ;
For you, great prince, I never shall forget.
I fear you have left too sure a token with me
Of your remembrance.

Jup. Danae, be't a son,
It shall be ours, when we have Argos won.

Dan. But should you fail ?

Jup. I sooner should forget
My name, my state, than fail to pay this debt.
The day-star 'gins t' appear ; the beldams stir,
Ready t' unlock the gate. Fair Queen, adieu.

Dan. All men prove false, if Jove be found untrue !

[*Exit* DANAË.]

Jup. My man !

Enter the Clown.

Clown. My lord.

Jup. Some cloud to cover me : throw o'er my
shoulders
Some shadows for this state. The crones are up,
And wait t' unprison us. Nay, quickly, fellow.

Clown. Here, my lord ; cast your old cloak about you.

Enter the four Beldams, in haste.

1 *Beld.* Where be these pedlars ?—Nay, quickly, for
Heaven's sake : the gate is open. Nay, when ? Fare-
well, my honest friends, and do our humble duties to
the great King Jupiter.

Jup. King Jupiter shall know your gratitude : fare-
well.

2 *Beld.* Nay ; when I say farewell, farewell.

Clown. Farewell, good Minevers.

[*Exeunt divers ways.*]

ACTUS V. SCÆNA I.

Enter HOMER.

Homer. Fair Danae doth his richest jewel wear ;
That son, of whom the Oracle foretold,
Which cost both mother and the grandsire dear ;
Whose fortunes farther leisure shall unfold.
Think Jupiter return'd to Crete in haste,
To levy arms for Danae's free release,
But hindered 'till the time be fully past ;
For Saturn once more will disturb his peace.

A dumb show. Enter King TROOS and GANIMEDE, with attendants. To him SATURN ; makes suit for aid ; shows the King his models, his intentions, his several metals ; at the strangeness of which King TROOS is moved, calls for drum and colours, and marches with SATURN.

The exil'd Saturn by King Troos is aided,
Troos, that gave Troy her name, and reign'd as king,
Crete by the help of Ganimede's invaded,
Even at that time when Jove should succours bring
To rescue Danae ; and that warlike power
Must now his native territories guard,
Which should have brought her from the brazen
tower ;

For to that end his forces were prepar'd.

We grow now towards our port and wished bay.

Gentles, your love, and Homer cannot stray.

Enter NEPTUNE and PLUTO.

Nep. Whence are these warlike preparations,
Made by the King, our brother ?

Pluto. 'Tis given out,

To conquer Argos ; but my sister, Juno,
Suspects some amorous purpose in the King.

Nep. And blame her not: the fair Europa's rape,
Brought from Agenor, and the Cadmain rape;
Io, the daughter of old Inachus,
Deflower'd by him; the lovely Semele;
Fair Leda, daughter to King Tyndarus,
And many more, may breed a just suspect.
Nor hath he spar'd fair Ceres, queen of grain,
Who bare to him the bright Proserpina.
Such scapes may breed just fears; and what knows she
But these are to surprise fair Danae.

Sound. *Enter* JUPITER, ARCHAS, *with drum and*
Soldiers.

Jup. Arm, royal brothers ! Crete's too small an isle
To comprehend our greatness: we must add
Argos and Greece to our dominions;
And all the petty kingdoms of the earth
Shall pay their homage unto Saturn's son.
This day we'll take a muster of our forces,
And forward make for Argos.

Arc. All Arcadia
Assemble to this purpose.

Jup. Then, set on.
The eagle in our ensign we'll display.
Jove and his fortunes guide us in our way.

Enter King MELLISEUS.

Mel. Whether intends the King this warlike march?

Jup. For Argos and Acrisius.

Mel. Rather guard
Your native confines. See upon your coast
Saturn, with thirty thousand Trojans, landed,
And in his aid King Troos, and Ganimede.

Jup. In never worse time could the tyrant come
Than now, to break my faith with Danae.
Oh, beauteous love! I fear Acrisius' ire
Will with severest censure chastise thee,
And thou wilt deem me faithless and unkind,
For promise breach: but what we must we must.—
Come, valiant lords, we'll first our own defend,
Ere against foreign climes our arm extend.

Sound. Enter, with drum and colours, King TROOS,
SATURN, GANIMEDE, with other Lords and Attendants.

Sat. Degenerate boys! base bastards, not my sons,
Behold, the death we threaten'd in your cradles
We come to give you now. See here King Troos,
In pity of deposed Saturn's wrongs,
Is come in person to chastise your pride,
And be the heavens' relentless justicer.

Jup. Not against Saturn, as a father, we,
But as a murderer, lift our opposite hands.
Nature and heaven give us this privilege,
To guard our lives 'gainst tyrants and invaders.
That claim we, as we're men: we would but live;
Then, take not from us what you cannot give.

Tro. Where hath not Saturn's fame abroad been
spread,
For many uses he hath given to man;
As navigation, tillage, archery,
Weapons, and gold? Yet you for all these uses
Deprive him of his kingdom.

Pluto. We but save
Our innocent bodies from th' abortive grave.

Nep. We are his sons: let Saturn be content
To let us keep what heaven and nature lent.

Gan. Those filial duties you so much forget

We come to teach you.—Royal Kings, to arms !
Give Ganimede the onset of this battle,
That, being a son, knows how to lecture them,
And chastise their transgressions.

Sat. Ganimede,

It shall be so: pour out your spleen and rage
On our proud issue: let the thirsty soil
Of barren Crete quaff their degenerate bloods,
And surfeit in their sins. All Saturn's hopes
And fortunes are engag'd upon this day.
It is our last, and all; be't our endeavour
To win 't for aye, or else to lose it ever.

[*Alarum. The battles join: the Trojans are repulsed.*

Enter TROOS and SATURN.

Tro. Our Trojans are repuls'd. Where's Ganimede?

Sat. Amidst the throng of weapons, acting wonders.
Twice did I call aloud to have him fly,
And twice he swore he had vow'd this day to die.

Tro. Let's make up to his rescue.

Sat. Tush! 'tis vain:

To seek to save him we shall lose ourselves.
The day is lost, and Ganimede lost too,
Without divine assistance. Hie, my lord,
Unto your ships: no safety lives a-land:
Even to the ocean's margin we're pursued;
Then, save yourself by sea.

Tro. Crete, thou hast won
My thirty thousand soldiers and my son.
Come: let's to sea.

[*Exit.*

Sat. To sea must Saturn, too,
To whom all good stars still are opposite.
My crown I first bought with my infants' blood,
Not long enjoy'd till Titan wrested it;

Re-purchas'd and re-lost by Jupiter.
These horrid mischiefs, that have crown'd our brows,
Have bred in us such strange distemperature,
That we are grown dejected and forlorn.
Our blood is chang'd to ink, our hairs to quills,
Our eyes half buried in our quechy plots.
Consumptions and cold agues have devoured
And eat up all our flesh, leaving behind
Naught but the image of despair and death;
And Saturn shall to after ages be
That star that shall infuse dull melancholy.
To Italy I'll fly, and there abide
Till divine powers may place above provide. [Exit.

Alarum. Enter GANIMEDE, compassed in with Soldiers.

To them JUPITER, NEPTUNE, PLUTO, ARCHAS,
MELLISEUS.

Jup. Yield, noble Trojan. There's not in the field
One of thy nation lifts a hand to save thee.

Gan. Why, that's my honour, when alone I stand
'Gainst thee and all the forces of thy land.

Jup. I love thy valour, and would woo thy friendship.

Go freely where thou wilt, and ransomless.

Gan. Why, that's no gift: I am no prisoner,
And therefore owe no ransom, having breath.
Know, I have vow'd to yield to none, save death.

Jup. I wish thee nobly, Trojan; and since favour
Cannot attain thy love, I'll try conclusions,
And see if I can purchase it with blows.

Gan. Now speak'st thou like the noblest of my foes.

Jup. Stand all apart; and, princes, gird us round.

Gan. I love him best whose blows can loudest sound.

[*Alarum.* They fight; and losing their
weapons, embrace.

Jup. I have thee, and will keep thee.

Gan. Not as a prisoner.

Jup. A prisoner to my love; else, thou art free.
My bosom friend; for so I honour thee.

Gan. I am conquer'd both by arms and courtesy.

Nep. The day is ours. Troos and King Saturn's fled,
And Jupiter remains sole conqueror.

Pluto. Peace, with her golden wings, hover o'er Crete,
Frighting hence discord and remorseless war.
Will Jupiter make up for Argos now?

Mel. Winter draws on, the sea's unnavigable
To transport an army. There attends without
A Lord of Argos.

Jup. Bring him to our presence.—

Enter a Lord of Argos.

How stands it with the beauteous Danae?

Arg. L. As one distress'd by fate, and miserable.
Of King Acrisius, and his fort of brass,
Danae's enclosure, and her beldam guard,
Who hath not heard? Yet through these brazen walls
Love hath broke in, and made the maid a mother
Of a fair son; which when Acrisius heard,
Her female guard unto the fire he dooms.
His daughter, and the infant prince, her son,
He puts into a mastless boat to sea,
To prove the rigour of the stormy waves.

Jup. Acrisius, Argos, and the world shall know
Jove hath been wrong'd in this. Her farther fortunes
Canst thou relate?

Arg. L. I can. As far as Naples
The friendly wind her mastless boat transports:
There, succour'd by a courteous fisherman,
She's first reliev'd, and after that presented
To King Pelonnus, who at this time reigns;

Who, ravish'd with her beauty, crowns her Queen,
And decks her with th'imperial robes of state.

Jup. What we have scant'd is supplied by fate.
Here, then, cease arms; and now court amorous peace
With solemn triumphs.—And, dear Ganimede,
Be henceforth call'd the friend of Jupiter:
And if the fates hereafter crown our brows
With divine honours, as we hope they shall,
We'll style thee by the name of Cup-bearer,
To fill us heavenly nectar, as fair Hebe
Shall do the like to Juno, our bright Queen.
Here end the pride of our mortality:
Opinion, that makes gods, must style us higher.
The next you see us we in state must shine,
Eternized with honours more divine. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter HOMER.

Homer. Of Danae Perseus was that night begot;
Perseus, that fought with the Gorgonian shield,
Whose fortunes to pursue time suffers not:
For that we have prepar'd an ampler field.
Likewise how Jove with fair Alcmena lay;
Of Hercules, and of his famous deeds:
How Pluto did fair Proserpine betray.
Of these my Muse, now travail'd, next proceeds.
Yet, to keep promise, ere we farther wade,
The ground of ancient poems you shall see,
And how these (first born mortal) gods were made,
By virtue of divinest poesy.
The Fates, to whom the heathens yield all power,
Whose dooms are writ in marble, to endure,
Have summon'd Saturn's three sons to their tower,
To them the three dominions to assure
Of Heaven, of Sea, of Hell. How these are scann'd
Let none decide, but such as understand.

Sound: a dumb show. Enter the three Fatal Sisters, with a rock, a thread, and a pair of shears; bringing in a globe, in which they put three lots. JUPITER draws Heaven; at which IRIS descends, and presents him with his eagle, crown and sceptre, and his thunderbolt. JUPITER first ascends upon the eagle, and after him GANIMEDE.

To Jupiter doth high Olympus fall,
Who thunder and the trisule lightning bears,
Dreaded of all the rest in general:
He on a princely eagle mounts the spheres.

Sound. NEPTUNE draws the Sea, is mounted upon a sea-horse: a robe and trident, with a crown, are given him by the Fates.

Neptune is made the lord of all the seas,
His mace a trident, and his habit blue:
He can make tempests, and the waves appease,
And unto him the seamen are still true.

Sound. Thunder and tempest. Enter, at four several corners, the four Winds. NEPTUNE riseth disturbed. The Fates bring the four Winds in a chain, and present them to ÆOLUS as their King.

And for the Winds, these brothers that still war,
Should not disturb the empire, the three Fates
Bring them to Æolus, chain'd as they are,
To be enclos'd in caves with brazen gates.

Sound. PLUTO draws Hell: the Fates put upon him a burning robe, and present him with a mace, and burning crown.

Pluto's made Emperor of the ghosts below,
Where with his black guard he in darkness reigns,

Commanding Hell, where Styx and Lethe flow,
And murderers are hang'd in burning chains.
But, leaving these, to your judicial spirits
I must appeal, and to your wonted grace,
To know from you what eyeless Homer merits,
Whom you have power to banish from this place ;
But if you send me hence uncheck'd with fear,
Once more I'll dare upon this stage t' appear.

FINIS.

NOTES

TO

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Page 6, line 8, [*Exit.*] This stage-direction is wanting in the old copy, as we cannot suppose that Homer stood by the whole time the scenes he introduces were acting. In the beginning of subsequent acts it will be seen that he was necessarily present while the dumb shows were represented, because he comments upon them.

Page 10, line 5, [*Exeunt.*] It may be enough to state here, once for all, that when a necessary marginal stage-direction is not found in the old copy, we have inserted it between brackets. If there be only one bracket, that stage direction was supplied by the author, or by the old printer.

Page 12, line 20, To make your *crares* and other barks.] Respecting "crare," which means a small craft of burden, see "Cymbeline," act iv., sc. 2: edit. Collier, viii., 220.

Page 13, line 15, Enter a Lord.] The entrance of this lord from Delphos is not marked in the old copy.

Page 14, line 17, *Deprive* me.] *i.e.*, *take away* from me. "Deprive" is used in this sense by many other authors of the time. In "Hamlet," act i., sc. 4, we have—

"Which might *deprive* your sovereignty of reason."

But in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Maid in the Mill," act iv., sc. 3, is a line of a similar construction to that in our text—

"But hung at the ear, *deprives* our own sight."

So in "King Lear," act i., sc. 2—

"The curiosity of nations to *deprive* me."

And again, act iv., sc. 2—

"Is wretchedness *depriv'd* that benefit?"

In act v. of this play Heywood uses the word "deprive" in the ordinary way, as in the above passage from "Hamlet."

Page 16, line 26, Enter Sibylla, lying in child-bed, &c.] Saturn and all his followers go out, and then the scene, in the simplicity of our early stage, is supposed to represent Sibylla's chamber, a bed, no doubt, with the mother in it, having been thrust upon the stage for the purpose. So in "A Woman Killed with Kindness," (p. 160 of our edition) we have, "Enter Mrs. Frankford, *in her bed*." Near the end of act iv. of the play before us occurs a curious and apposite stage-direction, where the four Beldams draw Danae, in her bed, upon the stage, and afterwards leave her, as if she were in her chamber. The bed is afterwards withdrawn, with Jupiter and Danae in it.

Page 17, line 22, How looks she, Nurse?] In the old copy this, and the six next lines, owing to the omission of the prefix, are made part of the speech of the Nurse.

Page 18, line 17. The necessary exit of the First Lord is not marked in the original.

Page 19, line 32, And *counterfeit* sorrow shadow it.] This line is evidently defective, and the author probably wrote, "And *counterfeited* sorrow shadow it;" but, of course, we have not taken the liberty to alter the text, when the meaning is clear as it stands. The error was most likely that of the printer.

Page 21, line 13, Lend me your hands to guide me on *the* way.] "On *your* way, in the original edition; but the change to "*the* way," or "*my* way," was necessary.

Page 23, line 19, Jupiter seizeth the *room* of Lycaon.] That is, the *place* Lycaon had left vacant. Of old, this was a very common application of the word "room."

Page 23, line 22, *Confin'd* him hence.] *i.e.*, driven him from these confines.

Page 28, line 7, Enter, with music before, Diana and Calisto.] Calisto is not mentioned at the beginning of this scene in the old copy, but, as will be observed hereafter, it was necessary to name her, and we may suppose her to enter with Diana.

Page 30, line 17, Or a virago.] A virago, in the time of Heywood and earlier, was a term used to denote a masculine-looking woman: it now generally means a woman who brings her masculine qualities into action.

Page 30, line 27, I may pass for a *bona roba*, a rounceval.] A *bona roba* was a very common term for a woman of the town. A *rounceval* must have meant a sort of female warrior; perhaps from Roncesvalles, where Orlando was defeated and killed. Coles makes *rounceval* equivalent to *virago*.

Page 31, line 34, *Aside*.] This is one of the few instances, in the early copies of old plays, of a stage-direction being inserted in the margin to point out what was to be heard by the audience, but not by the characters engaged in the performance. Other short speeches by Jupiter in the scene must also have been spoken *aside*.

Page 32, line 3, Well, proceed.] These words are inserted in parenthesis and in Italic type in the old copy, as if a stage-direction; but they are evidently part of what Jupiter says aloud, after a speech *aside*.

Page 32, line 4, With hated man *atone*.] *i.e.*, agree, or be *at one* with him.

Page 38, line 7, *Pash* and kill.] Shakespeare, "Winter's Tale," act i., sc. 2, uses "*pash*," as a substantive, for the head; but the verb *to pash* means to strike down and break to pieces, and in this sense it occurs in many authors of Heywood's time. Thus Marlowe, in his "Tamburlaine," Part I., act iii., sc. 3, edit. Dyce, i., 65, has these lines—

"Zabina, mother of three braver boys
Than Hercules, that in his infancy
Did *pash* the jaws of serpents venomous."

Other authorities might be quoted to the same effect, but they are needless.

Page 38, line 15, Your bodies *still*.] *i.e.*, *distil*.

Page 42, line 10, This *gigantomachia* be eternized.] This *gigomantichia*, &c., in the old copy.

Page 42, line 25, With Lords of the Court.] The old stage-direction has, "with *other* Lords of the Court;" but none have been previously mentioned.

Page 43, line 35, On thee the basis of my hopes I *erect*.] So in the original; but perhaps the poet wrote *rest* for "*erect*," since it suits the measure better, and the sense at least as well.

Page 44, line 7, *Hyperion* and *Ægeon*, with the rest.] Here we see Heywood, though well read, pronouncing *Hyperion*, as repeatedly by Shakespeare. Better scholars than either did the same.

Page 46, line 23, *He reads*.] "They read," in the old copy; but it is clear that Melliseus did not read, and that the Clown did not overlook.

Page 47, line 33, I have done my message so *cleanly*, that they cannot say the messenger is *bereaved*, &c.] Perhaps we ought to read *berayed*, in the old sense of the word, instead of "*bereaved*."

Page 49, line 16, *Hyperion*, *d* on your arms.] So etymologically printed in the old copy; but generally *do on* is reduced to one word, *don*, without any apostrophe. Instances almost numberless might be cited. In the same way, *doff* is *d' off*, or *do off*.

Page 50, line 7, Of Creta's crown.] The old printer usually spelt Crete, *Creet*, because Heywood uses it commonly as a monosyllable.

Page 53, line 12, Let all *the deities*.] The old copy has *raryeties*, which is nonsense: "the deities" may be the true reading, and it suits the metre of the line.

Page 53, line 21, *Corsive*, worse than the throes of child-birth.] *i.e.*, *corrosive*, as in "The Thracian Wonder," act i., sc. 2—

"Think what a corsive it would prove to me."

It would be easy to multiply authorities.

Page 56, line 26, But we can charm with courtship.] This and the previous part of the speech we must suppose spoken aside; but there is no stage-direction to that effect. It is not likely that Jupiter would make such open declarations of infidelity to his wife: the same remark will apply to several of Jupiter's subsequent speeches, parts of which only were intended to be heard.

Page 59, line 22, Enter Danae *and Beldam*.] Neither the *exit* of the Beldam, to fetch Danae, nor her return with the Princess, are mentioned in the old copy, but the insertion of both is necessary.

Page 62, line 23, As I can bear a pack, so *I can bear a brain*.] "To bear a brain" was a proverbial expression. It appears by Henslowe's Diary, p. 155, that Dekker wrote a play in 1599, with the title of "Bear a Brain."

Page 63, line 1, Enter the four Beldams.] Their two first speeches are heard before they open the gate, and come upon the stage.

Page 64, line 21, Looking upon *their* several jewels.] The old copy has, "looking upon *three* several jewels;" but it must be a misprint, as Jupiter has, at all events, given them *four* several jewels—one to each.

Page 66, line 13, Sweet, your ear.] These words are printed in *Italic*, and as a stage-direction, in the old copy, but there can be no question that they are part of the text.

Page 66, line 28, I never *see* of these afore.] It seems likely that the author meant to make the old woman speak bad English, and we have therefore left the text as we find it.

Page 67, line 11, With any save Danae.] In the original, this is in parenthesis, to indicate probably that it was to be spoken aside, and not to be heard by the Princess.

Page 71, line 32, And makes *unready*.] *i.e.*, undresses himself: "to make ready" was formerly the commonest phrase for dressing.

Page 73, line 16, Enter the Clown.] Omitted in the old copy, but necessary, as the Clown must have gone out after his last speech, in order to leave the stage free for Jupiter and Danae.

Page 73, line 32, Farewell, good Minevers.] Possibly the Beldams wore *minever*, a species of fur, on their dresses; or perhaps the Clown calls them after the name of a well-known character.

Page 75, line 7, Fair Leda, daughter of King Tyndarus.] She was the wife of Tyndarus, and daughter of Thespius. Heywood is elsewhere not always quite correct in his mythology.

Page 76, line 17, And be the heavens' relentless *justicer*.] The ordinary word for justice, or judge. See "King Lear," ed. Collier, vii., 433 and 449.

Page 78, line 6, in our *quechy* plots.] *Quechy*, or *queachy*, which may have some relation to *queasy*, is an old word for wet, marshy, swampy.

Page 78, line 11, That star that shall infuse dull melancholy.] Heywood here repeats himself; for on page 16 he has already made Saturn say—

"Saturn's disturbance to the world shall be
That planet that infuseth melancholy."

Page 79, line 15, Enter a Lord of Argos.] The stage-direction only is, "Enter *Arges*;" but in the prefixes he is called "Arg. L.," meaning *Argos Lord*. We must suppose that on the command of Jupiter, "Bring him to our presence," an attendant, or officer, makes his *exit*, and returns with the Lord of Argos. It was hardly necessary to detail this in the stage-directions, as the business was sufficiently intelligible.

Page 79, line 34, To King Pelonius.] The name of the King seems to have been Polydectes.

THE
S I L V E R A G E,

INCLVDING

The loue of Iupiter to Alcmena :
The birth of Hercules,

AND

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

CONCLVDING

With the Arraignment of the Moone.

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Aut prodesse solent aut delectare.

LONDON,

Printed by *Nicholas Okes*, and are to be sold by
Beniamin Lightfoote at his Shop at the vpper
end of *Graies Inne-lane* in *Holborne*.

1613.

To the Reader.

Let not the title of this book, I entreat, be any weakening of his worth in the general opinion. Though we began with Gold, follow with Silver, proceed with Brass, and purpose, by God's grace, to end with Iron, I hope the declining titles shall no whit blemish the reputation of the works; but rather trust, that as those metals decrease in value, so, *à contrario*, their books shall increase in substance, weight, and estimation. In this we have given Hercules birth and life: in the next we shall lend him honour and death. Courteous Reader, it hath been my serious labour; it now only attends thy charitable censure.

Thine,

T. H.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HOMER.

ACRISIUS.	QUEEN AUREA.
PRETUS.	ANDROMEDA.
BELLEROPHON.	ALCMENA.
PERSEUS.	JUNO.
DANAUS.	IRIS.
JUPITER.	GALANTIS.
GANIMEDE.	HIPPODAMIA.
AMPHITRIO.	CERES.
SOCIA.	PROSERPINE.
EURISTEUS.	SEMELE.
HERCULES.	TELLUS.
THESEUS.	ARETHUSA.
PERITHOUS.	A Guard.
PHILOCTETES.	Two Captains.
MERCURY.	Six Centaurs.
TRITON.	Servingmen.
PLUTO.	Swains.
CERBERUS.	Theban Ladies.
RHADAMANTHUS.	The Seven Planets.
ASCULAPHUS.	Furies.

THE SILVER AGE.

ACTUS I. SCÆNA I.

Enter HOMER.

Since modern authors modern things have trac'd,
Searching our Chronicles from end to end,
And all known histories have long been grac'd,
Bootless it were on them our time to spend :
To iterate tales oftentimes told o'er,
Or subjects handled by each common pen,
In which even they that can but read (no more)
Can point before we speak how, where, and when,
We have no purpose. Homer, old and blind,
Of eld, by the best judgments, term'd divine,
That in his former labours found you kind,
Is come the ruder censures to refine,
And to unlock the casket, long time shut,
Of which none but the learned keep the key,
Where the rich jewel (poesy) was put,
She that first search'd the heavens, earth, air, and sea.
We, therefore, beg that, since so many eyes
And several judging wits must taste our style,
The learn'd will grace, the ruder not despise,
Since what we do we for their use compile.
Why should not Homer, he that taught in Greece,
Unto this judging nation lend like skill,
And into England bring that golden fleece

For which his country is renowned still?
The Golden past, the Silver Age begins
In Jupiter, whose son, of Danae born,
We first present; and how Acrisius' sins
Were punish'd for his cruelty and scorn.

We enter where we left, and so proceed.—

Your favour still; for that must help at need.

*Alarum. Enter, with victory, King PRETUS, BELLE-
ROPHON bringing in King ACRISIUS prisoner: drum
and colours.*

Pret. Now, you that trusted to your Darreine strength,
The brazen tower that erst enclos'd your child,
Stand'st at our grace a captive; and we now
Are Argos' king, where thou usurp'd so late.

Acr. 'Tis not thy power, King Pretus, but our rigour
Against my daughter and the prince her son,
Thus punish'd by the heavens, have made thee victor.

Pret. 'Twas by thy valour, brave Bellerophon,
That took'st Acrisius prisoner, hand to hand.

Beller. The duty of a service, and a servant,
I have express'd to Pretus.

Pret. By thy valour
We reign sole King of Argos, where our brother
Hath tyranniz'd. And now these brazen walls,
Built to immure a fair and innocent maid,
Shall be thine own jail.—Give his legs the irons,
Till we determine farther of his death.

Acr. Oh, Danae! when I, rude and pitiless,
Threw thee, with thy young infant, to the mercy
Of the rough billows in a mastless boat,
I then incurr'd this vengeance. Jupiter,
Whose father in those blest and happy days
I scorn'd to be, or rank him in my line,
Hath chastis'd me for my harsh cruelty.

Pret. We are Jove's rod, and we will execute
The doom of heaven with all severity.
Such mercy as thy guardian Beldams had,
Who for the love of Danae felt the fire,
Thou shalt receive from us.—Away with him!

[*ACRISIUS is led bound.*]

Enter Queen AUREA.

Aur. Why doth King Pretus lead his brother bound,
And keep a greater foe in liberty?
This, this, thou most unchaste Bellerophon!
And canst thou blushless gaze me in the face,
Whom thou so lately did'st attempt to force?
Or front the prince, thy master, with such impudence,
Whose reverend bed thou hast practis'd to defile?

Beller. Madam!—My lord!

Aur. Hear not th' adulterer's tongue;
Who, though he had not power to charm mine ears,
Yet may enchant thine.

Pret. Beauteous Aurea,
If thou can prove by witness that rude practice,
His life and tortures I'll commit to thee.

Aur. What greater witness than Queen Aurea's
tears?

Or why should I hate you, Bellerophon,
That, save this practice, never did me wrong?

Beller. Oh, woman! when thou art given up to sin
And shameless lusts, what brazen impudence
Hardens thy brow!

Aur. Shall I have right of him?

Pret. Thou shalt. Yet let me tell my Aurea,
This knight hath serv'd me from his infancy,
Been partner of my breast, and secret thoughts;
His sword hath been the guardian of my state,
And by the virtue of his strong right hand

I am possess'd of Argos. I could read thee
A chronicle of his great services
Fresh in my thoughts: then, give me leave to pause,
Ere I pronounce sad sentence of his death.

Aur. Grant me, my lord, but a few private words
With this dissembling hypocrite: I'll tell him
Such instance of his heinous enterprise,
Shall make him blush, and with effeminate tears
Publish his riotous wrongs against your bed.

Pret. We grant you privacy.

Aur. Near us, Bellerophon.

Beller. Oh, woman! woman!

Aur. We are alone. Yet wilt thou grant me love?
Put me in hope, and say the time may come,
And my excuse to Pretus shall unsay
These loud exclaims, and blanch this Ethiop scandal
As white as is thy native innocence.
Love me, oh! love me, my Bellerophon:
I sigh for thee! I mourn, I die for thee!
Give me an answer swift and peremptory;
Gain by thy grant life, thy denial death.
Wilt thou take time, and limit me some hope
By 'pointing me an hour?

Beller. Never, oh! never.

First shall the sun-god in the ocean quench
The day's bright fire, and o'er the face of heaven
Spread everlasting darkness.

Aur. Say no more.—

Dog! devil! even before my husband's face
Dar'st court me?—Pretus, canst thou suffer this?—
Injurious traitor, think'st thou my chaste innocence
Is to be mov'd with prayers, or brib'd by promises?
Hath the King hir'd thee to corrupt his bed,
Or is he of that slavish sufferance,
Before his face to see me strumpeted?

Pretus, by heaven and all the gods I vow
To abjure thy presence and confine myself
To lasting widowhood, unless with rigour
Thou chastise this false groom.

Pret. Bellerophon,
Thou hast presum'd too much upon our love,
And made too slight account of our high power,
In which thy life or death is circumscribed.

Beller. My lord, I should transgress a subject's duty
To lay the least gross imputation
Upon the Queen, my beauteous sovereigntess;
And rather than to question her chaste virtues,
I lay myself ope to the strictest doom.
My service hath been yours; so shall my life:
I yield it to you freely.

Pret. Aurea's tears
Contend with thy supposed innocence,
And have the upper hand. To see thee die
My settled love will not endure; but worse
Than death can be we doom thy insolence.
Go hence an exile; and return no more
Upon thy knighthood, but expose thyself
Unto that monstrous beast of Sicily,
Call'd the Chimæra: it hath a lion's head,
Goat's belly, and a poisonous dragon's train.
Fight with that beast, whom hosts cannot withstand,
And feed what armies cannot satisfy.
My doom's irrevocable.

Beller. For all my service
A fair reward! But by my innocence,
Virtues, and all my honour's attributes,
That savage monster I will feed or foil;
Die by his jaws, or bring home honour'd spoil.

Aur. Yet, yet thy body meeds a better grave;
And kill not me, too, whom thy grant may save!

Beller. A thousand fierce Chimæras first I'll feed,
Ere stain mine honour with that damned deed.

Aur. Again to tempt me! hence, base traitor; fly,
And, as thy guilt's meed, by that monster die.

Pret. Away with him! 'Tis our mild sufferance
Begets this impudence.—Come, beauteous Aurea,
Thou shalt be full reveng'd. I know him honourable
In this, and will perform that enterprise
Which in one death brings many. Let us now
Enjoy our conquests: he shall soon be dead
That with base sleights sought to corrupt our bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter PERSEUS, ANDROMEDA, and DANAUS.

Pers. There stay, our swift and winged Pegasus,
And on the flowers of this fair meadow graze.
Thou that first flew'st out of the Gorgon's blood,
Whose head we, by Minerva's aid, pared off,
And since have fix'd it on our crystal shield:
This head, that had the power to change to stone
All that durst gaze upon 't; and, being plac'd here,
Retains that power to whom it is uncased,
Hath chang'd great Atlas to a mount, so high,
That with his shoulders he supports the sky.

Dan. Perseus, great son of Jove and Danae,
Famous for your achievements through the world,
Minerva's favourite, goddess of wisdom,
And husband to the sweet Andromeda,
Whom you so late from the sea-monster freed,
After so many deeds of fame and honour,
Shall we return to see our mother Danae?

Pers. Dear brother Danaus, the renowned issue
Of King Pellonus, that in Naples reigns,
Where beauteous Danae is created queen,

Thither I'll bear the fair Andromeda,
To see our princely mother.

Andro. Royal Perseus,
Truly descended from the line of gods,
Since, by the slaughter of that monstrous whale,
You freed me from that rock where I was fixed,
To be devour'd and made the monster's prey,
And after won me from a thousand hands,
By Phineus' arm, that was my first betrothed,
Ingrate were I your fellowship to shun,
Whom by the force of arms you twice have won.

Enter BELLEROPHON.

Pers. Towards Naples, then.—But soft! what knight
is that,
So passionately deject? Let us salute him.—
Whence are you, gentle knight?

Beller. I am of Argos.

Pers. But your adventure?

Beller. The infernal monster
Call'd the Chimæra, bred in Sicily.

Pers. Thou canst not stake thy life against such
odds,
And not be generously deriv'd. I, Perseus,
The son of Jove and Danae, offer thee
Assistance to this noble enterprise.

Beller. Are you the noble Perseus, whom the world
Crowns with such praise and royal hardiness?
Fam'd for your wing'd steed, and your Gorgon's shield,
And for release of fair Andromeda?

Pers. We Perseus are, and this Andromeda,
King Cepheus' daughter, rescued by our sword,
The keen-edg'd harpe.

Beller. Let me do you honours
Worthy your state, and tell such news, withal,

As shall disturb the quiet of your thoughts.
I am of Argos, where Acrisius reigned.

Pers. Our grandsire, and reigns still.

Beller. His brother Pretus
Hath cast him both of state and kingdom too.
Nor let Bellerophon himself belie:
It was by virtue of this strong right arm,
Which he hath thus requited, to expose me
Unto this strange adventure. The full circumstance
I shall relate at leisure.

Pers. Dares King Pretus
Depose Acrisius, knowing Perseus lives?
Guide me, fair knight, unto my place of birth,
Where the great King of Argos lives captived,
That I may glaze my harpe in the blood
Of tyrant Pretus.

Beller. I am sworn by oath
To dare the rude Sicilian monster first;
Whom having slain, I'll guide you to the rescue
Of King Acrisius.

Pers. Thou hast fir'd our blood,
And startled all our spirits, Bellerophon.
We'll mount our Pegasus, and through the air
Bear thee unto that fell Chimæra's den,
And in the slaughter of that monstrous beast
Assist thy valour. Thence to Argos fly,
Where by our sword th' usurper next must die.

Beller. We are proud of your assistance, and, withal,
Assur'd of conquest.

Pers. Fair Andromeda,
Danaus shall be your guardian towards Argos,
Where, after this achievement, we will meet
To give our grandsire freedom. Come, let's part:
We through the air, you towards Darreine tower,
Where tragic ruin Pretus shall devour. [Exeunt.]

Enter King PRETUS and Queen AUREA.

Pret. Aurea, we were too hasty in our doom,
To lose that knight whose arm protected us,
Whose fame kept all our neighbour kings in awe;
Nor was our state confirm'd but in his life.

Aur. Let traitors perish, and their plots decay,
And we still by divine assistance sway.

Pret. But say some prince should plot Acrisius' rescue,
Invade great Argos, or siege Darreine tower,
Then should we wish Bellerophon again
To oppose their fury, and their pride restrain.

Aur. To cut off all these fears, cut off Acrisius:
Appear to him a brother full as merciless
As he a cruel father to his child,
The beauteous Danae, and her infant son.

Pret. Only his ruin must secure our state,
And he shall die, to cut off future claim
Unto this populous kingdom we enjoy.—
Our guard! Command our captive brother hither,
Whom we this day must sentence.—Oh, Bellerophon!
Thy wrongs I half suspect, thy doom repent,
Since all thy acts proclaim thee innocent.

Enter ACRISIUS, brought in by the Guard.

Guard. Behold the King, your brother.

Pret. We thus sentence
Thy life, Acrisius: thou, that had'st the heart
To thrust thy child into a mastless boat
With a fair hopeful prince, unto the fury
And rage of the remorseless winds and waves;
To doom those innocent ladies to the fire
That were her faultless guardians; the like sentence
Receive from us. We doom thee imminent death
Without delay or pause.—Bear to the block

The tyrant. He that could not use his reign
With clemency, we thus his rage restrain.

Acris. Thou show'st thyself in rigour pitiful,
And full of mercy in thy cruelty,
To take away that life, which to enjoy
Were many deaths. Having my Danae lost,
With her son Perseus; having lost my kingdom,
All through the vain fears of prophetic spells,
Why should I wish a wretched life to save,
That may rest happy in a peaceful grave?

[*A flourish and a shout.*]

Enter a Gentleman.

Gentl. Strange and admirable!
Bellerophon and a brave strange knight,
Both crown'd in blood in the Chimæra's spoil,
Have cleft the air on a swift winged steed,
And in your court alighted: both their swords,
Bath'd in the serpent's blood, they brandish still,
As if they yet some monster had to kill.

Pret. Bellerophon return'd! Thou hast amaz'd us.

*Enter PERSEUS, DANAUS, and BELLEROPHON, with
ANDROMEDA.*

Pers. One, monster, than the rude Chimære more fell,
That's Pretus, Danae's son must send to hell.

Pret. Treason! our guard! [*PERS. kills PRETUS.*]

Pers. Lives there a man, the tyrant Pretus dead,
Saith that the crown shall not invest his head?

All. We'll all stand for the King Acrisius.

Pers. Then, by this general suffrage once more reign,
Since by our hand th' usurper here lies slain.

Acr. Our hopeless life and new invested state
Strike not so deep into Acrisius' joys,
As when he hears the name of Danae's son.
Lives Danae?

Pers. Grandsire, thy fair daughter lives,
A potent queen: we, Perseus, are her son;
This Danaus, your hopeful grandchild too.
Nor let me quite forget Andromeda,
By Perseus' sword freed from the great sea-whale,
And now ingraft into your royal line.

Acr. Divide my soul amongst you, and impart
My life, my state, my kingdom, and my heart.
Oh! had I Danae here, my joys to fill,
I truly then should be immortalized.—
Renowned Perseus, Danaus inly dear,
And you, bright lady, fair Andromeda,
You are to me a stronger fort of joy
Than Darreine's brass, which no siege can destroy.

Dan. My grandsire's sight doth promise as much bliss
As can Elysium, or those pleasant fields
Where the blest souls inhabit.

Andro. You are to me
As life on earth, in death eternity.

Acr. Let none presume our purpose to control,
For our decree is, like the doom of gods,
Fix'd and unchanging. Perseus we create
Great Argos' king, crown'd with this wreath of state.

Pers. With like applause and suffrage shall be seen
The fair Andromeda crown'd Argos' queen.

Acr. Only the Darreine tower I still reserve,
In that to penance me a life retired,
And I in that shall prove the Oracle:
Fair Danae's son, instated in my throne,
Shall thus confine me to an arch of stone.
There will I live, attended by my guard,
And leave to thee the manage of my realm.
Our will is law, which none that bears us well
Will strive by word or action to refell.

Pers. The gods' behests with your resolve agree,

To increase in us this growing majesty.—
Bellerophon, we make thee, next ourself
Of state in Argos.—Danaus, you shall hence,
To cheer our mother in these glad reports,
And to succeed Pelonius : but first stay
Rites due to us, ere we the State can sway.

ACTUS II. SCÆNA I.

HOMER.

Alack ! earth's joys are but short-liv'd, and last
But like a puff of breath, which, thus, is past.
Acrisius in his fortress lives retir'd,
Kept with a strong guard : Perseus reigns sole king,
Who in himself, one sad night, long desir'd
To see his grandsire, some glad news to bring,
Whom the stern warders, in the night, unknown,
Seek to keep back, whence all his grief is grown.

A dumb show. Enter six Warders, to them PERSEUS, DANAUS, BELLEROPHON, and ANDROMEDA. PERSEUS takes his leave of them, to go towards the tower : the Warders repulse him ; he draws his sword. In the tumult, Enter ACISIUS to pacify them, and in the hurly-burly is slain by PERSEUS, who laments his death. To them BELLEROPHON and the rest. PERSEUS makes BELLEROPHON King of Argos, and with DANAUS and ANDROMEDA departs.

HOMER.

Perseus repuls'd the sturdy Warder strikes ;
This breeds a tumult ; out their weapons fly.
Acrisius hears their clamours and their shrieks,
And down descends, this brawl to pacify,
Not knowing whence it grows : and in this brawl
Acrisius by his grandchild's hand doth fall.

The Oracle's fulfill'd: he's turn'd to stone,
That's to his marble grave, by Danae's son;
Which in the prince breeds such lament and moan,
That longer there to reign he'll not be won.

But first Bellerophon he will invest,
And after makes his travels towards the East.

Of Jupiter, now deified and made
Supreme of all the gods, we next proceed.
Your suppositions now must lend us aid,
That he can all things, as a god indeed.
Our scene is Thebes; here fair Alcmena dwells:
Her husband in his warfare thrives abroad,
And by his chivalry his foes expels.
He absent, now descends th' Olympic god,
Enamour'd of Alcmena, and transhapes
Himself into her husband: Ganimede
He makes assistant in his amorous rapes,
Whilst he prefers the earth 'fore Juno's bed.

Lend us your wonted patience, without scorn,
To find how Hercules was got and born.

Enter AMPHITRIO, with two Captains and SOCIA, with drum and colours: he brings in the head of a crowned king, swears the Lords to the obeisance of Thebes. They present him with a standing bowl, which he locks in a casket; and sending his man with a letter before to his wife, with news of his victory, he, with his followers and BLEPHARO, the master of the ship, marcheth after.

HOMER.

Creon, that now reigns here the Theban king,
Alcmena's husband, great Amphitrio, made
His general, who to his lord doth bring
His enemy's head, that did his land invade.
Think him returning home, but sends before,

By letters, to acquaint his beauteous wife
Of his success: himself, in sight of shore,
Must land this night; where many a doubtful strife
Amongst them grows. But Jove himself descends,
Cuts off my speech; and here my Chorus ends.

Thunder and lightning. JUPITER descends in a cloud.

Jup. Earth before heaven we once more have preferred.
Beauty, that works into the hearts of gods,
As it hath power to mad the thoughts of men,
So even in us it hath attraction.
The fair Alcmena, like the seaman's star,
Shooting her glistening beauty up to heaven,
Hath pull'd from thence the Olympic Jupiter,
By virtue of her rays. Let Juno scold,
And with her clamours fill the ears of heaven:
Let her be like a Bacchanal in rage,
And through our crystal palace breath exclaims,
With her quick feet the galaxia wear,
And with inquisitive voice search through the spheres,
She shall not find us here; or, should she see us,
Can she distinguish us, being thus transhap'd.—
Where's Ganimede? We sent him to survey
Amphitrio's palace, where we mean to lodge.

Enter GANIMEDE, shaped like SOCIA.

In happy time return'd. Now, Socia?

Gan. Indeed, that's my name; as sure
As yours is Amphitrio.

Jup. Three nights I have put in one, to take our fill
Of dalliance with this beauteous Theban dame.
A powerful charm is cast o'er Phœbus' eyes,
Who sleeps this night within the Euxine Sea,
And 'till the third day shall forget his charge
To mount the golden chariot of the sun.

The Antipodes to us shall have a day
Of three days' length. Now, at this hour is fought
By Joshua, Duke unto the Hebrew nation,
(Who are indeed the Antipodes to us)
His famous battle 'gainst the Canaanites,
And at his orison the sun stands still,
That he may have their slaughter.—Ganimede,
Go knock, and get us entrance. [*Exit JUPITER.*]

Gan. Before I knock, let me a little determine with myself. If I be accessory to Jupiter in his amorous purpose, I am little better than a parcel-gilt bawd, but must excuse myself thus: Ganimede is now not Ganimede; and if this imputation be put upon me, let it light upon Socia, whom I am now to personate. But I am too long in the prologue of this merry play we are to act. I will knock, and the serving-men shall enter.

1 *Serv.* [*Within.*] Who knocks so late?

Gan. He that must in. Open for Socia,
Who brings you news home of the Theban wars.

Enter three Serving-men.

2 *Serv.* Socia returned?

3 *Serv.* Unhurt—unslain?

Gan. Even as you see. And how, and how?

1 *Serv.* Socia, let me have an armful of thee.

Gan. Armfuls and handfuls, too, my boys.

2 *Serv.* The news? the news? How doth my Lord
Amphitrio?

Gan. Nay, how doth my lady Alcmena? Some of
you carry her word my lord will be here presently.

1 *Serv.* I'll be the messenger of these glad news.

2 *Serv.* I'll have a hand in 't, too.

3 *Serv.* I'll not be last. [*Exeunt Serving-men.*]

Gan. They are gone to inform their lady, who will
be ready to entertain a counterfeit lord. Jupiter is

preparing himself to meet Alcmena; Alcmena, she to encounter Jupiter: her beauty hath enchanted him; his metamorphosis must beguile her. All's put to proof. I'll in to furnish my lord, whilst my fellow-servants attend their lady. They come.

Enter, at one door, ALCMENA, THESSALA, four Serving-men: at the other, JUPITER, shaped like AMPHITRIO, to GANIMEDE.

Alc. But are you sure you spake with Socia?
And did he tell you of Amphitrio's health?

1 Serv. Madam, I assure you, we spake with Socia, and my Lord Amphitrio will be here instantly.

Alc. Usher me in a costly banquet straight,
To entertain my lord. Let all the windows
Glisten with lights like stars: cast sweet perfumes
To breathe to heaven their odoriferous airs,
To tell the gods my husband's safe returned,
If you be sure 'twas Socia.

2 Serv. Madam, take my life, if it be not true.

Alc. Then, praise be to the highest Jupiter,
Whose powerful arm gave strength unto my lord,
To work his safety through these dangerous wars!
Hang with our richest works our chambers round,
And let the room wherein we rest to-night
Flow with no less delight than Juno's bed,
When in her arms she claspeth Jupiter.

Jup. I'll fill thy bed with more delightful sweets,
Than when with Mars the Cyprian Venus meets.

Alc. See how you stir for odours, lights, choice cates,
Spices, and wines! Is not Amphitrio coming
With honour from the wars? Where's your attendance?
Sweet waters, costly ointments, precious baths,
Let me have all for taste, touch, smell, and sight.
All his five senses we will feast this night.

Jup. 'Tis time to appear.—Alcmena!

Alc. My dear lord!

Gan. It works, it works! now for Juno, to set a scold between them. [*A banquet brought in.*]

Alc. Oh, may these arms, that guarded Thebes and us,
Be ever thus my girdle, that in them
I may live ever safe! Welcome, Amphitrio.—
A banquet! lights! attendance!—Good my lord,
Tell me your war's discourse.

Jup. Sit, fair Alcmena.

Alc. Proceed, my dearest love.

Jup. I, as great General to the Theban king,
March'd 'gainst the Teleboans, who make head
And offer us encounter: both our armies
Are cast in form, well fronted, sleeve'd, and winged.
We throw our vows to heaven; the trumpets sound
The battle's signal. Now begin the incursions:
The earth beneath our armed burdens groans;
Shots from each side reverberate against heaven;
With arrows and with darts the air grows dark;
And now confusion ruffles. Here the shouts
Of victors sound, there groans of death are heard:
Slaughter on all sides. Still our eminent hand
Towers in the air a victor, whilst the enemy
Have their despoiled helmets crown'd in dust.
We stand, they fall; yet still King Ptelera
Strives to make head, and with a fresh supply
Takes up the mid field. Him Amphitrio fronts
With equal arms: we, the two Generals,
Fight hand to hand; but Jove omnipotent
Gave me his life and head, which we to-morrow
Must give to King Creon.

Alc. All my orisons
Fought on your side, and with their powerful weight
Added unto the ponder of your sword,

To make it heavy on the burgonet
Of slaughter'd Ptelera.

Jup. I for my reward
Had, by the subjects of that conquer'd king,
A golden cup presented, the choice bowl
In which the slaughter'd tyrant us'd to quaff.—
Socia !

Gan. My lord.

Jup. The cup.—See, fair Almena.

Gan. This cup Mercury stole out of Amphitrio's
casket; but all's one, as long as it is truly delivered.

Alc. In this rich bowl I'll only quaff your health,
Or use when to the gods I sacrifice.—
Is our chamber ready ?

Jup. Gladly I'd to bed,
Where I will mix with kisses my discourse,
And tell the whole project.

Alc. Mirth abound.
Through all these golden roofs let music sound,
To charm my lord to soft and downy rest.

Jup. Come; light us to our sheets.

Alc. Amphitrio's head
Shall here be pillow'd : lights, then, and to bed.

[Exeunt with torches.]

Gan. Alas ! poor Amphitrio, I pity thee, that art to
be made cuckold against thy wife's will. She is honest
in her worst dishonesty, and chaste in the superlative
degree of in chastity. But I am set here to keep the
gate : now, to my office.

Enter SOCIA, with a letter.

Soc. Here's a night of nights ! I think the moon
stands still, and all the stars are asleep : he that drives
Charles's wain is taking a nap in his cart, for they are all
at a stand. This night hath been as long as two nights

already, and I think 'tis now entering on the third. I am glad, yet, that out of this utter darkness I am come to see lights in my lady's palace: there will be simple news for her, when I shall tell her my lord is coming home.

Gan. 'Tis Socia, and Amphitrio's man, sent before to tell his lady of her husband. I must prevent him.

Soc. This night will never have an end: he that hath hired a wench to lie with him all this night, hath time enough, I think, to take his pennyworths. But I'll knock.

Gan. I charge thee not to knock here, lest thou be knocked.

Soc. What! not at my master's gate?

Gan. I charge thee once more. Tell me whose thou art, whither thou goest, and wherefore thou comest?

Soc. Hither I go, I serve my master, and come to speak with my lady. What art thou the wiser? Nay, if thou beest a good fellow, let me pass by thee.

Gan. Whom dost thou serve?

Soc. I serve my Lord Amphitrio, and am sent in haste to my lady Alcmena.

Gan. Thy name?

Soc. Socia.

Gan. Base counterfeit, take that! Can you not be content to come sneaking to one's house in the night, to rob it, but you must likewise rob me of my name?

Soc. Thy name! why, what's thy name?

Gan. Socia.

Soc. Socia! and whom dost thou serve?

Gan. My Lord Amphitrio, chief of the Theban legions, and my Lady Alcmena. But what's that to thee?

Soc. Ha, ha! that's a good jest. But, do you hear? If you be Socia, my Lord Amphitrio's man, and my Lady Alcmena's, where dost thou lie?

Gan. Where do I lie? Why, in the porter's lodge.

Soc. You are deceived: you lie in your throat. There's but one Socia belongs to this house, and that am I.

Gan. Lie, slave! and wilt thou outface me from my name? I'll use thee like thyself, a counterfeit.

[*Beats him.*]

What art thou? Speak.

Soc. I cannot tell.

Gan. Whom dost thou serve?

Soc. The time.

Gan. Thy name?

Soc. Nothing.

Gan. Thy business?

Soc. To be beaten.

Gan. And what am I?

Soc. What you will.

Gan. Am not I Socia?

Soc. If you be not, I would you were so, to be beaten in my place.

Gan. I knew my lord had no servant of that name but me.

Soc. Shall I speak a few cool words, and bar buffeting?

Gan. Speak freely.

Soc. You will not strike?

Gan. Say on.

Soc. I am the party you wot of: I am Socia. You may strike, if you will, but, in beating me, (if you be Socia) I assure you, you shall but beat yourself.

Gan. The fellow's mad.

Soc. Mad! Am I not newly landed? Sent hither by my master? Is not this our house? Do I not speak? Am I not awake? Am I not newly beaten? Do I not feel it still? And shall I doubt I am

not myself? Come, come; I'll in, and do my message.

Gan. Sirrah, I have endured you with much impatience. Wilt thou make me believe I am not Socia? Was not our ship launched out of the Persic haven? Did I not land this night? Have we not won the town where King Ptelera reigned? Have we not overthrown the Teleboans? Did not my Lord Amphitrio kill the king, hand to hand? And did he not send me, this night, with a letter to certify my Lady Alemena of all these news?

Soc. I begin to mistrust myself: all this is as true as if I had told it myself. But I'll try him farther.—What did the Teleboans present my lord with, after the victory?

Gan. With a golden cup, in which the king himself used to quaff.

Soc. Where did I put it?

Gan. That I know not; but I put it into a casket, sign'd by my lord's signet.

Soc. And what's the signet?

Gan. The sun rising from the East in his chariot. But do you come to undermine me, you slave?

Soc. I must go seek some other name: I am half hanged already, for my good name is lost.—Once more resolve me. If thou canst tell me what I did alone, I will resign thee my name. If thou beest Socia, when the battles began to join, as soon as they began to skirmish, what didst thou?

Gan. As soon as they began to fight, I began to run.

Soc. Whither?

Gan. Into my lord's tent, and there hid me under a bed.

Soc. I am gone! I am gone! Somebody, for charity's sake, either lend me or give me a name, for this I have lost by the way. And now I look better on—he me, or I he—as he hath got my name, he hath got my

shape, countenance, stature, and every thing so right, that he can be no other than I, my own self. But when I think that I am I, the same I ever was; know my master, his house; have sense, feeling, and understanding; know my message, my business, why should not I in, to deliver my letter to my lady?

Gan. That letter is deliver'd by my hand.
My lady knows all, and expects her lord,
And I, her servant, Socia, am set here,
To keep such idle rascals from the gate.
Then, leave me, and by fair means, or I'll send thee
Legless or armless hence.

Soc. Nay, thou hast robb'd me of enough already. I would be loth to lose my name and limbs both in one night.—Where have I miscarried? Where been changed? Did I not leave myself behind in the ship, when I came away? I'll even back to my master, and see if he know me: if he know me; if he call me Socia, and will bear me out in't, I'll come back, and do my message, spite of him says nay.—Farewell, self.

[*Exit.*

Gan. This obstacle, the father of more troubles,
I have put off, and kept him from disturbance
In their adulterate pastimes. Fair Alcmena
Is great already by Amphitrio,
And near her time; and if she prove by Jupiter,
He, by his power and god-hood, will contract
Both births in one, to make her throws the less,
And at one instant she shall child two issues,
Begot by Jove and by Amphitrio.
The house by this, long charm'd by Hermes' rod,
Are stirring, and Jove, glutted with delights,
Ready to take his leave, thorough satiate
With amorous dalliance. Parting's not so sweet
Between our lovers, as when first they meet.

Enter JUPITER, ALCMENA, and the Servants.

Jup. My dearest love, farewell. We generals
Cannot be absent from our charges long.
I stole from the army to repose with thee,
And must, before the sun mount to his chariot,
Be there again.

Alc. My lord, you come at midnight,
And you make haste, too, to be gone ere morn.
You rise before your bed be thoroughly warm.

Jup. Fairest of our Theban dames, accuse me not.
I left the charge of soldiers to report
The fortune of our battles first to thee;
Which should the camp know, they will lay on me
A grievous imputation, that the beauty
Of my fair wife can with Amphitrio more
Than can the charge of legions. As my coming
Was secret and conceal'd, so my return,
Which shall be short and sudden.

Alc. That I fear;
Better I had to keep you, being here.

Jup. Nay, part we must: sweet lady, dry your tears.

Alc. You'll make my minutes months, and days seem
years.

Jup. Your business, ere we part?

Alc. Only to pray
You will make haste, not be too long away.
Farewell.

Jup. Farewell.—Come, Ganimede, 'tis done,
And fair Alcmena sped with a young son. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter AMPHITRIO, SOCIA, two Captains, with
Attendants.*

Amph. Oh, gentlemen! was ever man thus crost?
So strangely flouted by an abject groom,

That either dreams, or's mad? one that speaks nothing
Saving impossibilities, and merely
False and absurd.—Thus, thou art here and there,
With me, at home, and at one instant both.
In vain are these delirements, and to me
Most deeply incredible.

Soc. I am your own: you may use me as you please.
One would think I had lost enough already, to lose my
name and shape, and now to lose your favour too. Oh!

1 *Capt.* Fie, Socia. You too much forget your-
self;

And 'tis beyond all sufferance in your lord
To use no violent hand.

Soc. You may say what you will, but a truth is a
truth.

2 *Capt.* But this is neither true nor probable,
That this one body can divide itself,
And be in two set places. Fie, Socia, fie!

Soc. I tell you as it is.

Amph. Slave, of all slaves the basest, urge me not.
Persist in these absurdities, and I vow
To cut thy tongue out, have thee scourg'd and beaten.
I'll have thee flayed.

Soc. You may so: you may as well take my skin, as
another take my name and phisnomy. All goes one
way.

Amph. Tell o'er thy tale again: make it more plain.
Pray, gentlemen, your ears.

Soc. Then, as I said before, so say I still. I am at
home; do you hear? I am here; do you see? I spake
with my lady at home, yet could not come in at the
gate to see her; I delivered her your letter, and yet
have it still in my hand. Is not this plain? Do you
understand me? I am neither mad nor drunk, but
what I speak is in sober sadness.

1 *Capt.* Fie, Socia, fie! thou art much, too much to blame.

2 *Capt.* How dare you tempt your master's patience thus?

Amph. Think not to 'scape thus. Yet, once more resolve me,

And faithfully. Dost thou think it possible
Thou canst be here and there? Be sensible,
And tell me, Socia.

Soc. 'Tis possible; nor blame I you to wonder, for it marvels me as much as any here. Nor did I believe that he, my own self that is at home, till he did convince me with arguments; told me every thing I did at the siege; remembered my errand better than myself: nor is water more like to water, nor milk to milk, than that he and I are to me and him; for when you sent me home about midnight——

Amph. What then?

Soc. I stood there, to keep the gate, a great while before I came at it.

Capt. The fellow's mad.

Soc. I am as you see.

Amph. He hath been struck by some malevolent hand.

Soc. Nay, that's certain; for I have been soundly beaten.

Amph. Who beat thee?

Soc. I, my own self, that am at home. How oft shall I tell you?

Amph. Sirrah, we'll owe you this. — Now, gentlemen,

You that have been co-partners in our wars,
Shall now co-part our welcome: we will visit
Our beauteous wife, with whom (our business ended)
We have leisure to confer.

Enter ALCMENA, her Servants and Maid.

Alc. Have you took down those hangings, that were placed

To entertain my lord?

1 Serv. Madam, they are.

Alc. And is our private bed-chamber disrobed
Of all her beauty, to look ruinous
Till my lord's presence shall repair't again?

2 Serv. 'Tis done as you directed.

Alc. Every chamber,
Office, and room, shall in his absence look
As if they miss'd their master, and bear part
With me in my resembled widowhood.

3 Serv. That needs not, madam. See; my lord's
return'd.

Alc. And made such haste to leave me? I misdoubt
Some trick in this. Is it distrust, or fear
Of my prov'd virtue? Value it at best,
'T can be no less than idle jealousy.

Amph. See bright Alcmena. With my sudden greeting
I'll rap her soul to heaven, and make her surfeit
With joy's abundance.—Beauteous lady, see
Amphitrio return'd a conqueror,
Glad to enfold in his victorious arms
Thy nine-month absent body, whose ripe birth
Swells with such beauty in thy constant womb.
How cheers my lady?

Alc. So, so; we'll do to her your kind commends.
You may make bold to play upon your friends.

Amph. Ha! what language call you this, that seems
to me

Past understanding? I conceive it not.
I rejoice to see you, wife.

Alc. Yet shall's have more?

You do but now as you have done before.
Pray, flout me still, and do yourself that right,
To tell that o'er you told me yesternight.

Amph. What yesternight? Alcmena, this your
greeting

Distastes me. I but now, now with these gentlemen,
Landed at Thebes, and came to do my love
To thee, before my duty to my king.
This strangeness much amazeth me.

Soc. We have found one Socia, but we are like to
lose an Amphitrio.

Alc. Shall I be plain, my lord? I take it ill
That you, whom I receiv'd late yesternight,
Gave you my freest welcome, feasted you,
Lodg'd you, and but this morning, two hours since,
Took leave of you with tears, that your return
So sudden should be furnish'd with such scorn.

Amph. Gentlemen, I fear the madness of my man
Is fled into her brain.—Be these my witness,
I am but newly landed: witness these,
With whom I have not parted.

I Capt. In this we needs must take our General's part,
And witness of his side.

Alc. And bring you witness to suggest your wrongs?
Against you two I can oppose all these.—
Receiv'd I not Amphitrio yesternight?

I Serv. I assure you. My lord, remember yourself;
you were here yesternight.

All. 'Tis most certain.

Amph. These villains all are by my wife suborned,
To seek to mad me. Gentlemen, pray list:
We'll give this error scope.—Pray, at what time
Gave you me entertainment the last night?

Alc. As though you know not. Well, I'll fit your
humour,

And tell you what you better know than I.
At midnight.

Amph. At midnight.—Pray, observe that, gentlemen.
At midnight we were in discourse aboard
Of my commission.

2 *Capt.* I remember 't well.

Amph. What did we, then, at midnight?

Alc. Sate to banquet.

1 *Serv.* Where I waited.

2 *Serv.* So did we all.

Amph. And I was there at banquet?

3 *Serv.* Your lordship's merry. Do you make question of that?

Alc. At banquet you discours'd the interview
Between the Teleboans and your host.

Amph. Belike, then, you can tell us our success,
Ere we, that are the first to bring the news,
Can utter it.

Alc. Your lordship's pleasant still.
The battles join'd, cries past on either side;
Long was the skirmish doubtful, till the Thebans
Oppress'd the Teleboans; but the battle
Was by the king renew'd, who, face to face,
And hand to hand, met with Amphitrio.
You fought, and arm to arm in single combat
Trod on his head a victor.

Amph. How came you by this?

Alc. As though you told it not.

Amph. Well, then; after banquet?

Alc. We kiss'd, embrac'd, our chamber was made
ready.

Amph. And then?

Alc. To bed we went.

Amph. And there?

Alc. You slept in these my arms.

Amph. Strumpet, no more!
Madness and impudence contend in thee,
Which shall afflict me most.

Alc. Your jealousy
And this imposterous wrong heap on me injuries
More than my sex can bear. You had best deny
The gift you gave me, too.

Amph. Oh, heaven! what gift?

Alc. The golden cup the Teleboans' king
Us'd still to quaff in.

Amph. Indeed, I had such a purpose;
But that I keep safe lock'd.—Show me the bowl.

Alc. Thessala, the standing cup Amphitrio gave me
Last night at banquet: there's the key.

Thess. I shall. [*Exit.*]

1 *Capt.* My lord, there's much amazement in the
opening
Of these strange doubts: the more you seek to unfold
them,

The more they puzzle us.

2 *Capt.* How came she by the notice
And true recital of the battle's fortune?

Amph. That hath this villain told her, on my life.

Soc. Not I: I disclaim it. Unless it were my other
self, I have no hand in it.

Enter THESSALA, with the cup.

Thess. Madam, the bowl.

Alc. Restore't Amphitrio:
I am not worthy to be trusted with it.

Amph. The form, the metal, and the graving, too!
Tis somewhat strange.—Socia, the casket, straight.

Soc. Here, sir.

Amph. What! is my signet safe?

Soc. Untouched.

Amph. Then will I show her straight that bowl
The Teleboans gave me.—Where's my key?

Soc. Here, sir.—This is the strangest that e'er I
heard! I, Socia, have begot another Socia; my Lord
Amphitrio hath begot another Amphitrio: now, if this
golden bowl have begot another golden bowl, we shall
be all twinned and doubled.

Amph. Behold! an empty casket.

Alc. This notwithstanding, you deny your gift,
Our meeting, banquet, and our sportful night;
Your morning's parting!

Amph. All these I deny,
As false and past all nature. Yet this goblet
Breeds in me wonder, with the true report
Of our war's project. But I am myself,
New landed with these Captains, and my men
Deny all banquets and affairs of bed,
Which thou shalt dearly answer.

Alc. Ask your servants
If I mis-say in aught.

1 *Serv.* My lord, there is nothing said by my lady
but we are eye-witnesses of, and will justify on our
oaths.

Amph. And will you tempt me still?—
Socia, run to the ship; bring me the master,
And he shall with these Captains justify
On my behalf, whilst I revenge myself
On these false servants, that support their lady
In her adulterous practice.—Villains! Dogs!

1 *Capt.* Patience, my lord.

[AMPHITRIO beats in his men. *Exeunt.*

Alc. Nay, let him still proceed,
That, having kill'd them, I may likewise bleed.
His frenzy is my death: life I despise:

These are the fruits of idle jealousies.
Yonder he comes again.

Enter JUPITER.

So soon appeas'd,
And from his fury? I shall ne'er forget
This injury, till I have paid his debt.

Jup. What! sad, Alcmena? Prithee, pardon me:
'Twas but my humour, and I now am sorry.
Nay, whither turn'st thou?

Alc. All the wit I have
I must express: born to be made a slave,
I wonder you can hold your hands, not strike.
If I a strumpet be, and wrong your bed,
Why doth not your rude hand assault this head?

Jup. Oh, my sweet wife! of what I did in sport
Condemn me not. If needs, then chide me for 't.

Alc. Was it because I was last night too free
Of courteous dalliance, that you injure me?
Was I too lavish of my love? next night,
Fear not, I'll keep you short of your delight.
I'll learn to keep you off, and seem more coy:
You shall no more swim in excess of joy.
Look for't hereafter.

Jup. Punish me, I pray.

Alc. Give me my dower, and I'll be gone away;
Leave you to your harsh humours and base strife:
Only the honour of a virtuous wife
I'll bear along. My other substance keep;
For in a widow'd bed I'll henceforth sleep.

Jup. By this right hand, which you Amphitrio owe,
My wrongs henceforth shall ne'er afflict you so.
Speak; are we friends? By this soft kiss, I swear,
No lady living is to me like dear.
These nuptial brawls oftentimes more love beget:

The ravishing pleasures when last night we met
We will redouble. These hands shall not part
Till we be reconcil'd.

Alc. You have my heart,
Nor can my anger last.

Jup. Fair love, then smile,
And let our lips our hearts thus reconcile.

Enter BLEPHARO and SOCIA.

Ble. Thou tell'st me wonders.

Soc. I assure you, there are two Socias; and, for aught I can hear, there are two Amphytrios: we were in hope to have two golden bowls. Now, if your ship can get two masters, you will be simply furnished to sea. But see, my lord and my lady are friends: let us be part-takers of their reconciliation.

Ble. Hail to the General! You sent for me, my lord.

Jup. True, Blepharo;
But things are well made even, and we attoned:
Your chiefest business is to feast with us.—
Attend us, Socia.—Fair Alcmena, now
We both are one, combin'd by oath and vow.

[*Exeunt.*

Soc. There's music in this. If they feast, I'll feast with them, and make my belly amends for all the blows received upon my back.

Enter GANIMEDE.

Gan. Jupiter and Alcmena are entered at the back gate, whilst Amphytrio is beating his servants out at the fore-gate. All's in uproar: I do but watch to see him out in the street, to shut the gates against him. But yonder is Socia: I'll pass by him without speaking.

Soc. I should have seen your face when I have looked

myself in a glass: your sweet phisnomy should be of my acquaintance. I will not pass him without congé.

[They pass with many strange congés.]

Enter AMPHITRIO, beating before him his servants: the two Captains; they meet with GANIMEDE.

Amph. Villains! dogs! devils!

1 Capt. Noble General!

Amph. These wrongs are too indigne.—Socia returned. Where's Blepharo?

Gan. I have sought him aboard; but he is in the city to see some of his friends, and will not return till dinner.—Now for a trick to shut the gates upon him.

[Exit.]

Amph. Patience, if thou hast any power on earth, Infuse it here, or I these hypocrites, These base suggesters of their lady's wrongs, Shall to the death pursue.

2 Capt. Find for their punishment Some more deliberate season: sleep upon't, And by an order more direct and plain, Void of this strange confusion, censure them.

Amph. Sir, you advise well. I will qualify This heat of rage. Now I have beat them forth, Let's in and see my wife.—Socia stolen hence, And the gates shut! Let's knock. *[Knocks.]*

Enter GANIMEDE, above.

Gan. What ruffian's that that knocks? you think, belike, the nails of our doors are as saucy as yourself, that they need beating.

Amph. Socia, I am thy lord, Amphitrio.

Gan. You are a fool's head of your own, are you not?

Amph. Ruffian and fool!

Gan. Take coxcomb and ass along, if you be not satisfied.

Amph. Do you condemn me now? Pray, gentlemen, Do me but right: have I just cause of rage? Can you, that have persuaded me to peace, Brook this? Oh! for some battering engine here To raze my palace walls, or some iron ram To plant against these gates.

Gan. Sirrah! I make you eat these words. Stay but till I come down, I'll send you thence with a vengeance. I am now coming: look to't. I'll tickle you with your counterfeit companions there. [*Exit.*

1 *Capt.* This is too much: 'tis not to be endured.

Amph. I wish of heaven to have no longer life Than once more to behold him: he shall pay For all the rest.

2 *Capt.* He promis'd to come down.

1 *Capt.* And I think he will, for hark! I hear the gates open.

Enter SOCIA and BLEPHARO.

Amph. Forbear a little: note the villain's humour.

Soc. All's quiet within. I'll go help to fetch my lord's stuff from the ship. But see! he's out of the gates before us. Which way came he?

Ble. He hath made haste.

Soc. I think he hath crept through the keyhole.

Amph. Nay, I'll be patient, fear not. Note my humour.—*Socia!*

Soc. My lord.

Amph. My honest Blepharo, I talk to you anon. My faithful servant, who pass'd this house to you, That you have power to keep the master out? Tell me, what know you by your fair mistress, That you call your lord coxcomb and ass?—

Nay, I am patient still.—Amphitrio's name
Is here forgot : fool, ruffian, are nothing ;
Them I pardon. Now you are down,
When do you beat me headlong from the gate,
And these my counterfeit companions hence ?

Soc. Who ? I, I ! Is your lordship as wise as God
might have made you ? I !

Amph. You see we are here still : when do you
strike ? What, not ? Then I'll begin with you.

Ble. Amphitrio !

Soc. My lord's mad. Help, gentlemen !

Ble. If you be gentlemen, and love Amphitrio,
Or if you know me to be Blepharo,
Your master, that transported you by sea,
Give not this madness scope. Upon my credit,
Socia is guiltless of this false surmise.

Amph. Is Blepharo turn'd mad, too ?

Ble. General, no.

It pities me, that left you late so mild,
And in such peaceful conference with your wife,
So suddenly to find you lunatic.—
Pray, help to bind him, gentlemen.

Amph. So, so. Am I abus'd or no ? Speak, fellow
soldiers.

1 *Capt.* Insufferable ; and yet forbear your rage.
Breathe, breathe upon't, and find some other leisure
These errors to determine.

Amph. Well, I will.

*Enter JUPITER, ALCMENA ; GANIMEDE before : all the
servants running fearfully.*

Soc. Yonder's my brother, my same self !

Ble. Two Socias ! two Amphitrios !

1 *Capt.* Conjuring ! witchcraft !

Jup. Friends, and my fellow soldiers, you have dealt

Unfriendly with me to besiege my house
With these exclaims; to bring impostors hither.
Is there no law in Thebes? Will Creon suffer me,
For all my service, to be injur'd thus?

Amph. Beest thou infernal hag, or fiend incarnate,
I'll conjure thee.

Jup. Friends, I appeal to you.
When have you known me mad? when rage and rave?
Shall my humanity and mildness thus
Be recompens'd? To be out-brav'd, out-faced
By some deluding Fairy: to have my servants
Beat from my gates; my general house disturb'd;
My wife full grown and groaning, ready now
To invoke Lucina, to be check'd and scorned?
Examine all my deeds: Amphitrio's mildness
Had never reference to this juggler's rage.

1 *Capt.* Sure, this is the General! He was ever a
mild gentleman. I'll follow him.

2 *Capt.* There can be but one Amphitrio, and this
appears to be he by his noble carriage.

Ble. This is that Amphitrio I conducted by sea.

1 *Serv.* My lord was never madman. This shall be
my master.

All. And mine.

Alc. This is my husband.

Soc. I'll e'en make bold to go with the best.

Gan. Soft, sir. The true Socia must go with the
true Amphitrio.

Amph. Oh! thou omnipotent thunder! strike
Amphitrio,

And free me from this labyrinth.

Jup. Gentlemen,

My house is free to you, only debarr'd
These counterfeits. These gates, that them exclude,
Stand open to you: enter and taste our bounty.—

Attend us.—'Las! poor Amphitrio,
I must confess I do thee too much wrong,
To keep thee in this maze of doubts so long,
Which here shall end; for Juno I espy,
Who all our amorous pastimes sees from high.
As she descends, so must I mount the spheres,
To stop her, lest she thunder in our ears.

[Exeunt all but AMPHITRIO and SOCIA.]

Amph. What art thou?

Soc. Nay, what art thou?

Amph. I am not myself.

Soc. You would not believe me when I said I was
not myself; why should I believe you?

Amph. Art thou Socia?

Soc. That's more than I can resolve you, for the
world is grown so dangerous, a man dares scarce make
bold with his own name; but I am he was sent with a
letter to my lady.

Amph. And I am he that sent thee with that letter,
Yet dare not say I am Amphitrio:

My wife, house, friends, my servants, all deny me.

Soc. You have reason to love me the better, since
none sticks to you but I.

Amph. Let all yon starry structure from his bases
Shrink to the earth, that the whole face of heaven,
Falling upon forlorn Amphitrio,
May, like a marble monumental stone,
Lie on me in my grave. Eternal sleep.
Cast a nocturnal film before these eyes,
That they may ne'er more gaze upon yon heavens,
That have beheld my shame: or sleep or death
Command me shut these optic windows in.
My brain is coffin'd in a bed of lead;
'Tis cold and heavy. Be my pillow, Socia,
For I must sleep.

Soc. And so must I.—Pray, make no noise for waking me or my master. [*They sleep.*]

JUNO and IRIS descend from the heavens.

Juno. Iris, away ! I have found th' adulterer now.
Since Mercury fair Io's keeper slew,
The hundred-eyed Argus, I have none
To dog and watch him when he leaves the heavens.
No sooner did I miss him, but I sought
Heaven, sea, and earth : I brib'd the sun by day,
And stars by night, but all their jealous eyes
He with thick mists hath blinded, and so 'scaped.
Iris, my rainbow, threw her circle round,
If he had been on earth, to have clasp'd him in,
And kept him in the circle of her arms,
Till he had call'd for Juno ; but her search
He soon deluded in his sly transhapes,
And till I saw here two Amphitrios,
I had not once suspected him in Thebes.
Robed all in wrath, and clad in scarlet fury,
I come to be aveng'd upon that strumpet,
That durst presume to adulterate Juno's bed.
Pull me from heaven, fair Iris, a black cloud
From which I'll fashion me a beldam's shape,
And such a powerful charm I'll cast on her,
As that her bastard brats shall ne'er be born,
But make her womb their tombs. Iris, away !

Iris. I fly, madam. [*Exit IRIS.*]

Juno. No : these are mortals and not them I seek.
I fear me, if he hear of me in Thebes,
He, with his minion, straight will mount the heavens.
But let him seat him on the loftiest spire
Heaven hath, or place me in the lowest hell,
I'll reach him with my clamours.

Soc. Heigho ! now am I dreamed of a scold.

Enter IRIS, with a habit.

Juno. But Iris is returned. Rage, feast thy fill,
Till I the mother slay, the bastards kill.

[*Exeunt JUNO and IRIS.*

Thunder and lightning. All the servants run out of the house affrighted; the two Captains and BLEPHARO. AMPHITRIO and SOCIA amazedly awake. JUPITER appears in his glory under a rainbow, to whom they all kneel.

Jup. The thunderer thunders, and the lord of fear
Bids thee not fear at all, Amphotrio.
Jove, that against the Teleboans gave thee
The palm of conquest, and hath crown'd thy brows
With a victorious wreath, commands thy peace
With fair Alcmena, she that never bosomed
Mortal save thee. The errors of thy servants
Forbear to punish, as forgot by us,
And find us to thy prayers propitious.
Thy wife, full grown, invokes Lucina's aid:
Send in to cheer her in her painful throes.
Hers and thy orisons we'll bear to heaven;
And they in all your greatest doubts and fears
Shall have access to our immortal ears.

Amph. Jove is our patron and his power our awe,
His majesty our wonder, will our law.

Jup. Our act thus ends: we would have all things even.
Smile you on earth, whilst we rejoice in heaven.

ACTUS III. SCÆNA I.

Enter HOMER one way, JUNO another.

Homer. Behold where Juno comes, and with a spell
Shuts up the womb by which Jove's son must pass.

For whilst she cross-legg'd sits, (as old wives tell,
And with clutch'd hands) there is no way, alas !
For fair Alcmena's childing. All those wives
That hear her painful throes are in despair ;
Yet in her womb the Jove-bred issue strives :
Three days are past, her pains still greater are.
But note a woman's wit: though Juno smile,
A beldam's brain the goddess shall beguile.'

Juno. Ha! ha! Now Jove, with thy omnipotence,
Make (if thou canst) way for thy bastard's birth,
Whose passage I thus bind; and in this knot,
Which, till their deaths, shall never be dissolved,
I have power to strangle all the charms of hell.
Nor powers of heaven shall straight me, till the deaths
Of yon aduress and her mechal brats.
Laugh, gods and men, sea, earth, and air, make joy,
That Juno thus Alcmena can destroy.

*Enter the Midwife, GALANTHIS, with two or three other
aged women.*

Gal. Have you observed her to sit cross-legg'd ever
since my lady began her travail? I suspect witchcraft:
I'll have a trick to rouse her.

Bel. No doubt, but did she open her knees and
fingers, my lady should have safe delivery.

Gal. Trust to my wit. I'll in, and find a means to
startle her.

Bel. Note how the beldam smiles, and in her clutches
Strangles my lady's birth. Some friend remove her.

Juno. Ha, ha! ha! Their tears my griefs recure:
Thus I revenge me of their deeds impure.

Enter GALANTHIS, merry.

Gal. Now, Jove be prais'd, and ladies dry your tears,
And gentle madam come, rejoice with us.

Juno. Why, what's the matter?

Gal. I cannot hold my joy.—Thanks, fair Lucina,
Goddess of child-birth, Jove and all be praised,
Alcmena is deliver'd, brought to bed
Of a fine chopping boy. [*JUNO riseth.*

Juno. Is my spell fail'd? how could I curse and tear!

Bel. The witch is rous'd: in, and see what news.

Gal. Stay, stay: I'll go see what comfort's within,
for when I came out I left my poor lady in midst of all
her torment.

Juno. What edge of steel, or adamant chain,
Hath forc'd in two the virtue of my charm,
Which gods and devils gave unite consent
To be infract?—Oh, powerful Jupiter!
I fear thy hand's in this.

Enter GALANTHIS, extremely laughing.

Bel. How the witch storms!

Juno. What means the wretch to hold her sides and
laugh,

And still to point at me?—How now, Galanthis?

Gal. That's my name, indeed.—Hold, heart, hold!—
You are a witch, are you? You sat cross-legg'd, did
you? My lady could not be brought to bed, could she?
And now Galanthis hath gulled you, hath she?

Juno. The moral?

Gal. I'll tell thee. I, suspecting thy treachery to
my lady, brought in counterfeit news she was brought
to bed, which you, goody witch, no sooner heard, but
rose up; and no sooner you had cast your arms abroad,
but my lady was delivered of two goodly boys, one
like my Lord Amphitrio, but the other the bravest chop-
ping lad!—Laugh the beldam out of her skin, and then
return to comfort my lady.

[*Exeunt GALANTHIS, &c.*

Juno. Oh ! that we should be subject to the Fates,
And, though being gods, yet by their power be crossed !
Galanthis, I'll be first reveng'd on thee,
For this derision ; and transform thy shape
To some foul monster that shall bear thy name.
And are the bastards born ? They have pass'd the
womb ;
They shall not pass the cradle.—*Iris*, ho !

Enter IRIS.

Iris. Madam.

Juno. Fly into Afric : from the mountain there
Choose me two venomous serpents, of the blood
That Perseus dropp'd out of the Gorgon's head,
When on his winged horse with that new spoil
He cross'd the Afric climate. Thou shalt know them
By their fell poison and their fierce aspect.
When, *Iris* ?

Iris. I am gone. [*Exit.*]

Juno. Haste, *Iris* ; fly with expedition's wings.
These brats shall die by their envenom'd stings. [*Exit.*]

HOMER.

Homer. The jealous goddess in the chamber throws
The poisonous serpents, who soon wound and kill
Young Ipectetes, whom *Amphitrio* owes ;
But *Hercules*, whom *Jove* with power doth fill,
You first shall in his infant cradle see,
Ere grown a man, famous for chivalry

The Nurses bring young HERCULES in his cradle, and leave him. Enter JUNO and IRIS with two snakes, put them to the child, and depart. HERCULES strangles them. To them AMPHITRIO, admiring the accident.

Homer. He that could in his cradle serpents kill,

Will, being grown, the world with wonders fill.
Imagine him full grown, and nobly trained
By King Eurystheus: the bold youth proclaims
Pastimes of exercise, where he hath gained
Chief praise and palm in these Olympic games.

Them we must next, as his first grace, present,
With Juno to his fame malevolent.

*Enter, after great shouts and flourishes, JUNO and King
EURYSTHEUS.*

Juno. Hark, hark, Eurystheus, how the yelling throats
Of the rude rabble deify his praise:
Their lofty clamours and their shrill applauses
Strike 'gainst the clear and azure floors of heaven,
And thence against the earth reverberate,
That Juno cannot rest above, nor here,
But still his honour's clangour strikes mine ear.

Eur. Patience, celestial goddess: as I wish
Your powerful aidance when I need it most,
So for your sake I will impose him dangers,
Such and so great, that, without Jove's own hand,
He shall not have the power to scatter them.

Juno. If neither tyrants, monsters, savages,
Giants, nor hell-hounds, can the bastard quell,
Let him be pash'd, stabb'd, strangled, poisoned,
Or murder'd sleeping. Hark, Eurystheus, still

[Shouts within.]

How their wide throats his high applauses shrill.

Eur. Th' earth shall not breed a monster, nor the
 heavens

Threaten a danger shall not task his life.

Juno. Thou chim'st me sphere-like music. I have
 roused

A monstrous lion that doth range these woods:
My dear Eurystheus, make him tug with him. *[Shouts.]*

Still do his praises make the heaven resound.

Farewell, Eurystheus: I'll not see him crown'd.

[*Exit JUNO.*]

Enter the Kings of Greece to EURYSTHEUS, with garlands.

HERCULES, THESEUS, PERITHOUS, PHILOCTETES,
with others, from the Games of Olympus.

1 *King.* These honour'd pastimes on Olympus' mount,
Begun by thee, the Theban Hercules,
Shall last beyond all time and memory.
Thou art unpeer'd: all Greece resounds thy praise,
And crowns thy worth with these green wreaths of
bays.

Herc. More dear to me than the best golden arch
That e'er crown'd monarch's brow. We have begun
In pastimes: we'll proceed to acts more dreadful,
To express our power and hardiment.
Though by your suffrage we have best deserved,
Yet merit we not all: these Grecian princes,
Although decreed below us, did excel:
Though not as best, receive as those did well.
Theseus, Perithous, Philoctetes, take
Your valour's meeds: your praises loud did sound;
Then, each one take from Hercules a crown.

Thes. Brave Theban' youth, no less than Jove's own
son,
Give Theseus leave both to admire and love thee.
Let's henceforth have one soul.

Herc. Theseus commands the heart of Hercules,
And all my deeds, next Jove omnipotent,
I'll consecrate to thee and to thy love.

Perith. Though all unworthy to be styl'd the friend
Of great Alcides, give Perithous leave
To do thee honour and admire thy worth.

Philoc. That Philoctetes begs of Hercules.

Thy courtesy equals thy active power,
And thou in both art chief and patternless.

Herc. We prize you as the dearest gems of Greece,
And all the honours of Alcmena's son
You shall partake; whilst these brave Argive kings,
That rang us plaudits for the Olympic games,
Shall clap our triumphs 'gainst the dreadfull'st monsters
Heaven can send down, or deep Avern belch forth,
As for the earth-bred monsters, we have power
Infus'd by Jove to calm their insolence;
Nor will we cease, till we have purchas'd us
The name of tyrant-tamer through the world.

Eur. It glads Eurystheus to be made so happy
As to be tutor to this noble youth.
Thou hast (witness Olympus) proved thyself
The swiftest, activ'st, ablest, strongest, cunning'st
In shaft or dart; which when thy step-dame, Juno,
Shall understand how much thou dost excel,
As 'twill please Jove, it will content her well.

Herc. May we renown Eurystheus by our fame,
As we shall strive to please that heavenly dame.

Eur. Set on, then, princes, to the farther honours
Of this bold Theban. May he still proceed
To crown great Greece with many a noble deed.

Enter a Herdsman, wounded.

Thes. Stay, lords! What means this tragic spectacle?

Herds. If Greece, that whilom was esteem'd the
spring
Of valour and the well of chivalry,
Can yield an army of resolved spirits,
Muster them all against one dreadful beast,
That keeps the forests and the woods in awe,
Commands the Cleonean continent,

Unpeoples towns, and, if not interdicted,
In time will make all Greece a wilderness.

Herc. Herdsman, thou hast express'd a monstrous
beast,

Worthy the task of Jove-born Hercules.
What is the savage? Speak.

Herds. Whether some god,
With Greece offended, sends him as a murrain
To strike our herds, or as a worser plague,
Your people to destroy, but a fierce lion
Lives in the neighbour forest, preying there
On man and beast, not satisfied with both.
Ten herdsmen of my train at once he slew,
And me thus wounded: yet, his maw unstanched,
He still the thick Nemæan groves doth stray,
As if the world were not sufficient prey.

Eur. This lion were a task worthy Jove's son.
Oh! free us from this fear, great Hercules.

Herc. If he be denn'd, I'll rouse the monstrous beast;
If seeking prey, I'll chase him through the groves,
And, having overrun the fugitive,
Dare him to single war. It fits Jove's son
Wrestle with lions, and to tug with bears,
Grapple with dragons, and encounter whales.
Be he as Jove's own shield invulnerable,
Or be his breast hoop'd in with ribs of brass,
Be his teeth razor'd, and his talons keen,
Sending at every blow fire from his bones,
Yet I ere night will case me in his skin.
This is a sport
Above th' Olympiads. We will hunt to-day
Yon fierce Nemæan terror, as a game
Becoming Hercules.—Wind horns! away;
For now a general hunting we proclaim.
Follow us, princes, you that love the game. [*Exeunt.*

Wind horns. Enter JUNO, and IRIS above in a cloud.

Juno. Yon cheerful noise of hunting tells mine ear
He's in the chase. Redouble ire on ire,
And tear the bastard Theban limb from limb.
Where art thou, Iris? Tell me from the cloud
Where I have plac'd thee to behold the chase.

Iris (aloft). Great Hercules
Pursues him through the meadows, mountains, rocks.

Juno. And flies the savage? Will he not turn
head,
Knowing his skin, save by Jove's thunderbolt,
Not to be pierc'd? Base, trembling, coward beast!

Iris. Now doth the lion turn 'gainst Hercules
With violent fury: 'las, poor Hercules!

Juno. Gramercy, Iris; I will crown thy brow
With a new case of stars for these good news.

[Shouts within.]

Iris. Oh, well done, Hercules!
He shakes him from his shoulders like a feather,
And hurls the lion flat: the beast again
Leaps to his throat. Alcides grapples with him:
The lion now; now Hercules again;
And now the beast. Methinks the combat's even.

Juno. Not yet destroyed?

Iris. Well wrestled, Hercules! *[Shouts within.]*
He gave the monstrous lion such a fall,
As if a mountain should o'erwhelm withal.
Above him still, he chokes him with his gripes,
And with his ponderous buffets stounds the beast.

Juno. Thus is my sorrow and his fame increas'd.

Iris. Now he hath strangled him.

Juno. Iris, descend.

But though this fail, I'll other dangers store.
My lion slain, I will provide a boar.

Enter to them, at one door, EURYSTHEUS and the Kings of Greece ; at the other, HERCULES, with the lion's head and skin ; THESEUS, PERITHOUS, PHILOCTETES.

Herc. Thus Hercules begins his Jovial tasks.
The horrid beast I have torn out of his skin,
And the Nemæan terror naked lies,
Despoil'd of his invinc'd coat of arms.

Juno. This head—oh! were't the head of Hercules—
Doth grace Alcides' shoulders, and methinks,
Deck'd in these spoils thou dar'st the god of arms.

Herc. To you, great Juno, doth Alcmena's son
His high laborious valour dedicate.
You might have heard the lion roar to heaven,
Even to the high tribunal in the spheres,
Where you sit crown'd in stars. We fac'd the beast,
And when he fix'd his talons in our flesh,
We caught the monster in our manly gripes,
And made him thrice break hold. Long did we tug
For eminence ; but when we prov'd his skin
To be wound-free, not to be pierc'd with steel,
We took the savage monster by the throat,
And in our sinewy puissance strangled him.

Eur. Alcides honours Thebes, and fames whole
Greece.

Herc. There shall not breathe a monster here un-
awed.

We shall the world afford a wonderment,
Unparallel'd, by Theban Hercules.
This lion's case shall on our shoulders hang :
We'll arm our body with th' unvulner'd skin,
And with this massy club all monsters dare.
And these shall like a bloody meteor show,
More dreadful than Orion's flaming locks,
T' affright the giants that oppress the earth.

Eur. Let Hercules, mean time, abide with us,
Till King Eurystheus new achievements find,
Worthy his valour.

Thes. Honour me, great prince,
To grace my friend Perithous, and his aid,
To be at their high spousals.

Perith. Hippodamia
Shall in this suit assist Perithous.
With us the Lapithes, the Centaurs meet,
Those whom Ixion got upon a cloud.
They live amongst the groves of Thessaly,
And in their double shapes will grace our feast.

Herc. Perithous, we will meet the Centaurs there,
And quaff with them to Hippodamia's health.
But wherefore stands bright Juno discontent?

Juno. Oh! blame me not: an uncouth savage boar
Devasts the fertile plains of Thessaly;
And when the people come to implore our aid,
There lives no mortal that dare undertake
To combat him. The rough Nemæan lion
Was mild to this: he ploughs the forests up;
His snowy foam he scatters o'er the hills,
And in his course o'erturns the Dodon oaks.
Oh! let him die by mighty Hercules.

Herc. Eternal goddess, were his sharpen'd teeth
More dreadful than the fangs of Cerberus,
Or were his bristled hide Jove's thunder proof,
Were his head brass, or his breast doubly plated
With best Vulcanian armour Lemnos yields,
Yet shall his brains rattle beneath my club.
The Erymanthian forest, where he dens,
Shall quake with terror when we beat the beast;
And when we cast his back against the earth,
The ground shall groan and reel, with as much terror
As when the giant Typhon shakes the earth.

Juno. Oh, may'st thou live the Theban conqueror!—
Die by the fury of that savage swine,
And with thy carcass glut his ravenous maw.—

Herc. Perithous, I will bring thee to thy bridals
This huge wild swine, to feast the Centaurs with.
Diana's wrath shall be Alcides' dish,
Which he'll present to Hippodamia.
Theseus and Philoctetes, you consort
Perithous, and assist the Lapithes
In these high preparations. We will take
The Erymanthian forest in our way.
Let's part: and, sacred goddess, wish us well
In our achievements.

Juno. To be damn'd in hell. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter CERES, and PROSERPINE attired like the Moon, with
a company of swains and country wenches. They sing.*

SONG.

With fair Ceres, Queen of Grain,
The reaped fields we roam, roam, roam:
Each country peasant, nymph, and swain,
Sing their harvest home, home, home;
Whilst the Queen of Plenty hallows
Growing fields, as well as fallows.

Echo, double all our lays,
Make the champaigns sound, sound, sound,
To the Queen of Harvest's praise,
That sows and reaps our ground, ground, ground.
Ceres, Queen of Plenty, hallows
Growing fields, as well as fallows.

Ceres. As we are Ceres, queen of all fertility,
The Earth's sister, aunt to highest Jupiter,
And mother to this beauteous child, the Moon,

So will we bless your harvests, crown your fields
With plenty and increase: your bearded ears
Shall make their golden stalks of wheat to bend
Below their laden riches: with full sickles
You shall receive the usury of their seeds.
Your fallows and your glebes ourself will till:
From every furrow that your ploughshares raze
Upon the plenteous earth, our sister's breast,
You shall cast up abundance, for your gratitude
To Ceres and the chaste Proserpina.

Pros. Whilst with these swains my mother merry
makes,

And from their hands eats cakes of newest wheat,
The firstlings of their vowed sacrifice,
Leave me behind, to make me various garlands
Of all the choicest flowers these meadows yield,
To deck my brows, and keep my face from scorches
Of Phœbus' rays.

Ceres. That done, return to us,
Unto our temple, where we'll feast these swains.

Pros. No sooner shall fair Flora crown my temples,
But I your offerings will participate.

Ceres. Now that the heavens and earth are both
appeased,
And the huge giants that assaulted Jove
Are slaughter'd by the hand of Jupiter,
We have leisure to attend our harmless swains.
Set on, then, to our rural ceremonies.

Tempests hence, hence wind and hails,

Tares, cockle, rotten showers, showers, showers;
Our songs shall keep time with our flails:

When Ceres sings none lowers, lowers, lowers.
She it is whose godhead hallows

Growing fields, as well as fallows. [*Exeunt, singing.*]

Pros. Oh! may these meadows ever barren be,
That yield of flowers no more variety.
Here neither is the white nor sanguine rose,
The strawberry flower, the panze, nor violet.
Methinks I have too poor a meadow chose:
Going to beg, I am with a beggar met,
That wants as much as I. I should do ill
To take from them that need: here grow no more
Than serve thine own despoiled breast to fill.
The meads I rob shall yield me greater store.
Thy flowers thou canst not spare. Thy bosom lend,
On which to rest while Phœbus doth descend.

[*She lies down.*]

Thunder. Enter PLUTO; his chariot drawn in by Devils.

Pluto. What hurly-burly hath been late in heaven!
Against our brother, Jove omnipotent,
The giants have made war: great Briareus,
Whose hundred hands a hundred swords at once
Have brandish'd against heaven, is topsy turned,
And tumbled headlong from th' Olympic towers;
But big-limb'd Typhon, that assaulted most,
And hurl'd huge mountains 'gainst heaven's crystal
gates,
To shatter them, wrestled with Jove himself,
Whose heels tripp'd up kick'd 'gainst the firmament,
And falling on his back, spread thousand acres
Of the affrighted earth: astonish'd Jupiter,
Lest he should rise to make new uproars there,
On his right hand the mount Pelorus hurled;
Upon his left, spacious Pachinne lies,
And on his legs the land of Lilybe.
His head the ponderous mountain Ætna crowns,
From which the giant breathes infernal fires,
And struggling to be freed from all these weights,

Makes, as he moves, huge earthquakes that shake the
earth,

And make our kingdoms tremble. Frighted thence,
We have made ascent, to take a free survey

Whether the world's foundations still be firm ;

Lest, being crannied, through these concave cliffs

The sun and stars may shine to lighten hell.

All's sound: we have struck th' earth's bases with our
mace,

And found the centre firm. Our iron chariot,

That from his shod wheels rusty darkness flings,

Hath with our weight prov'd mountains, dales, and
rocks,

And found them nowhere hollow. All being well,

We'll cleave the earth, and sink again to hell.

Pros. Ceres!—Oh, help me, father Jupiter !

Yon ugly shape affrights me.

Pluto. Ha ! What's the matter ?

Who breath'd that well-tun'd shriek?—Sweet shape,
bright beauty !

Pluto's heart was never soft till now.

Fair mortal !

Pros. Hence, foul fiend.

Pluto. By Lethe, Styx, Cocytus, Acheron,

And all the terrors our black region yields,

I see and love, and at one instant both.

Kiss me.

Pros. Out on thee, hell-hound !

Pluto. What are you, beauteous goddess ?

Pros. Nothing.—Oh !

Help, mother ! father ! Ceres ! Jupiter !

Pluto. Be what thou canst, thou now art Pluto's
rape,

And shalt with me to Orcus.

Pros. Claws off, devil !

Pluto. Fetch from my sister, Night, a cloud of darkness

To robe me in; in that I'll hide this beauty
From gods and mortals, till I sink to hell.—
Nay, you shall mount my chariot.

Pros. Ceres! Jove!

Pluto. Ceres, nor Jove, nor all the gods above,
Shall rob me this rich purchase.—Yoke my stallions,
That from their nostrils breathe infernal fumes,
And when they gallop through these upper worlds
With fogs choke Phœbus, chase the stars from heaven,
And while my ebon chariot o'er the rocks
Clatters his iron wheels, make a noise more hideous
Than Panomphæus' thunder.

Pros. Help, heaven! help, earth!

Pluto. Cleave, earth; and when I stamp upon thy
breast,
Sink me, my brass-shod waggon and myself,
My coach-steeds, and their traces, altogether,
O'er head and ears in Styx.

Pros. You gods! you men!

Pluto. Eternal darkness clasp me where I dwell.
Saving these eyes, we'll have no light in hell.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter CERES.

Ceres. Where is my fair and lovely Proserpine?
The feast is done, and she not yet return'd!
Speak, Jove's fair daughter, whither art thou strayed?
I have sought the meadows, glebes, and new-reap'd
fields,
And cannot find my child. Her scatter'd flowers
And garland half made up I have lit upon,
But her I cannot spy. Behold! the trace
Of some strange waggon, that hath scorch'd the fields,

And sing'd the grass. These ruts the sun ne'er
seared.

Where art thou, love? Where art thou, Proserpine?
Hath not thy father, Jove, snatch'd thee to heaven
Upon his eagle? I will search the spheres
But I will find thee out.—Swift Mercury,
Jove's son and Mayas! speak, speak, from the clouds,
And tell me if my daughter be above.

MERCURY *flies from above.*

Mer. Thy clamours, Ceres, have ascent through
heaven;
Which when I heard, as swift as lightning
I search'd the regions of the upper world,
And every place above the firmament.
I have pass'd the planets, soar'd quite through the
spheres;
I have cross'd the Arctic and Antarctic poles;
Hot Cancer and cold Arctos have I search'd;
Past th' Hyperboreans and the solstices,
The tropics, zones, signs, zeniths, circles, lines,
Yet nowhere can I find fair Proserpine.

[*Exit* MERCURY.]

Ceres. If not in heaven, I'll next inquire the earth;
And to the place where old Oceanus
Lays his hoar head on Amphitrite's lap,
I'll travel, till I find my girl.
Assist me, gracious Neptune, in my search;
And Triton, thou that on thy shelly trumpet
Summons the sea-gods, answer from the depth,
If thou hast seen or heard of Proserpine.

Enter TRITON, *with his trump, as from the sea.*

Trit. On Neptune's sea-horse, with my concave
trump,

Through all th'abyss I have shrill'd thy daughter's
loss;

The channels cloth'd in waters, the low cities,
In which the water-nymphs and sea-gods dwell,
I have perus'd; sought through whole woods and forests
Of leafless coral planted in the deeps;
Toss'd up the beds of pearl, rous'd up huge whales
And stern sea-monsters from their rocky dens;
Those bottoms bottomless, shallows, and shelves,
And all those currents where th' earth's springs break in;
Those plains where Neptune feeds his porpoises,
Sea-morses, seals, and all his cattle else:
Through all our ebbs and tides my trump hath blaz'd
her,

Yet can no cavern show me Proserpine.

[*Exit* TRITON.]

Ceres. If heaven nor sea, then, search thy bosom,
Earth.

Fair sister Earth, for these beauteous fields
Spread o'er thy breast; for all these fertile crops
With which my plenty hath enrich'd thy bosom;
For all those rich and pleasant wreaths of grain
With which so oft thy temples I have crowned;
For all the yearly liveries and fresh robes
Upon thy summer beauty I bestow,
Show me my child!

EARTH riseth from under the Stage.

Earth. Not in revenge, fair Ceres,
That your remorseless ploughs have rak'd my breast,
Nor that your iron-tooth'd harrows print my face
So full of wrinkles, that you dig my sides
For marl and soil, and make me bleed my springs
Through all my open'd veins, to weaken me,
Do I conceal your daughter. I have spread

My arms from sea to sea, look'd o'er my mountains,
Examin'd all my pastures, groves, and plains,
Marshes, and wolds, my woods and champain fields,
My dens and caves; and yet, from foot to head,
I have no place on which the Moon doth tread.

[EARTH *sinks*.

Ceres. Then, Earth, thou hast lost her; and for

Proserpine

I'll strike thee with a lasting barrenness.
No more shall plenty crown thy fertile brows:
I'll break thy ploughs, thy oxen murrain-strike;
With idle agues I'll consume thy swains;
Sow tares and cockles in thy lands of wheat,
Whose spikes the weed and couch-grass shall outgrow,
And choke it in the blade. The rotten showers
Shall drown thy seed, which the hot sun shall parch,
Or mildews rot; and what remains shall be
A prey to ravenous birds.—Oh, Proserpine!—
You gods that dwell above, and you below,
Both of the woods and gardens, rivers, brooks,
Fountains, and wells, some one among you all
Show me herself, or grave! To you I call.

The river ARETHUSA riseth from the Stage.

Areth. That can the river Arethusa do.

My streams, you know, fair goddess, issue forth
From Tartary, by the Tenarian isles.
My head's in hell, where Stygian Pluto reigns:
There did I see the lovely Proserpine,
Whom Pluto hath rap'd hence: behold her girdle,
Which by the way dropp'd from her beauteous waist,
And scatter'd in my streams. Fair Queen, adieu.
Crown you my banks with flowers, as I tell true.

[*Exit ARETHUSA*.

Ceres. Hath that infernal monster stolen my child?

I'll mount the spheres, and there solicit Jove
To invade the Stygian kingdoms, to redeem
My ravish'd daughter. If the gods deny
That grace to Ceres, I'll invoke the help
Of some bold mortal—noble Hercules,
Who with his club shall rouse th' infernal king,
Drag out the furies with their snaky locks,
Strangle hell's judges in their scarlet robes,
And bring a double terror to the damned.
Of gods and men I will invoke the aids,
To free my child from those infernal shades. [Exit.]

Enter HERCULES, THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, PHILOCTETES,
HIPPODAMIA, *the Centaurs*, NESSUS, EURYTUS, CHI-
RON, CYLLARUS, ANTIMACHUS, SILANTHUS, HIP-
PASUS; *at a banquet*.

Herc. To grace this feast, fair Hippodamia,
The Erymanthian forest we have robbed
Of that huge boar.—You Centaurs, doubly shaped,
Feed with Alcides on that monstrous swine,
That hath devour'd so many swains and herds.

Thes. Take Theseus' welcome, for Pirithous' sake,
And sit with us, fair princes: take your place
Next you Alcides; then, the Centaurs round.

Antim. Now, by Ixion, that our grandsire was,
That dar'd to kiss the mighty Thunderer's wife,
And did not fear to cuckold Jupiter,
Thou dost the Centaurs honour.

Ness. Let's quaff the bride's health in the blood of
grapes.

Wine begets mirth, and mirth becomes a bridal.

Pirith. Fill, then, for Nessus and Antimachus:
Let Eurytus and Chiron pledge it round.

Eur. Fill to us all, even till these empty bowls
Turn up their bottoms 'gainst the face of heaven.

Chi. Off shall all this to Hippodamia's health,
The beauteous bride. Wilt pledge it, Hercules?

Herc. Yes, were it deeper than the golden cup
Jove quaffs in from the hand of Ganymede.

Silanthus, Hippasus, and Cyllarus,
To the fair princess of the Lapithes.

Antim. She's fair, indeed; I love her: wine and love
Add fire to fire. To Philoctetes this.

Philoc. 'Tis welcome. Hippasus! here, Cyllarus!

Cyl. Fair Hippodamia's of the Centaur's brood,
Great Bistus' daughter, near allied to us;
I'll take her health.

Pirith. Gramercy, Cyllarus.
I'll do the like to fair Philonome,
Thy sweet she-Centaur.

Cyl. Double this to her.

Hipp. Crown all your healths with mirth; let joys
abound,
And to Philonome let this go round.

Antim. Gramercies.—'Las, my brain begins to swim.
I have an appetite to kiss the bride;
Ay, and I will.

Thes. What means Antimachus?

Antim. Kiss Hippodamia I, and——

Thes. That's too much,
And more than any of the Centaurs dare.

Cyl. Why, who should hinder him?

Thes. That Theseus will.

Antim. Ha, ha! Have I from the fierce lion torn
her whelp,

Brought from the forest she bears in my arms,
And dandled them like infants, play'd with them,
And shall I not, then, dare to kiss the bride?

Herc. Audacious Centaur! do but touch her skirt,
Profane that garment Hymen hath put on,

Or with thy hideous shape once near her cheek,
I'll lay so huge a ponder on thy scull,
As if the bases of the heaven should shrink,
And whelm o'er thee the marble firmament.

Antim. That will I try.

Cyl. Assist Antimachus!

Pirith. Rescue for Hippodamia!

Chi. Down with the Lapithes!

Ness. Down with Hercules!

[*A confused fray, with stools, cups, and bowls :
the Centaurs are beaten.*

Herc. You cloud-bred race, Alcides here will stand,
To plague you all with his high Jovial hand.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Alarum. Enter JUNO, with all the Centaurs.

Juno. And shrinks Ixion's race? Durst he aspire
To our celestial bed, though for his boldness
He now be tortur'd with the wheel in hell,
And dare not you withstand base Hercules?
Courage, brave Hippo-centaurs! let the bastard
Be hew'd and mangled by our conquering arm.
Renew the fight: make the Thessalian fields
Thunder beneath your hoofs, whilst they imprint
Upon the earth deep semi-circled moons.
Let all your arm'd race gallop from the hills
To immure the faint, dejected Lapithes.
'Tis Juno, whom your tortur'd grandsire lov'd,
Bids you to arms. Lift up your weapons high,
And in their fall may great Alcides die.

Antim. Our grandsire's wheel crack all that Centaur's
bones

That flies when Juno gives encouragement.
Chiron, Latreus, Nessus, Eurytus,
And all our race, first tumbled in the clouds

That crown'd the mountain-tops of Thessaly,
Make head again: follow Antimachus,
Whose brain through heated with the fumes of wine,
Burns with the love of Hippodamia.
Theseus, Pirithous, and Alcides, all,
Shall in this fury by the Centaurs fall.

Alarum. Enter to them HERCULES, THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, and PHILOCTETES.

Herc. Behold, the lust-burn'd and wine-heated monsters
Once more make head. We'll pash them with our club.

This Centaur-match, it shall, in ages
And times to come, renown great Hercules.
Upon them! When we parley with our foes,
Tongues peace! for we break silence with our blows.

Alarum. They fight: the Centaurs are all dispersed and slain. Enter, with victory, HERCULES, THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, PHILOCTETES, HIPPODAMIA, and others.

Herc. Let Thessaly resound Alcides' praise,
And all the two-shap'd Centaurs that survive
Quake when they hear the name of Hercules.
Were these Thessalian monsters bred at first
By Saturn and Philyra, as some say,
When in equinal shape she was deflowered?
Or when Ixion, snatch'd to heaven by Jove,
And feasted in the high Olympic hall,
He sought to strumpet Juno? The heaven's Queen
Transform'd a cloud to her celestial shape,
Of which he got the Centaurs. Be they bred
Of earth or vapour, their hot, fiery brains
Are now dispurpled by Alcides' club,
And in their deaths renown the Lapithes.

Thes. Jove's son was born a terror to the world,
To awe the tyrants that oppress and sway.

Pirith. But most in debt to thee Pirithous is,
That hast restor'd a virgin and a bride,
Pure and untouch'd, to sleep in these my arms.

Hipp. My tongue shall sound the praise of Hercules,
My heart embrace his love.

Herc. Oh! had bright Juno,
My loving step-dame, seated in the clouds,
Beheld me pash the Centaurs with my club,
It would have fill'd her with celestial joys,
Knowing that all my deeds of fame and honour
I consecrate to her and Jupiter.
Of these proud Centaurs Nessus is escaped;
The rest all strew the fields of Thessaly.

Enter CERES.

Ceres. Reserves the noble Theban all his valour
For th'ingrate Juno, and hath stor'd no deed
Of honour for dejected Ceres, here?
Ceres, forlorn, forsaken, and despised,
Whom neither obdure heaven, relentless sea,
Nor the rude earth will pity.

Herc. Queen of Plenty,
Lie it within the strength of mortal arm,
The power of man, or work of demigod,
I am thy champion.

Ceres. From heaven, earth, and sea,
Then, Ceres must appeal to Hercules.
Know, then, I am robb'd of beauteous Proserpine:
Tartarian Dis hath rap'd my daughter hence;
Which when I heard, I scal'd the thunder'd throne,
And made my complaints to him, who answer'd me,
His power was only circumscrib'd in heaven,
And Pluto was as absolute in hell,

As he in heaven; nor would he muster gods
Against the fiends, o'er which his brother reign'd.
Next made I suit to have Neptune call his waters,
And with his billows drown the lower world;
Who answer'd, the firm channel bounds his waves,
Nor is there passage between sea and hell.
The earth beneath her centre cannot sink,
Nor have I hope from thence; only great Hercules.

Herc. We'll undertake what neither Jupiter,
Neptune, nor all the gods dare make their task.
The Stygian Pluto shall restore the Moon,
Or feel the mass of this my ponderous club.
Comfort, fair Queen: I'll pass the pool of Styx;
And if lean Charon waftage shall deny,
The ferryman I'll buffet in his barge.
Three-throated Cerberus, that keeps hell-gates,
Shall, when we come to knock, not dare to howl.
The ghosts, already dead and doom'd, shall fear
To die again at sight of Hercules.
Stern Minos, Æachus, and Rhadamanth,
Shall, from the dreadful sessions kept in hell,
Be rous'd by us: we'll quake them at that bar,
Where all souls stand for sentence: the three sisters
Shall crouch to us. Ceres, we'll ransack hell,
And Pluto from th' infernal vaults expel.

Thes. Theseus in this will aid great Hercules.

Pirith. And so Pirithous shall.

Herc. Comfort, Queen Ceres.

Whom neither harpies, boars, or bulls can tame,
The dark Cimmerians must next sound his fame.—
Adieu, bright Hippodamia, lately freed
From the adulterous Centaurs. Our renown,
That yet 'tween heaven and earth doth only shine,
Hell shall next blaze for beauteous Proserpine.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS IV. SCÆNA I.

HOMER.

Homer. Ere Hercules the Stygian pools invade,
A task which none but he durst undertake
Without both earthly and immortal aid,
We Jove present ; who once more doth forsake
Heaven for a mortal beauty. One more rare
Earth yielded not than Semele the fair.

Whilst Juno Hercules with hate pursues,
Neglecting Jove, he from the spheres espies
This bright Cadmeian, and the groves doth choose
To court her in. How, and in what disguise,
You next shall see : they meet first in the chase,
Where they discourse, acquaint, kiss, and embrace.

Dumb show. Enter SEMELE, like a huntress, with her train ; JUPITER like a woodman, in green. He woos her, and wins her.

What cannot Jove, infus'd with power divine ?
He woos and wins, enjoys the beauteous dame.
The jealous Juno spies their love in fine,
Leaves off her envy to Alcides' fame,
And 'gainst this beauteous lady arms her spleen,
Quite to destroy the bright Cadmeian Queen.

Your favours still : some here, no doubt, will wonder
To see the Thunderer's love perish by thunder.

[*Exit.*]*Enter JUNO and IRIS.*

Juno. Hast thou found him, Iris ?

Iris. Madam, I have.

Juno. Where ?

Iris. In the house of Cadmus, courting there
The fairest of the race, young Semele.

Juno. What am I better to be queen of heaven,
To be the sister and the wife of Jove,
When every strumpet braves my deity?
Whilst I am busied to lay traps and trains
For proud Almena's bastard, he takes time
For his adulterous rapes. Europa lives,
Sainted in earth: Calisto shines a star,
Just in mine eye, by name of Lesser Bear:
Io in Egypt is ador'd a goddess;
And of my servant Argus (slain by Mercury)
There lives no note, save that his hundred eyes
I have transported to my peacock's train.
Thus fall the friends of Juno, whilst his strumpets
Front me on earth, or brave mine eye in heaven.
But Semele shall pay for't.—In what shape
Saw'st thou him court that strumpet?

Iris. Like a woodman.

Juno. I met him on the mountain Ericine,
And took him for the young Hippolytus.
Iris, I have't: 'tis plotted in my brain,
To have the strumpet by her lover slain.
Of her nurse, Beroe, I'll assume the shape,
And by that means avenge me on this rape. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SEMELE, with her Servants and Attendants.

Sem. Oh, Jupiter! thy love makes me immortal.
The high Cadmeian is in my grace
To that great god exalted, and my issue,
When it takes life, shall be the seed of gods;
And I shall now be rank'd in equipage
With Danae, Io, Leda, and the rest,
That in his amours pleas'd the Thunderer best.
Methinks, since his embraces fill'd my womb,

There is no earth in me; I am all divine:
There is in me nothing mortal save this shape,
Whose beauty hath call'd Jove himself from heaven;
The rest all pure, corruptless, and refined,
That hath daz'd men, and made th' immortal blind.—
Leave us, oh! you, unworthy to attend
Or wait upon Cadmeian Semele:
Hebe shall be my handmaid, and my wine
The hand of Jove's own cup-bearer shall fill.
I'll beg of him the Trojan Ganymede
To be my page; and when I please to ride,
Borrow his eagle, through the air to glide.—
Go call me hither my nurse Beroe,
Whom I will make free partner in my joys.

[*Exit Servant.*]

*Enter JUNO, in the shape of old BEROE, with the
Servant.*

Serv. Beroe attends your grace.

Sem. Oh, my dear nurse! lives there on earth a
princess

Equally lov'd and grac'd by Jove himself?

Juno. Out on thee, strumpet!—I could tear those eyes,
Whose beauty drew my husband from the skies.

Sem. Am I not happy, Beroe?

Juno. Were you sure

'Twere Jove himself this gladness did procure.

Madam, there many foul impostors be,

That blind the world with their in chastity,

And in the name of gods, being scarce good men,

Juggle with ladies and corrupt their honours.

Think you yon stripling, that goes clad in green,

Is Jupiter?

Sem. I know him for heaven's King,

Whose issue in my womb I feel to spring.

Juno. I think it not. But, lady, this I know,
That gods are so lascivious grown of late,
That men contend their lusts to imitate.

Sem. Not Jupiter!

Juno. Things truly reconcile,
You'll jump with me. How have you been the while,
Since you were breeding—now well, sometimes ill;
Subject to every imperfection still,
Apt to all chances other women be;
When, were you lov'd of the high deity,
That hath the gift of strength, power, health, and joy,
The least of these could not your state annoy.

Sem. Thou putt'st me in mistrust, and half persuad'st
me

He is no more than mortal whom I love.

How shall I prove him, nurse?

Juno. I'll tell you, madam. When you see him next,
Seem with some strange and uncouth passion vex'd,
And beg of him a boon; which till he grant,
Swear he no more your favours shall enchant.

Sem. Beroe, what boon?

Juno. To hug you in that state,
In which fair Juno he embrac'd so late:
To descend armed with celestial fire,
And in that majesty glut his desire.
His right hand arm'd with lightning, on his head
Heaven's massy crown, and so to mount your bed.
So are you sure he is a god, indeed:
Obtain this boon, and fairly may you speed.

Sem. Thou hast fired me, Beroe.

Juno. Thou shalt be on flame,
So great, the ocean shall not quench the same.

Sem. Beroe, away! my chamber ready make;
Toss down on down, for we this night must tumble
Within the arms of mighty Jupiter,

Of whom I'll beg th' immortal sweets of love,
Such as from Jove imperial Juno tastes.
Begone without reply, my love's at hand.

Juno. Thy death's upon thy boon: this Juno cheers,
That my revenge shall mount above the spheres.

[*Exit JUNO.*]

Sem. I will not smile on him, lend him a look
As the least grace, till he give free assent
To fill me with celestial wonderment.

Enter JUPITER, like a woodman.

Jup. Oh! thou that mak'st earth heaven, and turn'st
th' immortal
Into this shape terrestrial, thou bright issue
Of old Agenor, and the Cadmeian line,
For whom these stony buildings we prefer
Before our crystal structures; that mak'st Jove
Abandon the high councils of the gods,
To treat with thee of love's fair blandishments;
Divinest of thy race, fair Semele,
Fold in thy arms Olympic Jupiter.

Sem. Jupiter!

Jup. That Jupiter, that with a powerful nod
Shakes the heaven's arches, o'er the universe
Spreads dread and awe, and, when we arm ourself
With majesty, make th' earth's foundation tremble,
And all mortality fly like a smoke
Before our presence, vanish'd and consum'd.

Sem. Did Semele behold such majesty,
She could believe this were the Thunderer's voice.
Thou he?

Jup. What means this strangeness, Semele?
Have I preferr'd thy beauty before hers
Whose state fills heaven, whose food's ambrosia,
Upon whose cup the lovely Hebe waits

When she quaffs nectar? whose bright chariot
Is drawn with painted peacocks through the clouds;
And am I thus receiv'd?

Sem. Thou bed with Juno!

Base groom! thou art no better than thou seemest,
And thy impostures have deceiv'd a princess
Greater than e'er descended from thy line.
Hence! from my sight, thou earth, that hast profaned
The dreadful Thunderer's name! what see I in thee
More than a man, to prove thyself a god?
Thou deifi'd! thy presence, groom, is poor,
Thy 'haviour slight, thy courtship trivial,
Thou hast not a good face: what's in thee worth
The favour and the grace of Semele?
A god? Alas! thou art scarce a proper man!

Jup. Ha! fails my shape? is he that awes the
 gods

Now valued less than man?—Why, Semele,
Prove me, and what I can: wouldst thou have gold,
I'll rain a richer shower in thy bosom
Than e'er I pour'd on Danae.

Sem. Gold! what's that,

Which every mortal prince can give his love?

Jup. Wouldst thou increase thy beauty, or thy
 strength?

Sem. I am nor foul, nor sick.

Jup. Wouldst thou have godhood?

I will translate this beauty to the spheres,
Where thou shalt shine the brightest star in heaven.
I'll lift thy body from this terrene dross,
And on two eagles, swift as Pegasus,
We'll take our daily progress through the clouds.
I'll show thee all the planets in their rank,
The monstrous signs, the lion, ram, and bull,
The black-scal'd scorpion, and the cancer's claws.

Ask what thou wilt to prove my deity,
And take it as thine own, fair Semele.

Sem. Grant me one boon, less than the least of these,
My arms shall spread thus wide to embrace my love;
In my warm bosom I will glove thy hand,
And seal a thousand kisses on thy lips;
My fingers I'll entangle in these curls,
And scarf my ivory arm about thy neck,
And lay myself as prostrate to thy love,
As th' earth her grass green apron spreads for rain.
Speak, shall I ask? or have you pow'r to grant?

Jup. By dreadful Styx, an oath I cannot change,
But ask and have.

Sem. Then, bed with me to-night,
Arm'd with the self-same godhood, state, and power,
You Juno meet.

Jup. Black day! accursed hour!
Thou hast ask'd too much: thy weak mortality
Cannot endure the scorching fires of heaven.

Sem. Either you cannot do't, as wanting might,
Or loth you are to breed me such delight.
Is this your love?

Jup. Thy death is in thy boon;
But 'tis thy fate.—She can it not recal,
Nor I unswear: the infant in her womb,
Not yet full grown and ripe, torments me most;
For in this rash demand they both are lost.

Sem. I'll stand it at all dangers, and prepare
For this night's sport.

Jup. Above my thunders are;
Thither I must, and being arm'd descend,
To give this beauty, in her rashness, end.

Sem. Remember by this kiss you keep your oath.

Jup. Never did Jove to heaven ascend so loth.—
Expect me this sad night. [Exit JUPITER.]

Sem. With double joy.—

Celestial sweets shall surfeit me, and cloy
My appetite. The gods are loth t' impart
Their pleasures to us mortals: dance, my heart,
And swim in free delights, my pleasures crown;
This jovial night shall Semele renown.

[*Exit SEMELE.*]

JUNO and IRIS, placed in a cloud above.

Juno. Come, Iris; o'er the loftiest pinnacles
Of this high palace let us mount ourselves,
To see this noble pastime.—Is't not brave?

Iris. Hath her suit took effect? 'las, Semele!

Juno. Hang, burn her, witch! be all such strumpets
fired

With no less heat than wanton Semele.
Oh! 'twill be gallant sport, will't not, Iris,
To see these golden roofs dance in the air?
These pinnacles shall prick the floors of heaven,
These spires confused tumble in the clouds,
And all fly up, and shatter at th' approach
Of his great godhood. Oh! 'twould please me, Iris,
To see this wanton, with her bastard, blown
And hang'd upon the high horns of the moon.
The hour draws on: we may from hence espy
Th' adultress sprawl, the palace upward fly.

Enter two Maids of SEMELE'S chamber.

1st Maid. Questionless my lady looks for some great
guests, that she makes all this preparation.

2nd Maid. 'Tis not like she expects them at supper,
because she herself is preparing to bed.

1st Maid. Did you note how she made us tumble and
toss the bed, before the making of it would please her?

2nd Maid. There hath been tumbling and tossing on

that bed hath pleased her better. You know the youth in green; he hath made my lady look red, ere now.

1st Maid. You know she is naturally pale: he did but wrestle with her, to get her a colour.

2nd Maid. The youth in green hath given her a medicine for the green sickness, I warrant her. I am deceived if, when they meet, it go not two to one of her side.

1st Maid. Why, do you think her with child?

2nd Maid. 'Tis past thinking, I dare swear. But let's attend my lady.

Enter SEMELE, drawn out in her bed.

Sem. Away!—We will have none partake our pleasures,

Or be eye-witness of these prodigal sweets
Which we this night shall in abundance taste:
This is the hour shall deify my earth,
And make this dross immortal. Thanks, my Beroe,
That thou hast made me beg my happiness,
Show'd me the way to immortality,
And taught me how to emulate the gods.—
Descend, great Jove, in thy full majesty,
And crown my pleasures; here behold me spread,
To taste the sweets of thy immortal bed. .

Thunder, lightnings. JUPITER descends in his majesty,
his thunderbolt burning.

Jup. Thus wrapp'd in storms and black tempestuous clouds,

Lightning, and showers, we sit upon the roofs
And trembling terraces of this high house,
That is not able to contain our power.
Yet come we not with those sharp thunders armed,
With which the sturdy giants we o'erthrew,

When we the mighty Typhon sunk beneath
Four populous kingdoms: these are not so fiery.
The Cyclopes, that us'd to forge our bolts,
Have qualified their fervour, yet their violence
Is 'bove the strength of mortals.—Beauteous Semele,
Instead of thee I shall embrace thy smoke,
And clasp a fummy vapour, left in place

[*Thunder and lightning.*

Of thy bright beauty.—Stormy tempests, cease!—
The more I frown, the more their breaths increase.

Sem. What terror's this? Oh, thou immortal, speak!
My eyes are for thy majesty too weak.

[*As he touches the bed, it fires, and all flies up.*

JUPITER from thence takes an abortive infant.

Jup. Receive thy boon: now take thy free desire,
In thunder, tempest, smoke, and heavenly fire.

Juno. Ha! ha! ha!

Fair Semele's consum'd: 'twas acted well.

Come; next we'll follow Hercules to hell.

[*JUPITER, taking up the infant, speaks
as he ascends in his cloud.*

Jup. For Semele, thus slain, the heavens shall mourn
In pitchy clouds, the earth in barrenness:
The ocean for her slaughter shall weep brine,
And hell resound her loss. Fair Semele!
Nothing but ashes now; yet this remainder,
That cannot die, being born of heavenly seed,
I will conserve till his full time of birth.
His name I'll Bacchus call, and being grown,
Style him the God of Grapes: his bacchanals
Shall be renown'd at feasts, when their light brains
Swim in the fumes of wine. This, all that's left
Of Semele, unto the heavens I'll bear;
Whose death this motto to all mortals lends:
He by the gods dies, that 'bove man contends.

ACTUS V. SCÆNA I.

HOMER.

Let none the secrets of the gods inquire,
Lest they, like her, be struck with heavenly fire.

But we again to Hercules return,
Now on his journey to the vaults below,
Where discontented Proserpine doth mourn:
There's made to cheer her an infernal show—
Hell's Judges, Fates, and Furies, summon'd been,
To give free welcome to the Stygian queen.

*A dumb show of PLUTO and all his Devils, presenting
several gifts and shows to cheer PROSERPINE; but she
continues in her discontent.*

All this, and more, the beauteous queen to cheer,
Pluto devis'd, but still her grief remains:
No food she tastes within the gloomy sphere,
Save of a ripe pomegranate some few grains.
The next thing we present, sit fair and well,
You shall behold a holiday in hell.

*Enter THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, and PHILOCTETES,
armed.*

Thes. Saw you not Hercules?

Pirith. Noble Theseus, no;

I left him in the forest, chasing there
Diana's hart, and striving to outrun
The swift-foot beast.

Thes. His active nimbleness
Outflies the winged bird, outstrips the steed,
Catcheth the hare, and the swift greyhound tires;

Outpaceth the wild leopard, and exceeds
Beasts of most active chase.

Phil. We have arrived
At Tænaros. This is the mouth of hell ;
Which, by my counsel, we'll not seek to enter,
Till Hercules approach.

Thes. Not enter, Philoctetes !
Our spirits may compare with Hercules,
Though he exceed our strength. I with my sword
Will beat against black Tartarus' ebon gates,
And dare the triple-headed dog to arms,
Hell's tri-shap'd porter.

Phil. Not by my persuasion.

Pirith. Pirithous will assist his noble friend,
And in this work prevent great Hercules.
Let's rouse the hell-hound, call him from his lodge,
And, maugre Cerberus, enter hell's mouth,
And thence redeem the ravish'd Proserpine.

Thes. Had Orpheus power, by music of his harp,
To charm the cur, pierce Orcus, Pluto please,
And at his hands beg fair Eurydice,
And shall not we as much dare with our swords
As he with fingering of his golden strings?—
Come ; let our joint assistance rouse the fiend,
Thunder against the rusty gates of hell,
And make the Stygian kingdoms quake with fear.
[*They beat against the gates.*]

Enter CERBERUS.

Cerb. What mortal wretch, that fears to die above,
Hath travell'd thus far to inquire out death?

Thes. We, that have blaz'd the world with deeds of
praise,
Must fill the Stygian empire with our fame.
Then, rouse thee, thou three-throated cur, and taste
The strength of Theseus.

Cerb. These my three empty throats you three shall gorge;

And when my nails have torn you limb from limb,
I'll sit and feast my hunger with your flesh.

These fangs shall gnaw upon your cruded bones,
And with your bloods I'll smear my triple chaps.
Your number fits my heads, and your three bodies
Shall all my three throats set a' work at once.

I'll worry you; and having made you bleed,
First suck your juice, then on your entrails feed.

PIRITHOUS fights with CERBERUS, and is slain.

Thes. Hold, bloody fiend, and spare my noble friend!
The honour of the worthy Lapithes
Lies breathless here, before the gates of hell.
Cease, monster! cease to prey upon his body,
And feed on Theseus here! [*THESEUS is wounded.*]

Cerb. I'll eat you all.

Enter HERCULES.

Herc. Stay, and forbear your uproar, till our club
Stickles amongst you. Whilst we in the chase
Have catch'd the swift and golden-headed stag,
These valiant Greeks have sunk themselves beneath
The upper world, as low as Erebus.
Whom see we? Theseus wounded! young Pirithous
Torn by the ravenous fangs of Cerberus!
My grief convert to rage and stern revenge.
Come, guard thee well, infernal cannibal;
At every stroke that lights upon thy skull,
I'll make thee think the weight of all the world,
And the earth's huge mass shall crown thee.

Cerb. Welcome, mortal.

Thou com'st to mend my breakfast; thou wilt yield me
Many a fat bit.

Herc. I'll make thee eat my club,
And swallow this, fell mastiff, down thy paunch.
At every weighty cuff I'll make thee howl,
And set all hell in uproar. When thou roarest,
Thy barking groans shall make the brazen tow'rs,
Where ghosts are tortur'd, echo with thy sound.
Pluto's black guard, at every deadly yell,
Shall frightened run through all the nooks of hell.

HERCULES *beats CERBERUS, and binds him in chains.*

Herc. Keep thou this ravenous hell-hound gyv'd and
bound.

Hell's bowels I must pierce, and rouse black Dis,
Break with my fists these adamantine gates,
The iron portcullis tear, and with my club
Work my free passage, maugre all the fiends,
Through these infernals. Lo! I sink myself
In Charon's barge. I'll ferry burning Styx,
Ransack the palace where grim Pluto reigns,
Mount his tribunal made of sable jet,
Despite his black guard, 'stound him in his chair,
And from his arm snatch beauteous Proserpine.
Ghosts, Furies, fiends, shall all before us fly,
Or once more perish, and so doubly die.

HERCULES *sinks himself: flashes of fire; the Devils appear
at every corner of the stage with several fireworks. The
Judges of hell and the three Sisters run over the stage,
HERCULES after them: fireworks all over the house.
Enter HERCULES.*

Herc. Hence, ravenous vulture! thou no more shalt
tire

On poor Prometheus; Danaids, spare your tubs;
Stand still, thou rolling stone of Sisypus;
Feed, Tantalus; with apples, glut thy paunch,

And with the shrinking waves quench thy hot thirst :
Thy bones, Ixion, shall no more be broke
Upon the torturing wheel : the eagle's beak
Shall Titius spare at sight of Hercules,
And all the horrid tortures of the damned
Shall at the waving of our club dissolve.

Enter PLUTO with a club of fire, a burning crown; PROSERPINE, the Judges, the Fates, and a guard of Devils all with burning weapons.

Pluto. Wert thou imperial Jove, that sways the
 heavens,
And in the starry structure dwells above,
Thou canst not revel here : my flaming crown
Shall scorch thy damn'd soul with infernal fires ;
My vassal Furies with their wiry strings
Shall lash thee hence, and with my ebon club
I'll ding thee to the lowest Barathrum.

Herc. First shall this engine, arm'd with spikes of
 steel,

That 'fore the gates of hell struck flat thy cur,
Fall with no less power on thy burning scone,
Than should great Jove the massy centre hurl,
And turn the world's huge frame upon thy head.

Pluto. Upon him, devils !

Herc. Aid me, pow'rs divine,
From these black fiends to rescue Proserpine.

[HERCULES *fells* PLUTO, *beats off* the Devils with
 all their fireworks, rescues PROSERPINE.

Now are we King of Orcus, Acheron,
Cocytus, Styx, and fiery Phlegethon.

Pros. Long live Alcides, crown'd with god-like honours,
For rescuing me out of the arms of Dis,
The underworld and fiery jaws of hell !

All the ghosts. Long live eterniz'd noble Hercules,
That hath dissolv'd our torments !

Rhad. Hercules,
Attend th' unchanging doom of Rhadamanth ;
And if the gods be subject to the Fates,
Needs must thou, noble Greek, obey their doom.
Lo ! in their name, and in the awful voice
Of us, the reverend Judges, to whose doom
Thou once must stand, I charge thee, stir not hence
Till we have censur'd thee and Proserpine.
Is not the power of Jove confin'd above,
And are we not as absolute in state
Here, in the vaults below ? To alter this,
The heavens must fail, the sun melt in his heat,
The elements dissolve, chaos again
Confuse the triple mass—all turn to nothing.
Now there is order : gods there are, and devils ;
These reward virtue, the other punish vice.
After this course, you mingle bad with good,
Murder with pity, hate with clemency ;
There's for the best no merit, for the offender
No just infliction.

Herc. Rhadamanth speaks well.

Pluto. To whom will Hercules commit this business ?

Herc. I will appeal to Jove, and to the planets,
Whose pow'rs though bounded, yet infuse their might
In every mortal.

Æacus. Them the Fates shall summon,
Of whom this beauteous maid, the Moon, is one ;
The lowest of the seven. You, reverend sisters,
Who all things that are past, be, and to come,
Keep register'd in brass, assemble there.

Herc. Be Ceres pleased, Alcides is content ;
Nor can she stand to better Justices
Than to the gods and planets.

Sound. Enter SATURN, JUPITER, JUNO, MARS, PHŒBUS, VENUS, MERCURY: they take their places as they are in height. CERES.

Sat. I know this place: why have you summon'd
Saturn

To hell, where he hath been to arraign the Moon?
These uncouth caverns better suit my sadness
Than my high sphere above, whence to all mortals
I shoot my thick and troubled melancholy.
Say, what's the business? say.

Jup. Ceres, thy presence
Tells me thy suit is 'bout thy daughter's rape.

Ceres. Is she not thine? and canst thou suffer her
To be entomb'd in hell before her time?

Juno. Cannot hell swallow your ambitious bastard,
But, maugre all these monsters, lives he still?

Phœb. I saw grim Pluto, in my daily progress,
Hurry her in his chariot o'er the earth.

Venus. What could he less do, if he lov'd the
lady?

Mars. Venus is all for love.

Merc. And Mars for war.

Sometimes he runs a tilt at Venus' lips:
You have many amorous bickerings.

Mars. Well spoke, Mercury.

Sat. Come we hither
To trifle, or to censure? What would Pluto?

Pluto. Keep whom I have.

Ceres. Canst suffer't, Jupiter?

Herc. I won her from the arms of Stygian Pluto;
And being mine, restore her to her mother.

Ceres. And shall not Ceres keep her? Speak, great
Jove.

Jup. Thy censure, Rhadamanth.

Rhad. The Fates, by whom your pow'rs are all conscribed,

Pronounce this doom: If since since her first arrive
She hath tasted any food, she must of force
Be everlastingly confin'd to hell.

Pluto. Asculaphus, thou didst attend my queen:
Hath she yet tasted of our Stygian fruits,
That we may keep her still?

Ascu. I saw her in her mouth chew the moist grains
Of a pomegranate.

Ceres. Curs'd Asculaphus!
I'll add unto thy ugliness, and make thee
A monster, of all monsters most abhorr'd.

Pluto. Your censures, oh, you gods! is she not
Pluto's?

Give your free censures up.

All. She must be Pluto's.

Ceres. The gods are partial all.

Pluto. Welcome, my queen.

Herc. What can Alcides more for Ceres' love,
Than ransack hell, and rescue Proserpine?
Needs must our farther conquests here take end,
When gods and Fates against our force contend.

Ceres. Justice, oh, justice, thou omnipotent!
Rob not thy Ceres of her beauteous child.
Either restore my daughter to the earth,
Or banish me to hell.

Sat. Ceres, you are fond.
Th' earth cannot want your plenty: your fertility
Will worse become hell-scorched barrenness.—
Let's break this sessions up; I am dull.

Jup. You gods above,
And powers below, attend the Thunderer's voice,
And to our moderation lend an ear
Of reverence.—Ceres, the Fates have doom'd her

The bride of Pluto ; nor is she disparaged
To be the sister of Olympic Jove.
The rape that you call force, we title love ;
Nor is he less decreed, save in his lot,
To us that sway the heavens.—So much for Pluto.
Now, beauteous Ceres, we return to you.
Such is your care, to fill the earth with plenty,
To cherish all these fruits, from which the mortals
Ostend their gratitude to us, the gods,
In sacrifice and offerings, that we now
Thus by our dread power mitigate the strictness
Of the Fates' doom. We have not, oh, you gods !
Purpose to do our Stygian brother wrong,
Nor rob the heavens the planet of the Moon,
By whom the seas are sway'd : be she confin'd
Below the earth, where be the ebbs and tides ?
Where is her pow'r infus'd in herbs and plants ?
In trees for buildings, simples physical,
Or mineral mines ? Therefore, indifferent Jove
Thus arbitrates : the year we part in twelve,
Call'd months of the moon : twelve times a year
She in full splendour shall supply her orb,
And shine in heaven ; twelve times fill Pluto's arms,
Below in hell. When Ceres on the earth
Shall want her brightness, Pluto shall enjoy it :
When heaven contains her, she shall light the earth
From her bright sphere above. Parted so even,
We neither favour hell, nor gloze with heaven.

Pluto. Pluto is pleas'd.

Ceres. Ceres at length agreed.

Pros. Jove is all justice, and hath well decreed.

Jup. Say all the planets thus ?

All. We do.

Jup. Our sessions we dissolve, then.—Hercules,
We limit you to drag hence Cerberus

To the upper world, and leave thee to the universe,
Where thou shalt finish all thy Jovial tasks:
Proceed, and thrive.—You that to earth belong,
Ascend to your mortality with honours;
The gods to heaven; Pluto and his, keep hell;
The Moon in both by even atonement dwell.

[*Exeunt three ways CERES, THESEUS, PHILOCTETES; and HERCULES dragging CERBERUS one way: PLUTO, hell's Judges, the Fates and Furies, down to hell: JUPITER, the gods and planets, ascend to heaven.*]

Enter HOMER.

Our full scenes wane, the Moon's arraignment ends;
Jove and his mount, Pluto with his descends.

Poor Homer's left blind, and hath lost his way,
And knows not if he wander or go right,
Unless your favours their clear beams display:
But if you deign to guide me through this night,
The acts of Hercules I shall pursue,
And bring him to the thrice raz'd walls of Troy.
His labours and his death I'll show to you.
But if what's past your riper judgments cloy,
Here I have done: if ill, too much; if well,
Pray, with your hands guide Homer out of hell.

FINIS.

NOTES
TO
THE SILVER AGE.

Page 95, line 20, If *thou* can prove, &c.] In the old copy it stands, "If *I* can prove," &c., which, in all probability, is a misprint.

Page 97, line 20, But worse than death can be we *doom* thy insolence.] The meaning is not very clear; but taking "doom," as it stands in the old copy, to be the true reading, it seems to be, "We doom thy insolence to what can be worse than death." Possibly, we ought to substitute *deem* for "doom."

Page 97, line 34, Yet, yet thy body *meeds* a better grave.] The body *deserves* a better grave. Shakespeare uses the substantive in the sense of *desert*. See vol. v., 251, 317; vi., 515; vii., 338: edit. Collier. In the third instance, the above line by Heywood is quoted. On the next page, line 4, Heywood uses "meed" in its ordinary sense.

Page 100, line 5, Hath *cast* him both of state and kingdom too.] So the old copy, which there seems no sufficient reason to alter; but the true reading, nevertheless, may be *eas'd*.

Page 101, line 11, To *oppose* their fury.] "To *expose* their fury," is the old reading.

Page 106, line 14, By virtue of *her* rays.] "By virtue of *thy* rays," in the old copy.

Page 107, line 3, By Joshua, Duke unto the Hebrew nation.] A singular anachronism and misrepresentation of geographical position, apparently for the sake of connecting sacred and profane history in the minds of the auditory.

Page 110, line 17, And tell the whole project.] The measure would be improved, were we to read, "And tell *thee* the whole project." On the preceding page, (line 32) in the hemistich, "Must give *to* King Creon," the preposition is surplusage; but, being inserted in the old copy, we do not omit it: the reader's ear will detect the error. Heywood,

perhaps, wrote, "Must give King Creon," the line being completed by the first words of Alcmena's speech, "All my orisons."

Page 118, line 24, Glad to *enfold*.] The old copy has *unfold*.

Page 130, line 32, Heaven hath, or place me in the lowest hell.] The old copy reads, "lowest *of* hell;" but "of" is clearly too much, both for the sense and metre, and must have been accidentally inserted.

Page 131, line 4, Exeunt Juno and *Iris*.] The stage-direction in the original is merely, "*Exit* Juno;" but *Iris* evidently went out with her.

Page 131, line 10, The Thunderer *thunders*.] "The Thunderer *thunderers*," in the old copy.

Page 132, line 15, Of yon aduress and her *mechal* brats.] "*Mechal*" is wicked: it occurs again in our author's "Challenge for Beauty," 1636, Sign. I 3—

"Her own tongue

Hath publish'd her a *mechal* prostitute."

Page 134, line 24, Young *Ipectetes*, whom Amphitrio owes.] So spelt in the old copy, where a name of four syllables is required for the measure; but the real name seems to have been Iphiclus, or Iphicles.

Page 137, line 2, And *thou* in both art chief and patternless.] "And *then* in both," &c., in the old copy.

Page 142, line 2, Die by the fury, &c.] In the old edition, this line and the next are printed in *Italic* type, to indicate probably that they were spoken aside.

Page 150, line 23, Next *you* Alcides.] So the old copy; and, as it may possibly be right, we make no change, though it seems more proper to read, "Next *to* Alcides." In the enumeration of the characters at the beginning of the scene, the names of Eurytus and Silanthus are omitted in the early edition.

Page 153, line 13, This Centaur-match, it shall, in ages.] The sense is complete, though not the metre, in this line. It would be easy to amend the latter, by inserting "after" before "ages;" but we prefer an adherence to the ancient text, though possibly defective.

Page 154, line 31, I scal'd the *thunder'd* throne.] We ought, perhaps, here to read *Thunderer's*, for "*thunder'd*," and the first words of the next line seem to support the emendation; but the sense is evident without any change.

Page 156, line 1, Actus IV., Scæna I.] This division is wanting in the old copy; and the same observation will apply to Act V., although Acts I., II., and III., are duly marked.

Page 158, line 16, Enter Juno, &c.] The words, "with the Servant,"

are not in the old copy, nor^f is the previous *exit* of the Servant there mentioned. Both are necessary.

Page 161, line 27, Wouldst thou have *godhood*?] Used in the same way as we still employ widowhood (meaning the condition of a widow) and some other words; but in most instances the last syllable, "hood," has been, in modern times, corrupted to *head*.

Page 164, line 32, Yet come we not with *those* sharp thunders armed.] *These*, in the original, but what follows proves it to be a misprint.

Page 166, line 12, To cheer *Proserpine*.] Her name was accidentally omitted in the old copy.

Page 168, line 5, Gnaw upon your *cruded* bones.] *Sic in orig.*; but the precise meaning Heywood attached to the word "cruded" seems doubtful. Baret, in his "*Alvearie*," 1580, tells us, that to "crud" is to *coagulate*; but that sense will hardly suit the passage, and it is only another form of *curd*. "*Cruded* bones" may be a misprint for *crushed* bones.

Page 168, line 20, *Stickle* amongst you.] To "stickle," generally means to separate combatants, and *sticklers* were sometimes taken for arbitrators, or judges. In "*Troilus and Cressida*," act v., sc. 9, Achilles says—

"The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler-like, the armies separates."

In the instance before us, Hercules was about to use his club as a *stickler* between Theseus and Cerberus, to part them.

Page 169, line 31, *Danaids*, spare your tubs.] "*Danae*, spare your tubs," in the old copy; but all the daughters of Danaï, excepting Hypermnestra, were condemned to the punishment in hell of filling vessels, out of which the water ran as fast as it was poured in.

Page 170, line 15, With their wiry *strings*.] So in the old copy, and perhaps rightly; but *stings* might suit the sense better.

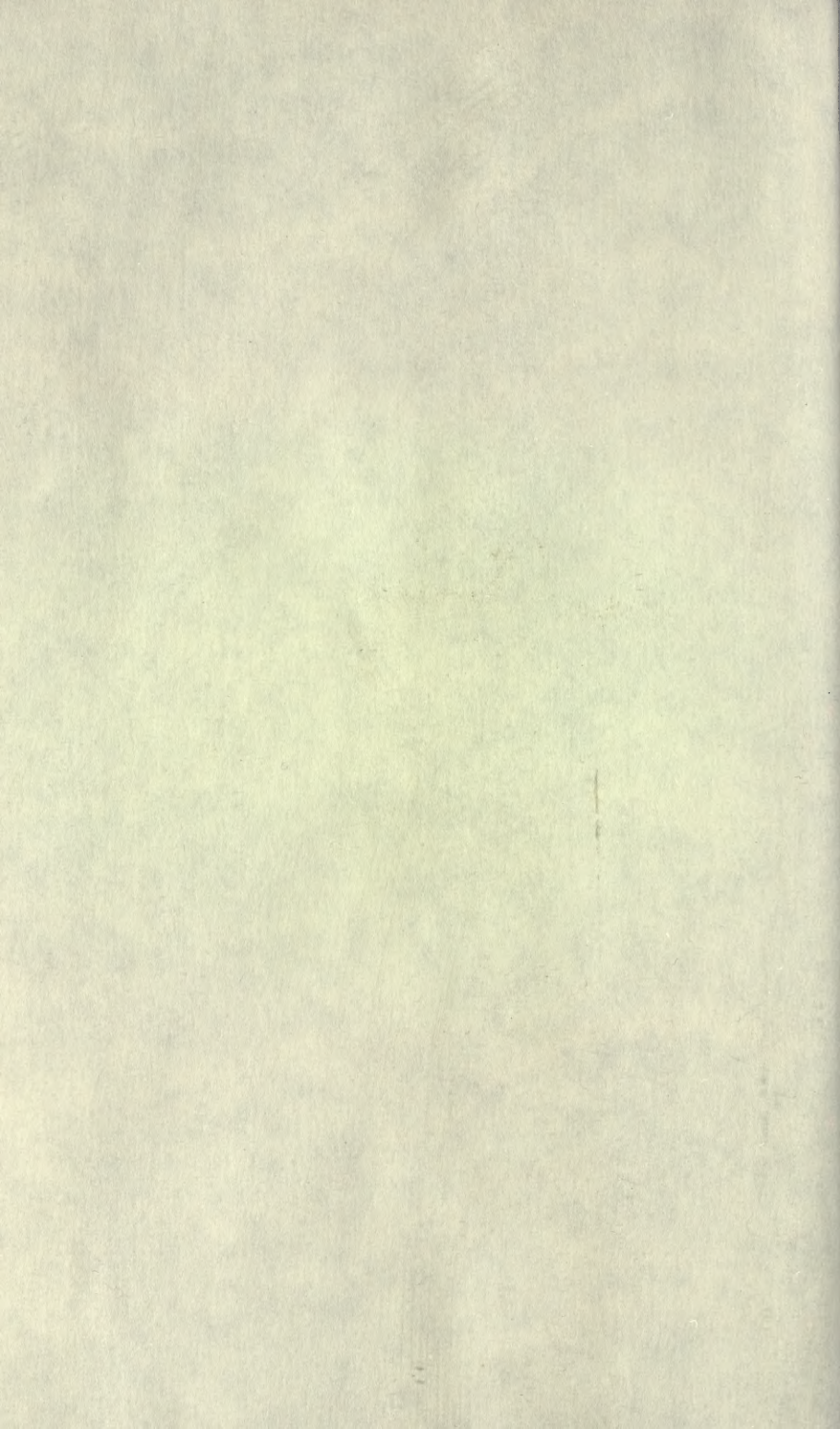
Page 170, line 17, I'll *ding* thee to the lowest Barathrum.] *To ding down* was formerly not an uncommon phrase; it is from the Anglo-Saxon, in which language "to ding" means to beat or strike down.

Page 172, line 3, Ceres.] The names stand in the same way in the old stage-direction: probably Ceres had been forgotten, and was inserted afterwards at the end.

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